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(Further information on page 102.)



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N W A Y

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JAMES COLLINS, who writes about convenient friendships in this issue, recently joined *SPY* as a senior editor. He has worked in book publishing and on Wall Street, and he wrote about Lay-ON Vee-ZEL-tee-AY in last May's Washington issue. Collins is amusing and tall — just two of several attributes that distinguish him from television's beloved Snuggles, the no-more-static-cling bear.



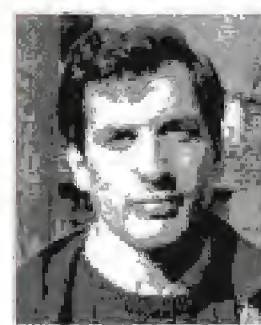
Contributing editor **DREW FRIEDMAN's** *Warts and All* (Penguin) — a collection of comics Friedman co-wrote with his brother Josh — will be in bookstores next month. In addition to containing work from *The Village Voice* and *Raw*, the book will include some of Friedman's illustrations from *Private Lives of Public Figures*, which he has been drawing for *SPY* since he was a small child. Drew also designed — this part is completely true — the packaging for Barfo Family candy:

CONTRIBUTORS

heads of various family members that, when squeezed, vomit a gelatinous confection. Barfo Family candy is currently being test-marketed.



SUSAN LEHMAN is a former criminal-defense and civil-rights lawyer who writes about crime, entertainment and, in this issue, some of the curious details of being put to death in California. Starting this fall, she will contribute a column about the film industry to *GQ*, and one about law to *Wigwag*. She is unfamiliar with Barfo Family candy.



Contributing editor **JAMES TRAUB**, like Susan Lehman, writes about the law and entertainment and is in no hurry to fraternize with *la famille* Barfo. He has written for *The New York Times Magazine*, *Manhattan, inc.* and *Esquire*; he profiles William Kunstler in this issue. Traub's book, *Too Good to Be True: The Outlandish Story of Wedtech* (Doubleday), came out in July and can still be seen on better beaches. ☛

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Robert Nachman
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Adam Dolgins
MARKETING MANAGER

Kathleen Brophy Hilary Goins
George Mackin Heather Zullinger (Los Angeles, 213-850-8339)
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NGUYEN, DUC TRI



Duc Tri Nguyen

Others see red when Forbes says more green cards equal more greenbacks.

According to most media, immigration from poor countries poses a major threat to America's economic, social and cultural life. But in its April 2nd issue, Forbes responds, "The more the merrier!"

Economist Julian L. Simon blames the prevailing attitude on pure prejudice. "The more people we have," he says, "the more business we have and the more we produce." His solution? Increase visas and green cards for three years, and keep it up unless problems develop.

Obviously this isn't a popular notion in either Washington or the media. But having the guts to express unorthodox, unpopular views is what has made Forbes such a success with America's most successful executives.

It's why they say Forbes gives them better information and insights than either Business Week or Fortune. And why, of the three, Forbes is their favorite. What's more, it's the most efficient way to reach them.

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IN SEPTEMBER, BEWARE HOPEFULNESS. THE TEMPTATION, OF COURSE, IS TO DO PRECISELY THE OPPOSITE — TO BECOME touchingly, naively hopeful. Hopeful that getting in shape will be easier when the weather cools; hopeful that getting in shape will be unnecessary when the weather cools (*I love big loose cardigans — they're so...cozy!*); hopeful that your fifth-grade teacher will be



nicer than your fourth-grade teacher ever was; hopeful that come Labor Day you will miraculously find within yourself a new commitment, however unwarranted, to your job; hopeful that the beauty from the production department to whom you sputtered some lame, ad hoc aphorism at the office outing will surprise everyone and go to a movie with

In September,

beware hopefulness

you; hopeful that the movie you see won't be quite as thought-free as the summer's \$10,000-a-second killathons (Fox studio chief Joe Roth on Joel Silver's profligacy in producing the \$62 million *Die Harder*: "He is not irresponsible. He has a big appetite and a very wide vision"); hopeful, finally, that it's really autumn, and not spring, that brings renewal. 🍎 Forget it. The summer was a hard lesson in hopefulness. 🍎 You start to believe that conniving scumbags really will be punished. You dare for the first time in decades to imagine that exploring space is worthy and thrilling. You even begin, almost, to feel sorry for Donald Trump. But then Trump pulls his Pearl Harbor Day sky's-the-limit beat-the-Jap casino challenge (practically his first public utterance after chastened-seeming weeks of lying low), and the \$1.5 billion Hubble Space Telescope fails to work due to an absurdly obvious error, and, unbelievably, former congressman Robert Garcia has his conviction overturned, and Al Sharpton and Adnan Khashoggi and Imelda Marcos (a new Rainbow Coalition?) all get acquitted of a cumulative total of 73 charges on the same warm Monday. 🍎 Beware hopefulness. 🍎 After his acquittal, Khashoggi thanked his God; said



of Rudy Giuliani, "I love him"; and announced that he was on his way to Mecca but then went by way of the Nile—the Nile, a Manhattan restaurant where he threw a party. (Lucky for him he dallied. *If* the verdict had come a day earlier, *if* Khashoggi hadn't insisted on taking the IRT local back from court, *if* he hadn't partied all night, he might have been in Mecca in time to stam-pede to his death with 1,400 other unfortunate Islamic pilgrims. "It was fate," King Fahd said of the massacre. "Had they not died here, they would have died elsewhere.")

Marcos thanked *her* God, did a knee-walk up the aisle of St. Patrick's, had a party and went on TV to say how "the little people" had bolstered her during her ordeal. Then she joined Khashoggi at the Nile (the midtown Nile), sat down with a microphone and sang. As the Australian-state-parks spokesman said after a mob of 7,000 was killed in a Tasmanian penguin stampede—7,000 penguins, not 7,000 Tasmanians—"We have not observed this type of behavior before." Of course, that was a week or so before Mecca.

Sharpton, acquitted after his lawyer, Alton Maddox, called the prosecuting attorney a Martian—behavior of a type we have not observed before—declared that "all the 'Reverend Al Crook' stories are over," mentioned God and had a party at the Cotton Club. (The Lord also figured in the Marion Barry trial, when Rasheeda Moore revealed that it was under His instructions, and not the FBI's, that she had lured the mayor to the Vista Hotel to smoke crack.)

Even when justice is done, more or less, winners as well as losers are graceless. Nine years after Richard Adan's murder, his widow is awarded \$7.57 million in damages from the killer, Jack Henry Abbott. The victim's father-in-law is said by *The New York Times* to have "chortled" that "we now own [Abbott] lock, stock and barrel." Abbott's reaction to the award? "It is a little excessive, Your Honor, I would say," he told the judge. (Abbott must indeed have been crestfallen. After all, in arguing on his own behalf he had sought to put a somewhat lower value on Adan's life—he claimed it was "not worth a dime.")

No, we have not observed this type of behavior before.

A dime is too much for anyone to keep if you ask Jay Stein, president of MCA Recreational Services. Commenting on the new Universal movie-studio theme park in Orlando—the one with a Hard Rock Cafe, 12 other restaurants, bou-



tiques selling themed merchandise attached to every display; in short, the one with the largest variety of licensed show business merchandise anywhere on earth—Stein said, "I don't want anyone going home with money in their pockets." Ah—the customer is always... broke.

And so, lately, is the world's most celebrated Queens-born casino operator. But sales of *Trump: Surviving at the Top* (file under: Humor, Facetiae) may provide Trump with a few months of living expenses, if the second-time author's guess is right. "People love reading negative things about successful people," he said. "It makes them feel better." *Precisely.*

Speaking of suddenly undead 1980s figures, Mu'ammar Qaddafi was back in the news, for placing huge orders for Barbara Cartland romance novels at a London bookstore. "The colonel knows that reading my love stories makes one a better person," said Cartland, for whom a reader is clearly a reader. (Nope—not this type of behavior either.)

The ironies are getting just too darned obvious these days. Pointed, bemused recapitulations of the month's events are becoming all but unnecessary. At Manhattan's Fifth Annual International Cultures Parade to foster ethnic and racial harmony, Taiwanese- and Chinese-Americans pounded on gongs and fought, Turks and Kurds argued ("The Turks took our drummer," complained the director of the Kurdish dancers), PLO flags were sewn onto the dresses

of kids on the Arab-American float, and the parade was held up for hours. (Everybody: *It's a small world...*) The same weekend, a gay antiviolence march in Greenwich Village turned—that's correct—violent when hecklers started in on the marchers and about 50 of them responded by chasing the hecklers, trapping several in an apartment building. All that remained was for the editor of *OutWeek* to be arrested for disorderly conduct after arguing with cops about the incident, and for former mayor Ed Koch, the self-proclaimed heterosexual, to be surrounded and jeered by the marchers as he returned home from seeing *Dick Tracy*.

But New York has not cornered the market on ironic mob violence. When the Detroit Pistons won the NBA title, eleven people, including three little children, were killed in the course of nightlong celebrations. "Death is an ambiguous thing," remarked a Wayne County Coroner's Office investigator. "Who can say those people wouldn't have died anyway? When your time is up, your time is up." So it was just like in Mecca—fate: if the Pistons had allowed themselves to be eliminated in the semifinals, no civilian lives would have been saved.

We have definitely not observed this type of behavior before.

Fran Stephanie Trutt's time won't be up until next spring, which is when her pris-



on term for attempted murder is scheduled to end. The Connecticut animal-rights activist, who tried to blow up the chairman of a company that uses dogs to train surgeons to work surgical staplers, wanted her own four dogs to visit her in prison. The judge, concerned about setting a precedent "for all sorts of animals," refused. Trutt's lawyer, while admitting that "it's easy to make a joke about this"—*precisely*—

said he would appeal anyway. Our guess: no judge is going to want to be held responsible for an epidemic of Americans sitting down across from incarcerated loved ones during visiting hours and yanking geckos and spider monkeys and miniature Vietnamese pigs from handbags and tearfully pressing the pets' snouts against the reinforced glass—and doing it all *legally*. Not in this country. Our advice, to Trutt and to all: beware hopefulness. ☹

SISLEY

AUTUMN WINTER 1990



IN THE HEART OF EUROPE.





TRABBI CHIC IN PEST.

How Bengt, the young world-famous violinist, came to meet Jolly Jason and his lovely friends Kate and Julie in Jászai Mari Square at midnight, is a story that's too long to tell.

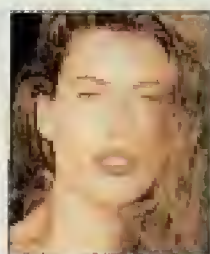
It's all about the Case of the Wrong Case, and a sky-blue Trabant.

To cut a long story short, they decide to stay up all night together, which they're quite entitled to do, and it's a very pleasant thing to do in Pest. They have a drink at Gerbaud, followed by a goulash-with-music, and then move on to the Eötvös-Klub, which is the "in" jazz joint at the moment, where they stay till the not-so-small hours.

Relaxed **SISLEY** *Elegance*

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Rock comic Andrew Dice Clay...
 ...be too racy for MTV, but he'll host NBC's
 Friday Night Live May 12. Clay was banned from
 after using profanities at the MTV Awards.
Bill B. De Mille had nothing... ...on
 her Bros. Studios plans for its rededication June
 The extravaganza, "A Celebration of Tradition,"
 produced by David L. Wolper, Jack Haley Jr. and
 No word on if there'll be Elvis impersonators.



CARNE OTIS: Her director
 talks about her steamy sex
 scenes with Mickey Rourke
 in 'Wild Orchid.' Page 20.

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TV PREVIEW BY MATT ROUSH

Many knew there were un-
 happy reasons beyond her
 fiery charisma as Family Ties'
 deceptively tranquil mom, but
 it's still a surprise to see her
 embrace adulterous feelings
 with such abandon and
 magnetism. On her, a stark
 halcyon vision as surreal-
 istic and dangerous affec-
 tion, time flowing.

Just how dangerous her
 charisma is when this vaguely
 unfulfilled Irish wife and

being, smoking her to a mental
 hospital to salvage what pre-
 cious piece of heaven is left.
 Interestingly, even at her
 lowest point she shows little re-
 morse, no springs for ques-
 tioning her socially unappro-
 priate need. In this movie, there's no
 reason to suspect, except for
 the sleepwalking run that
 keeps washing away these
 involved characters' fears.



LOVER: Deen de Lint and
 Meredith Baxter-Birney star

► Baxter-Birney interview, 30

ng up the jam



is a featured singer with the house group D'Arcy, when
 and Get My Love. They open for Milla Jovovich tonight in Miami.



By Larry Ford
 Up to the task.

BOOKS/BY ROBERT WILSON

Price's 'Angels': A summer place in a man's soul

The Tongues of Angels
 By Reynolds Price
 Albion, 192 pp., \$17.95

Reynolds Price's new novel
 feels like a small chapel, a
 book like Richard Yates' A
 Good School or Price's own
 first novel, A Long and Happy
 Life, that is both with such in-
 tensity and unadorned in de-
 lightfully it reads the writer had
 known from the first sentence
 every word that would follow.

The Tongues of Angels may
 be Price's most moving novel
 yet, in part because the voice,
 though deeply Southern and
 distinctly Price, is less idiosyn-
 cratic than that in his other
 novels, such as the best-selling,
 award-winning John Vander
 Creek. The voice belongs to a
 narrator who is both multi-
 tude and listening, an appealing
 combination.

That narrator is Bridge
 Hunter, a middle-aged painter
 remembering the summer of
 his 21st year, spent in a camp
 community on the border of
 1934. The book seems neither
 graphic nor biographical. Hunter's career
 (parallel Price's) — two North
 Carolinians who have had an
 artistic success and a commit-
 ment to teaching. And Hunter,
 during the summer he remem-
 bers, is trying to recover from
 the shock of watching his fa-
 ther die of an illness, over-
 coming Price himself endured at
 that age, as he described last
 year in his memoir, Clear Po-
 nies.

In creating a narrative so
 autobiographical, Price allows
 himself to sprinkle the book
 with whatever's on his mind —
 from how the country has
 moved the distance to the hor-
 izon of AIDS — much in the way
 Saul Bellow does in his novels.
 This topicality also makes the
 book more limiting, grounding
 Price's observations about art
 and the life of the spirit.

The title comes from one of
 the most beautiful passages of
 the New Testament, the 13th
 chapter of I Corinthians, which
 declares, "Though I speak with
 the tongues of men and of an-
 gels, and have not charity, I am
 become as sounding brass, or a
 tinkling cymbal."

A kind of angel, with the an-
 gelic name of Raphael, is at the
 dramatic center of Hunter's
 narrative. He's a layman of
 the camp who has put away
 children's things, and speaks
 with an almost otherworldly
 maturity. He is also an artist, a
 devotee of Greek statues who
 "looked the common air with a
 certain awe."

This remarkable yet believ-
 able character and Hunter be-
 come friends, an attachment
 that ends in tragedy but leaves
 the reader's imagination work-
 ing.

Much of the novel's power
 comes from Hunter's opening
 sentence that "this is about a
 death I may have caused." By
 the end this claim seems unde-
 niable, Price's only warning
 is a book that is otherwise so
 good it makes you more than
 willing to forgive him.

Madonna stirs up a tempest in Texas

By Edna Gundersen
 USA TODAY

The eagerly awaited
 U.S. leg of Madonna's
 Blame Revolution Tour,
 opening tonight in Texas,
 is already in vogue.
 And already causing a
 commotion.

Though today's news re-
 ports about Madonna's
 "Hardy Punky and Bitchy"
 performance in L.A. is
 a virgin.
 "Madonna has a lot of
 A," says her spokesman
 in L.A. Rosenberg. "Peo-
 ple who aren't Madonna
 fans will find a lot more
 reason to hate her."
 The 15-city tour, moving
 to Dallas Friday and Los
 Angeles next Friday, is
 sold out more than 100
 miles in each venue after
 the songs in her set.

The show, which pre-
 miered in Japan last
 month, is highly charac-
 terized and includes a
 huge replication of her

stage video. During 90
 minutes, she undergoes a
 dozen costume changes,
 with most of the songs
 grouped by mood. Her de-
 signer Jean-Paul Gaultier.
 Madonna is crucifixion
 or crucifix, she also is
 a clown. The show's start-
 ing, including seven costu-
 med state dancers in
 stiletto shoes, blurring
 on of "my wild imagina-
 tion," the 1984 Academy Award
 on her TV show "Dancing
 Queen" and her 1985 video
 "Like a Virgin."

In an MTV interview,
 Madonna described the
 show as "much more the
 artistic than anything I've
 ever done."
 The 15-song concert
 opens Madonna's career
 and introduces songs from
 her new album, I'm
 Breathless. Madonna
 and inspired by the film
 Dick Tracy, and May 12 in
 the film, due June 15, the
 film, Madonna's Madonna
 to Warren Beatty's Tracy.

MUSIC LOVERS FIND US ON THE CUTTING EDGE.



Our LIFE section really has the music beat covered. From pop to rap, jazz to classical, award winners who rock, and new releases that roll, we're taking notes before you even hear them. Maybe that's why people who are tuned in to the music world tear into USA TODAY.



PEOPLE GET INTO IT BECAUSE
THEY GET SO MUCH OUT OF IT.

From the SPY mailroom: Does our permanent, nonnegotiable ban on further nubbins discussion mean we can't mention that Manhattan reader Eric Costello recently alerted us to the children's book *A Pony Named Nubbin*? Well, so be it.



Several readers who saw a televised interview with one of the editors of SPY have written to say how eager they are for us to

follow through on the promise that we had designer bijan "in our crosshairs." We may very well do a bijan story. But, for the record, what the editor *actually* said was that he had once seen bijan "in our Lacoste chair"—a statement that makes no sense at all to us and remains a source of concern to his colleagues and friends.

Palatine, Illinois, reader Lee Futch (never before in all our years in journalism have we begun a sentence with those five words) has problems with SPY's history: "The second SPY with my name on it contained your '25th Anniversary/1964 Debut Issue.' One of my favorite SPY features has been Ten Years Ago in SPY. Yet in your June 1990 'Everybody's an Insider' I read that SPY's first issue was in (a more believable) 1986."

We think he's onto us. But we're not going to own up just yet.

"You may wish to add this 'howler' to your wickedly amusing anecdotes about that rapidly degenerating gray whale *The New York Times*," writes Orren S. Champer of Jackson Heights. Champer's unforgiving eye was caught by the first sentence of a *Times* article called "Cheating on Sleep," by Natalie Angier ("If it is sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care, then an overwhelming number of Americans are walking around with distinctly tatty shirtcuffs"). Mr. Champer writes, "I called the science editor and advised her that Shakespeare used the word *sleave*, not *sleeve*, and she replied that 'The New York Times doesn't use archaic spellings,' and that 'furthermore, Miss Angier was not quoting from Shakespeare.' If that is true, then why did she bring up the subject of 'archaic spellings'? First off, *sleave* is not an 'archaic spelling' of *sleeve*—it is a perfectly legitimate word that means 'untwisted silk that tends to mat or tangle.' When I

DEAR EDITORS I'm surprised you missed the historiography of the Cold War ["Peace on Earth—and Jeane Kirkpatrick Is Out of a Job: A Speculative History of Post-Cold War America, 1989–2013," by Jamie Malanowski, March], but what else to expect from a revisionist, frivolous, leftist magazine?

Dan Quayle's seminal autobiography, *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?*, spoke eloquently for a generation of Cold Warriors. As he said, it wasn't whom you killed but whom you stared down. President Quayle had long realized he was fighting the true fight by allowing the poor, the black, the many, to go to Vietnam while he was home preparing for the ultimate struggle and victory against Communists here at home.

Please give credit to all those brave warriors who stayed home—Novak, Buchanan, Gingrich, the Bush children; they won the war, after all. Isn't David rather than Dwight the more noteworthy of the fighting Eisenhowers? Need I say more?

John Wesche
Syracuse, New York

DEAR EDITORS Recently I was leafing through TWA's *The Getaway Shopper*, a catalog for those busy businessmen who like to shop while they fly. On page 16 I found the most incredible item, called the Tie Shade, for a mere \$13. It is a penlike object one can clip on that "protects your ties from common food spills, drips and stains.... Simply clip it on and pull the cellophane shade down.... When your meal is finished simply roll it back up." The Tie Shade is right

LETTERS TO SPY

next to the Flight Attendant Dolls in the catalog. Now, I ask you, what kind of a guy would wear one of these things? Maybe the same kind of guy who would buy Flight Attendant Dolls for his kids. I don't know if the Tie Shade is made in America, like rubber vomit and Klippette rotating scissors ["Who Says American Ingenuity Is a Thing of the Past?," by Frazier Moore, March], but I sure hope so.

Peggy Reed
New York

The Tie Shade was invented and patented by an American but is made in Taiwan. We actually made a researcher find this out for you, Peggy.

DEAR EDITORS Very jittery after reading a letter in your March issue regarding the star-spangled bottom of a certain Tim Moore of Wichita. Why? Because when I was in college I knew a Tim Moore from Wichita. The fellow I knew was funny like the guy who wrote you, but he didn't use to talk about his butt so much. Did Tim Moore go to Brown and graduate in 1986? If he got his "tasteful" tattoo of Old Glory during his "less lucid college days," how come he didn't tell his geeky debate pals about it?

Irv Kagen
New Haven, Connecticut

Yes, Irv, it is indeed the same Tim Moore. "It's every American's right to have a tattoo they tell no one about—except maybe loved ones," Mr. Moore told SPY. "Hard as it may be for Irv to accept, I don't consider him a loved one."

DEAR EDITORS Could you please supply me with a mailing address for Martha Stewart [The Usual Suspects, April]?

I have a personalized tire-marked rubber chicken and some "after Easter special" marshmallow chicks I would love to send her.

Beth Brady
Chicago, Illinois

DEAR EDITORS To correct your description of Martha Stewart as "immaculately WASPy," let me point out that Ms. Stewart's maternal grandparents emigrated from Poland and that her maiden name is Kostyra, according to

Stewart in her book *Entertaining*. Perchance crushing the hapless chicks with her car was merely part of the Stewartian creed of creating "simpler peasant dishes whose virtues were in their flavor, not their showiness."

Diane Perlberg
Huntington, New York

DEAR EDITORS Having read your May issue from cover to cover and laughed almost all the way through, I'm sure now that I'll become an avid reader.

I am curious about one thing, though:

how many government officials and public "servants" actually subscribe to your magazine?

Lucy Erickson

Athens, Georgia

SPY has at least five subscribers on the Hill—two in the House and three in the Senate. With the pass-along rate, that should be about 1,800 readers in Congress.

DEAR EDITORS **E**njoyed your piece on the "Capitol Hill Sex Swamp" ["Mr. Smith Goes to Washington and Fondles Anything That Moves," by Charlotte Hays and Charlotte Lowe Allen, May], although its actual titillation value was a bit less than anticipated. (Teddy Kennedy stories *do* get old after a while.)

However, the notion pervading the article that sex outside of marriage is "naughty" was disturbing. Okay, okay, this is the age of AIDS, but does that mean even fountains of irreverence such as *SPY* have to display trendy neo-Victorian attitudes toward sex? Excess libido of the sort displayed by Kennedy and his pals hardly seems the ominous threat to national security that the right wing and your article imply! In light of the savings-and-loan rip-off, the HUD scam, Milkengate, etc., the idea that the sexual dalliances of public figures is a topic for ridicule, much less an unpardonable sin, is a barometer of the moral myopia of our time.

The anecdote about Senator "Sperm" Thurmond keeping a baseball bat in his office for the undertakers to use to "knock down his erection so they can close the lid on his coffin" is the only thing I've ever heard that I *liked* about the old Dixiecrat! By the way, when do we get the behind-the-scenes sexual lowdown on *SPY* magazine's power elite?

Name withheld

Encinitas, California

What power elite? This place operates like a commune, man.

DEAR EDITORS **T**he opening photograph accompanying "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" must have been taken with a *very*-long-focus lens, considering that the Capitol Hill Motel pictured is actually in Portland, Oregon, some 3,000 miles from the libidinous adventures of our nation's congressmen—or is it? Perhaps they've

been sneaking out for a cross-country quickie. No wonder the House always seems to be empty when we tune in to C-Span....

Barbara Moshofsky and Darrel Plant
Portland, Oregon

Good for you, Barbara and Darrel! Actually the illustration was a color-Xerox collage of the motel in Portland, a sign in Los Angeles and a photo of the Washington Mall. But you may be onto something.

DEAR EDITORS **I**f Rachel Urquhart's portrayal of former ambassador to Switzerland Faith Ryan Whittlesey reflects the standards of accuracy throughout her article ["Hey, Jambo! Doesn't Anyone Here Talk American?"—A Worldwide Tour of America's Dopeiest Diplomats," May], then your readers can be certain the article was little more than a collection of falsehoods.

The "transgressions" mentioned in the article either never occurred or have been distorted beyond recognition. Faith Whittlesey's real sin—if you can call it that—was to take seriously her mandate, as the president's personal representative in Switzerland, to work for the achievement of Ronald Reagan's foreign-policy goals. During my service in Embassy Bern, Faith Whittlesey was as well (or better) informed about Switzerland as any other American officer at post, and certainly harder-working. She didn't need a political officer to tell her that Switzerland was neutral, and she didn't fire a political officer for doing so.

The famous "gift fund" that became the object of a manufactured controversy consisted of funds Whittlesey had helped raise. This fund, from the outset, was intended for broader uses than the budgeted tax dollars set aside for entertaining Swiss nationals. When the State Department, after the fact, stipulated that these funds could be used only in the same manner as representational funds, Faith Whittlesey abided by the ruling. Faith Whittlesey was belabored for breaking a rule that did not obtain at the time she was supposed to have broken it. Washington journalists seem incapable of grasping the absurdity of this, so the myth that the fund was misused endures.

Faith Whittlesey did not hire a benefactor's son in exchange for \$5,000; she asked the United States Information Agency to

patiently explained the matter to her, she replied with some asperity that she would "check up on it" and hung up without further ado! So much for trying to clear up one tiny bit of cognitive dissonance about the Bard!" Very frustrating, we agree. Our sympathies go out to Mr. Champer. And also, it must be said, to the *Times* editor who took his call.

"I want to thank you for your running feud with my daughter Gena in New Paltz, New York," writes proud daddy Gene Feist from Manhattan. "If it weren't for your generous coverage of her infatuation with Elvis Costello, I wouldn't know what my little girl was up to, other than from her occasional cryptic phone calls that consist of 'Hi, Dad, I'm okay.'" Apart from illustrating the impressive cross-generational sweep of *SPY*, the letter from Feist père is gratifying for purely sentimental reasons: it reminds us of another complicated parent-child-*SPY* round-robin correspondence of long, long ago. Even now, a few years down the line, we get misty-eyed whenever we think of the legendary Halbfingers and of what we all meant to one another... *once*.

E. Fitz of Toronto—or, at any rate, what looks like "E. Fitz" from what looks like "Toronto"—writes, "Could you possibly publish a playlist of the tunes our boys used to torment Noriega at the Vatican embassy hideout?" Certainly not. *Musician* magazine already did so, in its May issue. (Our boys, E.? We thought you Canadians just vacationed down there.)

Some more charming mail from our neighbors to the north. "Where and what, at the end of each Industry column, is Mortons?" asks dependably Canadian Michael Will of Montreal. When confronted with baffling allusions such as Celia Brady's familiar "See you Monday night at Mortons" sign-off, the world's population divides neatly into two categories. The majority assumes that Mortons is—let's take a wild guess here—some sort of movie-industry hangout in Los Angeles, perhaps? The minority (the primarily Canadian minority, we'll venture) writes specifically to ask.

People magazine, which apparently takes its cues not from *Us* but from *us* when it comes to Rob Lowe covers (see this column, July), has also recently examined the remarkable resemblance among Brooke Adams, Karen Allen ▶

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assign a colleague, with whom she had worked closely at the White House, to serve as the senior public-affairs official in the embassy. This individual had been active in the White House's public-diplomacy efforts. The father did, in fact, contribute to the embassy's gift fund, but there was no quid pro quo, and the donation was made well after the appointment. Even critics of Faith Whittlesey have recognized that this hiring was not a favor but reflected her desire, during her second posting in Bern, to engage in an active campaign of public diplomacy—an area in which the colleague had substantial experience.

Had Faith Whittlesey arrived in Switzerland and headed straight for the ski slopes or the international social scene, she would never have been the subject of investigation or controversy. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, a successful Pennsylvania politician, a former exchange student in Germany and Austria, a veteran of the White House staff and a Ford Foundation grantee at The Hague Academy of International Law, Ambassador Whittlesey might be excused for thinking that the "nuances" (a favorite word with career diplomats) of Swiss politics weren't beyond her. She did her job with energy, enthusiasm and commitment.

Douglas A. Sears

Boston, Massachusetts

Whittlesey may not have needed an officer to tell her Switzerland was neutral, but according to our sources, she did fire one who pointed to Switzerland's neutrality as the reason she shouldn't have been trying to get Swiss support for the contras. Whittlesey herself testified that she replaced the man because "he expressed directly and indirectly to me his inability to be, or even become, a spokesman for the United States on major issues like Central America." The embassy gift fund, according to nonbinding State Department precedent at the time, was not intended for broader uses than budgeted tax dollars. Whittlesey, like others working for Ronald Reagan's foreign-policy goals, did not break the law but bent it, and a gift-fund-funded-dinner guest at Embassy Bern, Ed Meese, refused to prosecute her for it. There may have been no quid pro quo in hiring her benefactor's son, but there was every appearance of one: she appointed the son in September, received \$5,000 from the father in November and swore the son in at Bern in December. And finally, if, as Mr. Sears contends, "even critics of

and Margot Kidder (see "Things That Are Confusing," by Patty Marx, SPY, October 1986), and in May 1990 advised its readers with biting sarcasm "How to Marry a Billionaire" (see "How to Marry a Millionaire," by Nell Scovell, SPY, September 1987). Maybe we should change our Ten Years Ago in SPY feature to "Ten Years from Now in People."

Reassuring news at last from Quezon City (Manila), the Philippines. A reader tells us that SPY is available at the Stars and Stripes Bookstore in Pasay City, Manila. Whew. But pay attention, now: "Note: Since attempted coup in December 1989, all visitors must enter by front gate on Roxas Boulevard. Members may still enter by either front or back gates."

Paul Lerner told us, in the June Letters section, that Houston's population surpassed Philadelphia's a decade ago. (We in turn asked him to name the capital of Burkina Faso.) Now Jim Peirce of Villanova, Pennsylvania, writes to further confuse what he describes as the "March Datebook Controversy." Peirce (Peirce? I before e except after Jim?) says that in the 1990 *World Almanac*, Philadelphia's 1980 population is 1,688,210 and Houston's just 1,595,138. "You'll find this is true if you just investigate," he writes, with an admirable allusion to another, no-longer-extant Naked City feature. "I predict that in the 1990 census Philadelphia will be larger than Houston."

Chris J. Dalton of Jersey City, New Jersey, sidesteps the March Datebook Controversy entirely and instead prompts Lerner on the answer to our question about Burkina Faso. "Ouagadougou," Dalton writes. However, "Ougadougou," writes Lee Mark Salawitch of Baltimore. And so another controversy is born.

Salawitch has also been thoughtful enough to send along a brochure for the Silja Line, which we have forwarded to Jim Fuhrman (see this column, June). That Helsinki-Travemunde package sounds good to us, Jim.

Thanks to Jesse Paul Noonan for inviting us to his graduation from Central Dauphin High School in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Judging from his accompanying note, Noonan's invitation list also included Dan Quayle and Joe Strummer, and that makes the gesture all the more special for us. We're sorry we couldn't make it, but that week we found our-

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MATSUDA

selves unexpectedly involved in distributing brochures for the Scandinavian cruise-ship industry. These things come up.

A letter from California: "How are you guys today? Well, we hope. We sure do enjoy your publication. Therefore we'd like you to do something on us in an upcoming issue." *Naturally—it would follow.* "We're very ordinary fold [sic] who are well adjusted and very nice. Ultimately we are sharers. We're not you're [sic] average doomsday prophets." *Thank goodness—the average ones get so tiresome, don't you find?* "We see the end of life on this planet as being the final statement of the hybrid, man/woman-kind, hence it must be done well." *You're losing us.* "Are you aware that President Bush is proposing the 2020 manned trip to Mars as a ruse to disguise the fact that the space armada of Earth is now being readied for a November 28, 2001, leap through the lips of the balloon of space to 'C' beyond the bubble of space?" *Um, sorry, we're not interested...that is, we already gave...we mean—look, the fact is, we're busy on the 28th. Some graduation in Pennsylvania.*

A reader from St. Charles, Missouri, writes, "I was wondering if you could send me some information on lip augmentation. I just got done reading my June 1990 issue of SPY. A lady from Atlanta wrote to thank you for sending her info on lip augmentation. I would really appreciate it if you sent me some also." We'll see if we can pull something together for you, but to be honest, we've had a lot on our plate lately, and now it turns out we've also got this big story to do on some ordinary fold in California (ordinary fold, mind you, not average doomsday prophets). But we'll try.

In the meantime, here's a brief excerpt from the second letter in what threatens to be a series: "I am going to write you every four months until my letter is printed or mentioned in the gray section....Remember, every four months until you print this letter or mention me in the gray section." There—another obligation fulfilled, another happy reader. ♫

C O R R E C T I O N
In July's "Green Ties Mean Pink Slips!" we failed to credit hair and makeup to Clare Lichtenberger for La Coupe, particularly for Mark O'Donnell's hairline. ♫

Faith Whittlesey have recognized that this bir- ing was not a favor," then why did the State Department respond to its investigation of Whittlesey by prohibiting all embassies thenceforth from accepting private donations? SPY stands by its reporting.

DEAR EDITORS **W**e loved Michael Hainey's article on fan clubs honoring Washington's stars and media elite ["Now, Mr. Kinsley, Would You Share Your Hair-Grooming Secrets With Us?"—SPY Starts Fan Clubs for Washington's Brightest Stars," May]. Coincidentally, we recently started a fan club ourselves for a similar purpose, and we're writing to announce its existence for all those interested in joining. Our club is the Sylvia Poggioli Fan Club, started to honor National Public Radio great Sylvia and all those other radio journalists who speak plain, unaccented English until it is time to pronounce their own names.

*Stewart Parker and Russell Leavitt
Seattle, Washington*

We're interested. Regarding dues, is there a group rate?

DEAR EDITORS **I** have a suggestion: more James Collins ["I Think, Therefore I Am the Coolest," May]. Lordy, that guy is nasty and wonderful.

*William J. Slattery
Jamestown, Rhode Island*

All you had to do was ask. (See pages 6 and 78.)

DEAR EDITORS **I** have known Lally Weymouth ever since I came to Washington, D.C., in 1962, and I would like to take issue with the story that you wrote about her in the June issue of SPY ["Mom Always Liked Him Best: Why Lally Weymouth, Katharine Graham's Difficult Daughter, Does Not Run *The Washington Post*," by Henry Alford].

Presumably, the more far out, eccentric, and the more scum and dirt you can find out, the more you will succeed with your new [sic] magazine. I doubt it. Those of us, however, who know the truth about Lally Weymouth would like to see the other side of the coin.

Like her father, Lally Weymouth is a talented and brilliant writer and deserves

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CLARE LICHTENBERGER

top accolades for what she has achieved in her writing. To read an entire story about normal family rivalry and problems of siblings perhaps make a story, but to have to wade through the entire negative story to finally read Arnaud de Borchgrave's frank acknowledgment of the very special quality and brilliance of Lally Weymouth's writing is another matter. At least one should acknowledge these special talents up front and then let the reader balance them with some of the negatives that all of us who are born with some degree of talent are possessed with.

You could have written a great piece covering all aspects of Lally, but you missed a unique opportunity.

John C. Warnecke

*John Carl Warnecke & Associates
Architects and Planning Consultants
San Francisco, California*

DEAR EDITORS I know nothing about Lally Weymouth, but I have spent many hours in the Schlesinger Library, which you describe as "left-leaning."

Guys, it's a *library*—you know, a big building full of all kinds of books and manuscripts. In this case the library is devoted to women's history, people like Emma Goldman and Margaret Chase Smith and Fannie Farmer.

I happen to think "left-leaning" is a very nice compliment, but to pay it to a library is nuts.

*Laura Shapiro
New York*

DEAR EDITORS I realize you've been extremely busy with your television specials and all, but please get your facts straight.

In the June Great Expectations you suggest that perhaps Sony picked December 7 as the sample date used in its VCR manuals not as a reminder of the attack on Pearl Harbor but rather because it's Gregg Allman's birthday. Please be advised that December 8 is Allman's birthday. It's also the date of birth of other rock luminaries, including Jim Morrison, Hollies drummer Bobby Elliot, Jerry Butler and the late, great Sammy Davis Jr.

Suitable December 7 substitutes would

include Harry Chapin, Tom Waits and the night in 1978 that Sid Vicious assaulted Patti Smith's brother with a beer glass.

*J. Ben Manilla
New York*

DEAR EDITORS I was thoroughly perusing the June issue when a rusty steel trap closed in my mind. In your Liz Smith Tote Board you say that SPY was mentioned only once every 24 days. While I was sympathizing with your being at the bottom of the list, a mathematical question suddenly leapt forward: how could SPY be mentioned every 24 days?

To wit: the top of the column says, "A Monthly Tally." If you were mentioned only once in the month, it would be once every 30 or 31 days. If you were mentioned twice, you would be mentioned every 15–15.5 days, yet you say you were mentioned every 24 days. Did Smith once say, "...and that magazine, SP," spitefully giving only two-thirds of your name? Did she name you in a 24-day period, and you ignored the other 6 or 7 days? Or did she mention you only on the 24th day of the month? This also applies to all the other (and lesser) honorees with a 24-day mentioning.

*Edward Zimmerman
San Diego, California*

Liz Smith writes six Daily News columns a week, so there are 24 Lizdays, more or less, in each month. On her days off, we somehow muddle through.

DEAR EDITORS First Howard Beale... then David Lynch... now Walter Monheit?

Just as the renegade news commentator from the 1976 movie *Network* and the avant-garde producer of television's *Twin Peaks* were co-opted by the unwitting societies they railed against, now SPY's own maverick film critic has become part of the credulous mainstream: a mid-May ad for Robin Williams's *Cadillac Man* was boldly headlined with Monheit's June blurb: "Eight-cylinder, sedan-tastic, luxury-car har-dee-har-hars that rocked my chassis like a speed bump."

Does this mean you'll have to stop running the Blurb-o-Mat, or is this just the big break that you and Mr. Monheit have

been waiting for?

*Jim Hornfischer
Sunnyside, New York*

Co-opted? Are you kidding? What do you think this is—satire?

DEAR EDITORS Just a note regarding the illustration by Drew Friedman in June [Private Lives of Public Figures].

Thank you for showing Donald Trump as the truly disgusting and philandering male-chauvinist pig that he is. Thank God there's one magazine on the market that will not allow Trump to manipulate it for his own egotistical self-perpetuation. Your illustration shows him for what he really is—a middle-aged man making a pathetic attempt to recapture his lost youth by chasing bimbos. Someone really ought to tell him what a fool he is making of himself.

*Julie Rhinehart
New York*

DEAR EDITORS Some more anagrams:

CHARLES KEATING JUNIOR

JUNK-SORE CHEATING LIAR

MICHAEL MILKEN

HII MILK 'EM CLEAN

*Jeff Left
Pacifica, California*

DEAR EDITORS Here are several anagrams.

DEAR EDITORS READERS DO IT
DONALD TRUMP DAMP OLD RUNT
IVANA TRUMP U VAIN TRAMP
MARTHA STEWART MA, THE TART'S RAW!
ROSEANNE BARR A BARREN SNORE
MANUEL ANTONIO

NORIEGA GOAT URINE IN A NOON MEAL
PLACIDO DOMINGO DO I GO ON CLAM DIP?

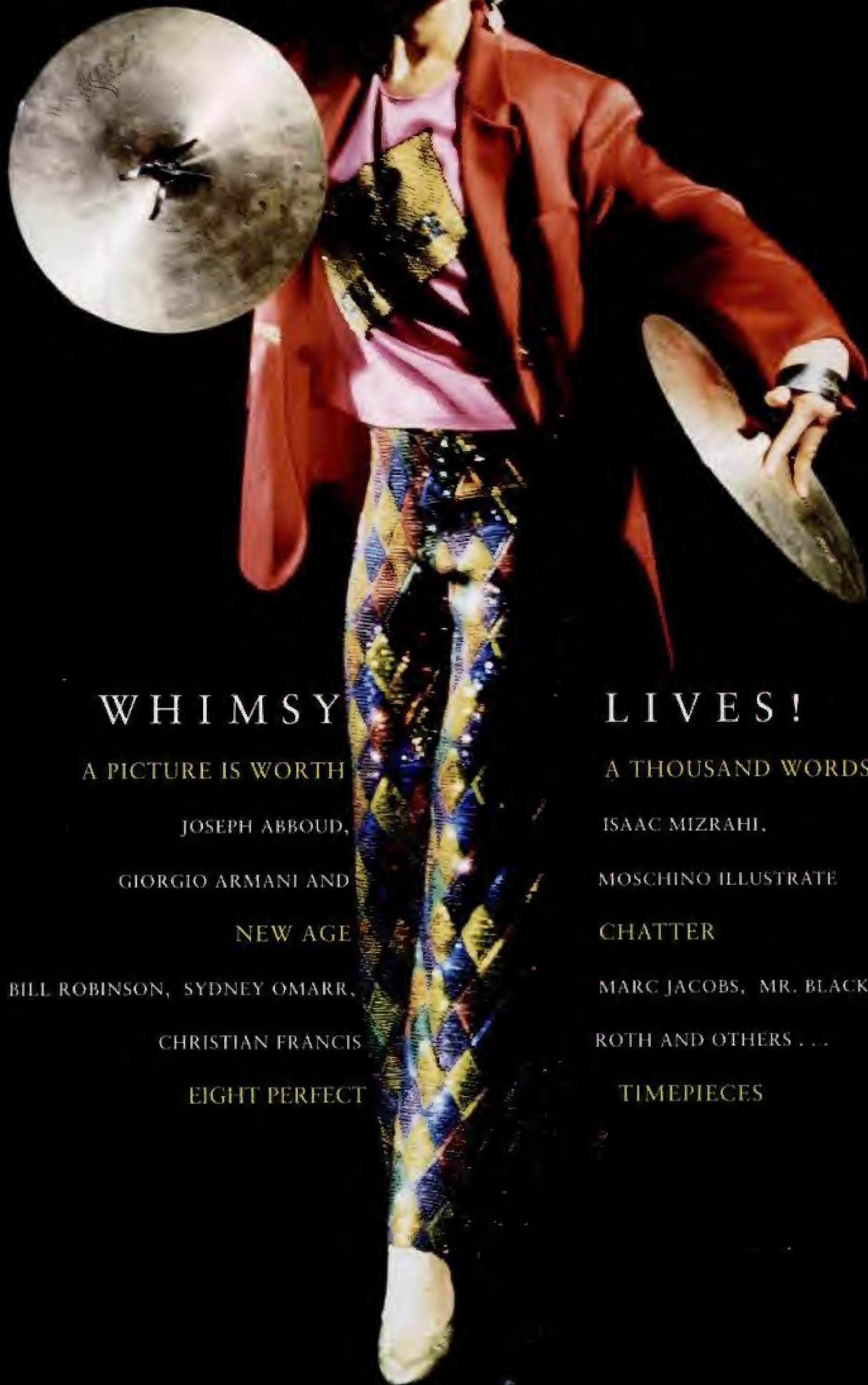
*Paul Isaacs
New York*

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Please include your daytime telephone number. Typewritten letters are preferred. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ♡

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ROTH AND OTHERS . . .

TIMEPIECES



A black and white photograph of a man and a woman in a tropical setting. The man is seated in a white wicker chair, wearing a light-colored suit, a dark tie, and a patterned scarf. He is looking directly at the camera. The woman is seated next to him, leaning against a large palm tree trunk. She is wearing a light-colored suit and is holding a cigarette to her lips. She is looking towards the camera. The background is dark and out of focus, with the trunk of a palm tree visible.

GIORGIO ARMANI

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But it is also a world that has always beguiled and intrigued us: Extraordinary-looking men and women wearing extraordinary-looking clothing and saying witty things to one another in Italian. Gazelle-like beauties casting their gaze over the dance floor and summing up the scene with a knowing "*Plus ça change...*" Swarms of tall, exotic people dressed all in black sweeping into restaurants in order to dine on lifeboat-size portions of salad. — It is a world that is simultaneously unfettered and sophisticated. A world that is not ashamed to celebrate appearance and the look of things. A world that responds to the questions that life proposes with a resounding *Yes*, and then adds the caveat *But only if I can wear my Armani*. — And thus it is in this same spirit of whimsy and savoir faire that we present the second Fashion Supplement to SPY. This season we bring you "As the Saying Goes...", a portfolio of oft-repeated phrases brought to life with some of today's most beautiful clothing and accessories; "Let's Get Metaphysical," interviews with fashion notables in which they discuss the role of astrology and the supernatural in their lives and work; and "Best of Breed," this time around a stunning group portrait of what's new and noteworthy in timepieces. So sit back, put your feet up and enjoy.



Produced and Designed by Drenttel Doyle Partners — Fashion Editor: Nian Fish
Consultants: Richard Martin and Harold Koda — Advertising Director: Robert Nachman
Marketing Director: Anne Kreamer — Cover photographed by Jose Picayo
All hair and makeup by Rob Van Dorssen/Judy Casey
Clichés photographed at Photo Production Services, Inc., New York City
Cover: Red button jacket, \$1,120. Hot-pink "reduced for sale" tank top, \$2,250.
Harlequin sequin pants, \$3,300. Available by special order at Bergdorf Goodman, New York.
All by Moschino. Austrian crystal drop earrings and bracelets by Wendy Gell.
Gold evening pumps by Fratelli Rossetti. Model: Isabelle Bondi of Bethann Management.

THE FASHION MASTERS SPEAK



What do you predict will be in style in 1991?

Bill Robinson, fashion designer:

1991 is going to be about a lot of earthy things—textural things, not so slick and not so hard; a lot of velours and chenilles and velvets and corduroys and tweeds in sort of earthy colors.

Joseph Abboud, fashion designer:

When I first started, people said I would never succeed, because of my olives and russets. I laugh, because *everyone* is doing ecological colors today.

Marc Jacobs, fashion designer:

Wool, cotton, silk and linen have been around for a million years. I'm willing to bet they will be around for a million more. Colors, or *real* color, will be important as life becomes more dismal and "modern."

Michael Leva, fashion designer:

Clothes that are more about design and less about ornamentation and flamboyance—all the things that really categorized the 1980s. [There will be] a new simplicity.

Nicole Miller, fashion designer:

I like things uncluttered. That's really what's selling for me—very simple, really good aesthetics. It's important to keep a sense of youthfulness, and I always keep young people around. I think that's how you stay fresh.

Patricia Clyne, fashion designer:

[Asking me to predict] the colors for 1991 is such a factual question, and the hardest to make predictions on if you're not psychic.

Sydney Omarr, astrologer:

[There will be a] swing toward conser-

vatism that will make the Reagan era seem ultraliberal. Money will be tight; colors will be somber and dark. It is beginning to start now and will go on for ten years.

Carmelo Pomodoro, fashion designer:
In 1991 fashions will be hot and easy.

Frank Andrews, psychic:

For 1991 ethnic will be very *in*.

Betsey Johnson, fashion designer:

We're still working on fall '89! [I] definitely don't feel good about Lycra.

Mr. Blackwell, trend forecaster:

1991 will be the beginning of a transitional period of stability—in retail, it will be a total disaster.

Christian Francis Roth, fashion designer:

I really have absolutely no idea. I have never been one to predict anything, because every idea that I have is totally spontaneous.

What do you predict will be in style in the year 2000?

Joseph Abboud:

If you'd asked me in 1960 to sketch out designs for the year 2000, it would have been man-made fibers, sleek and metallic, and, in fact, the year 2000 will probably be exactly the opposite.

Pepito Albert, fashion designer:

All synthetic fabrics, metallic colors. Fashions will be anything and everything.

Patricia Clyne:

2000 is ten years from now. It will be a more modern time and I like modern clothes, I like women to look strong,

sophisticated and witty, and I don't really relate to women who are flowers. There are a lot of new man-made fabrics coming around, and I have no objection at all to using them.

Carmelo Pomodoro:

Tufted and insulated clear-plastic clothes stuffed with obsolete money.

Richard Tyler, fashion designer:

Lunar yellow, mauve, pink and spaceship silver.

Michael Leva:

I really think there's going to be a discovery of a new modernism. It will be a very intelligent creation.

Joyce Jillson, astrologer:

A new fashion invention will allow women to walk in comfort without carrying a huge purse. Compact sneakers will fold up and fit in even the tiniest evening bag. The newest natural fabric will come from the rain forest and mold to your body. Actually, it will *be* mold.

Gordon Henderson, fashion designer:

I think that the fabrics themselves will be more adaptable to our environment—lighter-weight, breathable fabrics are very important for the comfort of our lives and what we do.

Mr. Blackwell:

We're going to be looking to the softest fabrics in the world. The thinnest, finest kinds of silk. The year 2000 will be a year for the woman to be excessively beautiful.

Frank Andrews:

The year 2000 will be a period of freedom of speech, color and look.

Bill Robinson:

In the long run, colors and fabrics will be very sharp and very strong. As the years go by, the hardest thing to sell is subtlety.

BILL
ROBIN
SON

NEW YORK • TOKYO

Have you ever attempted contact with a dead style-setter, say... Coco Chanel, for help or inspiration?

Richard Tyler:

Edith Head, usually on the car phone.

Carmelo Pomodoro:

I've had lots of conversations with my dead grandmother, a real style-setter (she was v-e-r-y Italian—the black dress and stockings), and the ghost of Schiaparelli while I'm in my hotel in Paris, which is haunted.

Joseph Abboud:

I get inspiration from Charlie Chan films. *Number One Son* had the greatest clothes—that's about as dead as I get.

Bill Robinson:

Well, not in a séance or anything or a Ouija board; however, I have definitely tried to contact them spiritually, constantly, because I love to have very modern clothes that are full of very historical references.

Patricia Clyne:

I don't necessarily sit there and say, "Oh come on, Coco—I need inspiration," or anything like that. But I feel sometimes when I'm working that I'm a vessel, and that it's when I'm most clean that the ideas definitely come.

Betsey Johnson:

Coco's not dead! . . . Is she?

Christian Francis Roth:

However my designs are executed through me, I don't know. I certainly haven't tried to contact anyone dead, but it's not a bad idea. I think Charles Addams might be watching me.

Isaac Mizrahi, fashion designer:

I've never tried to contact a dead person. However, at certain times I feel spiritually linked to them.

Lee Saelee, fashion designer:

No, and quite frankly, I think their minds are [on] other things.

Marc Jacobs:

I have never, nor do I ever wish to contact a dead person, no matter how

fabulous he or she was.

Mabelle, involuntary trans-medium of the celebrity dead:

Mme. Blavatsky, the late mystic and occasional charlatan, said, "Beautiful saris! Long as winding sheets, because life is transient. And silly hats with bells—to mock the rational mind." Your question sparked so much controversy in the afterworld, it was days before I got my larynx back. Marilyn Monroe kept whispering, "Flowers!" and Greta Garbo kept growling back at her, "Dust!"

Have any of your successful designs been the result of a dream, déjà vu experience or any similar circumstance?

Joseph Abboud:

I have a tendency to dream about designs and colors. Dreams even spark inspirational direction—into plaids or sweaters.

Marc Jacobs:

None of my [successes] were the result of any dream, déjà vu or cosmic circumstance. Although it is very possible that I *live* in somewhat of a dream world—the fashion world is itself a bit unbelievable and out-there!

Richard Tyler:

My peaked lapels came from a levitation I witnessed in Brooklyn.

Carmelo Pomodoro:

My whole business is the result of a cosmic experience. All successful designs come from some strange, other-worldly place.

Lee Saelee:

Yes, as a matter of fact, my dreams are one of my chief sources of inspiration.

Michael Leva:

Dreams, definitely. After [I had decided on my theme for fall,] I had a dream about a very religious wedding that was sort of historical and sort of futuristic. I had thought of the early-Renaissance theme before, and having

that on my mind and dreaming in more detail set a tone for the collection to follow.

Gordon Henderson:

There are definite connections between my designs and the past. I've always had an affinity for the forties and the fifties. Who I am and the style that I have basically comes from my memories. In the early sixties, my father would always take us to Fisherman's Wharf, and they would have the lobster-claw lights along the Bay Bridge. San Francisco was exciting—the city, the power and strength that it had, was really incredible for me.

Isaac Mizrahi:

I have dreams of clothes that I end up doing. So often, I have visions of an outfit. [I once dreamt of] a strapless tiny *bustier* with shorts—one piece. I did it in lace.

Christian Francis Roth:

I wish I could say yes, but it's really hard to say. My smoking jacket and my "lips" jacket—they're very surreal. I don't think *lips*—it just happens.

Nicole Miller:

Once I dreamt of a green halter jumpsuit with a crisscross back. I went to work the next day and made it. It didn't sell.

Pepito Albert:

Yes.

Bill Robinson:

The dreams that I have about fashion are usually more about anxiety. I very rarely wake up and say, "Oh, fabulous colors!" It's usually like I'm having a show and no one is there.

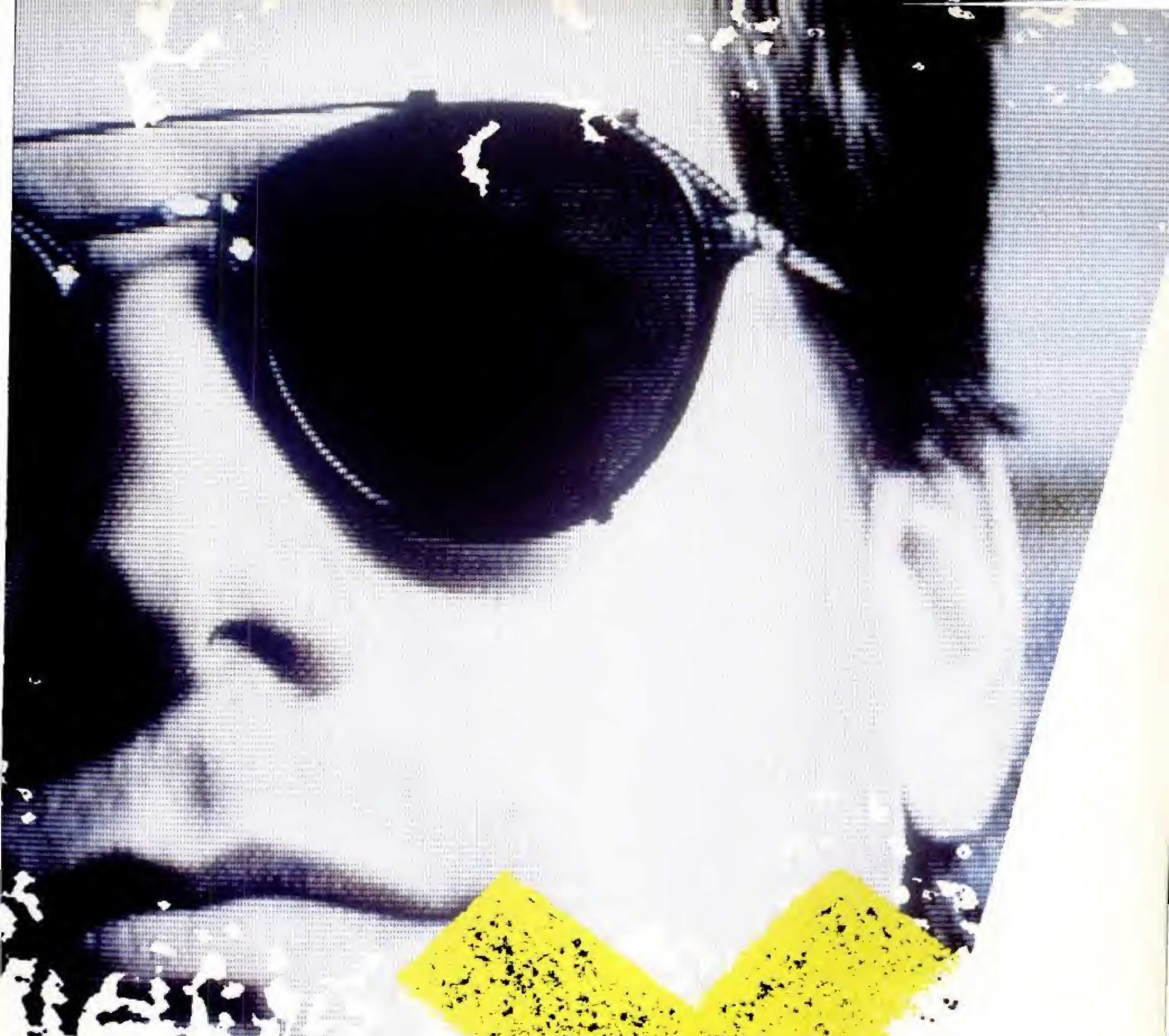
Do you read your horoscope? Where? Do you find that it is often true or prophetic?

Joseph Abboud:

I read it in the *New York Post* at the end of the day. I use it if I like it.

Marc Jacobs:

I don't read my horoscope. I don't want to know.



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THE FASHION MASTERS SPEAK

Pepito Albert:

Sometimes. [I read it] in any magazine I pick up. Sometimes it's true.

Richard Tyler:

Sometimes. On the freeway.

Carmelo Pomodoro:

Yes, in *Town & Country*, the *Daily News* and the *British Tatler*. It's always true. I just like to know the high road, the low road and the international road.

Michael Leva:

I do sometimes. But I run to the newsstand whenever I'm near Gem Spa to read *Town & Country*, because that's the best one.

Betsey Johnson:

They used to have the best horoscopes in *Women's Wear*.

Isaac Mizrahi:

I read Patric Walker anywhere.

Christian Francis Roth:

No, I don't read my horoscope, and I don't take my fortune cookies too seriously either (but I keep the oranges). Horoscopes just don't do it for me.

Nicole Miller:

Once a year, in *Vogue* or *Elle*. I'm very skeptical of all those things.

Mr. Blackwell:

Sydney Omarr. He's the best. Ninety-nine percent of the time he's right. Sydney tells me good days to open my collections and wrong days to travel. On one day that I was told not to travel, my ticket was written wrong—I was doing *Donahue* in Birmingham, Alabama, and my travel agent booked a flight to Birmingham, South Carolina! I finally arrived in Birmingham, Alabama, at 9:00 the next morning for the show. I was so overly emotional that I blew the whole show and *Donahue* never used me again. It was raining, and I was doing the show dripping wet. I overtalked *Donahue*. But the *worst* was that I didn't know that Marlo Thomas was in the audience and proceeded with the Ten Worst list, and she was on it. When I said it, there was a silence. I was happy when it was over.

Sydney Omarr on your astrological fashion profile:

Aquarius: the most unorthodox

sign—very forward-looking.

Pisces: shoes and stockings are extremely important.

Aries: wear hats with flair; inventive, willing to try different things.

Taurus: practical; like to get money's worth.

Gemini: flighty—wear gloves in a delicate manner.

Cancer: want security. Cancer women tend to emphasize their bosom.

Leo: flair and showmanship.

Virgo: very precise—don't wear anything without a reason.

Libra: men and women like their hips accentuated—sashes are appealing.

Scorpio: passionate—they like to appear sexy without appearing vulgar.

Sagittarius: like wash-and-wear clothing; travel at the drop of a hat.

Capricorn: prefer dark colors—almost black.

**Do you consult
with an astrologer
or numerologist
regarding
your collection?**

Marc Jacobs:

If there were an astrologer or numerologist editor in chief of a fashion magazine, I suppose I would consult her regarding my collections. As there is not, to my knowledge, no, I do not.

Carmelo Pomodoro:

No, but I consult Nancy Reagan *very* occasionally.

Lee Saelee:

Are you kidding? The answer to that is no. But I do consult my partner, who also does the books for our firm, and he often has some numerologies of his own.

Michael Leva:

No, I consult with my staff.

Betsey Johnson:

Do bookies count?

Isaac Mizrahi:

I usually get a reading every three months. It's a big confidence booster.

Patricia Clyne:

I only go once a year to a psychic who comes from London. [On one visit,] Anne Klein was supposedly channeling through him, saying, "You've got to do it; you can't be worried—just do it. I can relate to your designs because they're a lot like mine when I first started." She was talking and he was the medium. People have likened my clothes many times to Anne Klein's, and even if he had heard the name, for him to pick Anne Klein was remarkable.

Christian Francis Roth:

The tarot is very good at making you aware of things in your life. You really can't ignore things; it really helps you.

Nicole Miller:

I'll try anything once—usually on people's recommendations. The last person I went to was Mary T. Brown. Tama Janowitz is a good friend of mine and she had written a story on her; then I met someone at a party who said she was really great, so I thought, *Oh, why not?* Anyway, I went to her and she said, "Your old boyfriend's coming back; he's not leaving you alone." It turned out that two days later he called me.

Pepito Albert:

No, but maybe I should.

Bill Robinson:

I once consulted a fortune teller in Hong Kong who told me I had to grow my sideburns long, I had to wear a gold ring, I had to have big thick gold glasses and I had to grow a very thin mustache—what a pretty picture that would have been! I consult with an astrologer and have for about 15 years at least. I talk to him at least once a year. I don't live by what he says, but he absolutely is like a guiding light.

Frank Andrews:

I first met [the late designer] Perry Ellis in the early 1970s. He was skeptical [of my psychic powers] at first—especially since he was working in marketing and I told him he was going to be a famous fashion designer. I also told him not to fly in small planes for the next five years. Despite his skepticism, Perry can-

celed his seaplane flight to Fire Island that weekend—and the flight he was booked on crashed, killing all its passengers.

Do you think you have supernatural abilities?

Joseph Abboud:

I think I'm good at what I do because I throw my heart and soul into it, and I think that's what the supernatural is—through love of what you do there is an extension of a certain inner strength.

Marc Jacobs:

I have no supernatural abilities or secretarial skills.

Richard Tyler:

Yes and no.

Carmelo Pomodoro:

No, just good intuition.

Michael Leva:

Not at all. I have very natural abilities. I'm down-to-earth; I'm not cosmic in the least.

Betsey Johnson:

No, but my wig definitely does!

Isaac Mizrahi:

No more than any other average person. I believe I can make things happen.

Patricia Clyne:

As far as being psychic myself, I don't know. I wish I did, but I don't.

Bill Robinson:

I don't know if I do, but there are definitely very strange, clairvoyant-type people who are attracted to me—they always have been. When I came back from Iran, a friend said I could move into an apartment, and it turns out to be in the house of Frank Andrews, a well-known clairvoyant in New York.

Christian Francis Roth:

I think probably on some level. They're not obvious—I can't bend forks or anything like that, although, believe me, I've tried. If I could, I'd be going on television and doing it.

It's a New York thing. You wouldn't understand.

CLAIRVOYANT

BIRDS OF A
FEATHER
WILL GATHER
TOGETHER.



Left: spearmint double-breasted
wool-flannel jacket, \$990. Sage-and-

white-striped silk shirt, \$290.

Sage-and-white-striped silk tie, \$50.

Slate crepe gabardine trousers,

\$480; Saks Fifth Avenue;

I. Magnin, San Francisco; Bloomingdale's.

Right: double-breasted slate

crepe gabardine jacket, \$795. Sage-and-

white-striped shirt, \$360.

White cotton ribbed turtleneck, \$130.

Jade wool-flannel slim skirt, \$390;

Bergdorf Goodman, New York;

Barneys New York; Nan Duskin, Baltimore

and Philadelphia. All by Isaac Mizrahi.

Shoes by Manolo Blahnik.

"Europa" sofa, \$3,767; Modern Age,

New York. "Egg 1990"

by Charlotte Hastings; Broadway

Windows, New York.

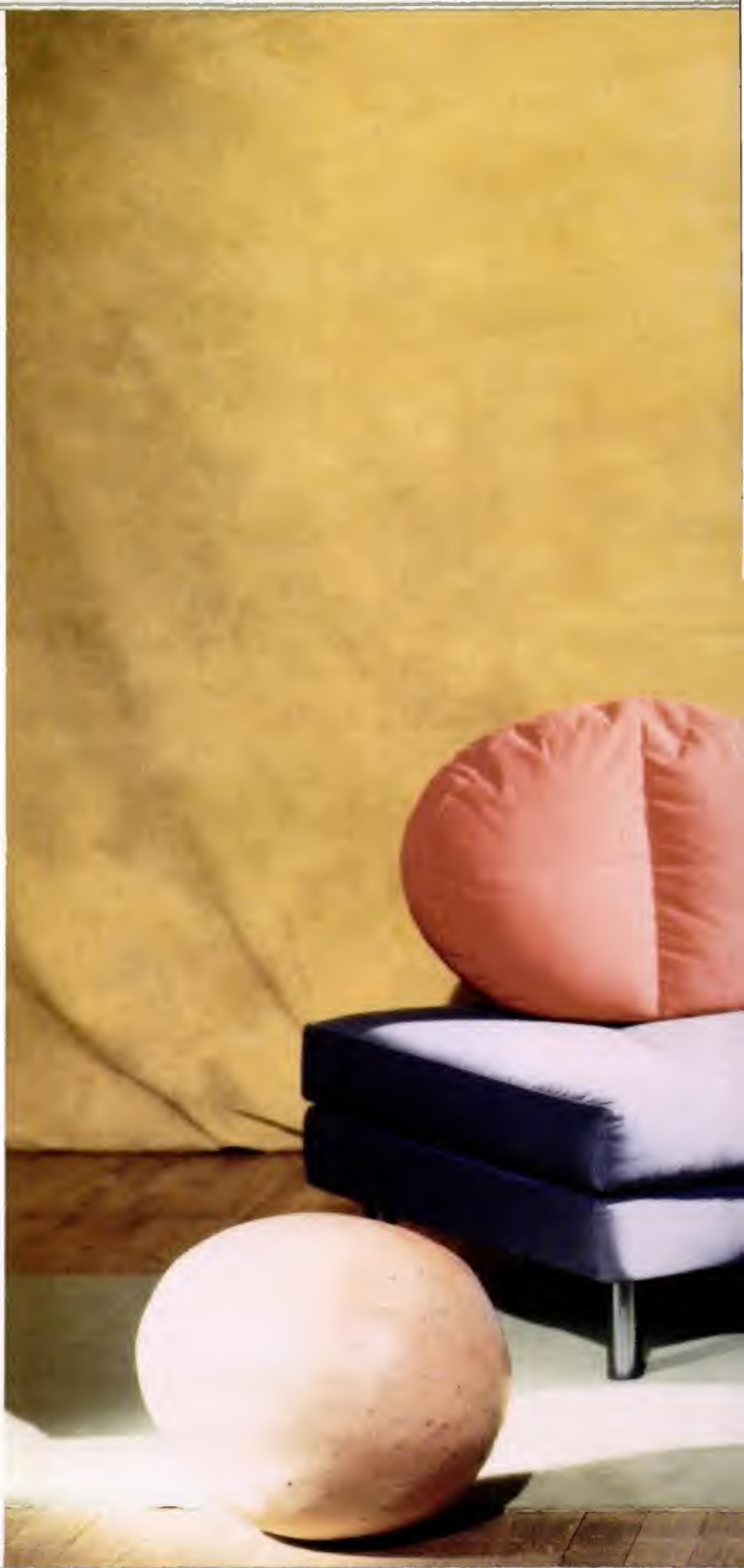
Models: Bobby of Storm and

Ariane of Click.

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY JOSE PICAYO

STYLING

BY NIAN FISH





IT IS HARD
TO TEACH AN
OLD DOG
NEW TRICKS.



Far left: gray flannel six-button
double-breasted suit, \$950,
by Louis', Boston. Shirt, tie and pocket
square by Joseph Abboud.

Dark-brown leather wing tip shoes
by Edward Green: Louis', Boston,
New York and Boston.

Middle: wool-and-viscose gray suit,
\$1,600. White cotton shirt, \$250.

Light-green print tie, \$80: Barneys, Dallas;
Giorgio Armani boutique,
New York and Los Angeles.

All by Giorgio Armani. Leather wing tip
shoes by Louis', Boston.

Right: gray flannel three-piece suit, \$650.
Gray striped shirt, \$85.

Orange print silk tie and orange
print pocket square, \$55: Beau Brummel,
New York; Barneys New York;
Bigsby and Kruthers, Chicago;
Neiman Marcus, Dallas.

All by Hugo Boss. Brown suede wing tip
shoes by Fratelli Rossetti.

Models: Mark Diviak of Ice (left),
Peter Bjerg of Ice (middle)
and Mark Matheisen of Click (right).
Dog: "Dudley" of All-Tame Animals.







EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE, MAKES
A MAN HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.



Loden wool Bura field parka by Woolrich, \$160; available at better specialty stores nationwide. Loden windowpane-wool jacket, \$575.
Brown distressed-leather vest, \$475. Denim shirt, \$90; Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Marshall Field's, Chicago;
Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. All by Joseph Abboud. Nautica khaki pants, \$55; Nautica, New York; Hecht and Co., Washington, D.C.
Tan chamois wing tip shoes by Bass. Ascot and pocket square by Joseph Abboud. Glasses by Oliver Peoples. Fishing hat by Woolrich.
Fishing gear, wicker fish baskets, canvas tackle box and lures courtesy of Orvis. Model: Matthew Barney of Click.



THE SPIRIT IS INDEED WILLING,
BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK.



Chocolate three-button jacket, \$1,725. Burgundy cashmere sweater, \$955: Barneys New York; C.M.O., San Rafael.
Forest hooded silk blouse, \$1,350: Barneys New York; Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Limited-edition mustard velvet embroidered pants,
\$8,200. Available by special order at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. All by Romeo Gigli. "Cosmos" shoes by Stephane Kélian.
Byzantine pavé cross by Wendy Gell. Model: Sky Nellor of Next.



BEST OF BREED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAYMOND MEIER

1. Sterling bracelet watch: Lisa Jenks, \$935. By special order: Barneys New York; 22 Steps, San Francisco; Charles Gallay, Los Angeles; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Elements, Chicago. 2. Speedmaster Professional: Omega, \$995.

Omega retailers throughout the United States.



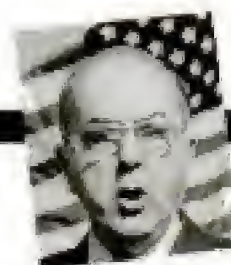
3. Gold-and-leather watch: Gruen, \$175. Saks Fifth Avenue; Lord and Taylor; Sharper Image; Woodward & Lothrop stores nationwide. 4. Striped watch with brown lizard band: Gucci, \$250. Gucci shops and fine jewelry and department stores nationwide.

5. Stainless-steel-and-gold man's watch: Cartier, \$2,150. All Cartier boutiques. 6. Man's watch from the Super 2000 collection: TAG-Heuer, \$1,595. Bloomingdale's nationwide; Macy's; Tourneau, New York; Slavicks, West Coast; Bailey, Banks and Biddle nationwide.

7. Riviera watch: Baume & Mercier, \$2,300. Tourneau, New York. 8. Esquire sports watch: Movado, \$395.

Saks Fifth Avenue; Bloomingdale's.

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



J. HELMS



O. STONE



M. MAPLES

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

THE SHORT ARM OF THE LAW

There is something about a trial that is so stately: the statue of blindfolded Justice in front of the courthouse, the distinguished judge behind his bench, the learned attorneys jousting in an adversarial system that more often than not — *and probably by a pretty good plurality* — produces the proper verdict.

Not long ago we came across a brief in support of an appeal to overturn the guilty verdict in the case *United States v. McDermott et al.*, which was tried last year. The guilty party was a transit police officer who had been tried for making false arrests. As part of the defense, his attorney put on the stand the men whom the officer had falsely arrested, in an effort to prove that even if they had been apprehended falsely, they had *at some point* committed the acts for which the officer had collared them. Doesn't seem sporting, does it? Don't worry — the tactic didn't work. It did, however, yield the following exchange between the officer's attorney, Barry Agulnick, and a Mr. Young, who was falsely accused of lewdly rubbing himself up against a female passenger on a subway: *Now, sir, I ask you to think* ▶

FOOD, FOLKS AND FUN! THERE'S NO better way to describe the pig-roast shindig that **JESSE HELMS** threw for his right-wing senatorial cronies at the Ronald Reagan Republican Center some weeks ago. Levity was the order of the day, even though a group of gay-rights activists — recognizing the event as a sort of company picnic for Washington's **ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE**-bashing extremists — had chosen to picket the venue. "You see all my friends outside?" laughed Helms as he greeted guests such as Senators **STEVE SYMMS** of Idaho and **LARRY PRESSLER** of South Dakota. Symms certainly noticed (an uncommon feat for him), and soon enough an idea was developing in his otherwise vacant head. "Hey, Larry," Symms said, turning to Pressler, "we've gotta get some of those guys for you — get you a little *publicity!*" See — *they were telling jokes!* Meanwhile, South Carolina's 88-year-old **STROM THURMOND**, oblivious to the boys' jocularly, was busy attacking everything on the buffet table — hoisting the victuals from steam tray directly to mouth via fork, no plate required. After hastily gobbling several mouthfuls of pork and soft cheese, Thurmond grabbed a handful of crackers and, to the evident horror of Oklahoma senator **DON NICKELS**, munched on them over the chafing dish, spattering half-chewed crumbs onto everyone else's barbecue.

IN THE FASHIONABLE PRECINCTS of eastern Long Island, the weekend does not mean a respite from desperate networking. And like people everywhere stuck in the same parochial resort town year after year, even superimportant East Hampton show business lifers like Time Warner cochairman **STEVE ROSS** and **STEVEN SPIELBERG** head for the movies of a Saturday night. On one such outing the old pals took in *Die Harder* at East Hampton's Main Street theater. Leaving the cinema, the relentlessly gregarious Ross saw another friend of his in the long line of people waiting for the next show. Seizing Spielberg by the arm, he pulled him toward his less famous chum and, in a voice that could be heard in Montauk, bellowed,

Hey, have you met my friend Steve Spielberg? The generally reticent Spielberg shuffled away, plainly mortified by the experience.

ANYONE WHO HAS SAT THROUGH **TOM CRUISE**'s "Penis! Penis! Penis!" scene in *Born on the Fourth of July* or **MARTIN** and **CHARLIE SHEEN**'s hammy elevator shouting match in *Wall Street* knows that **OLIVER STONE** can be one of America's most powerfully unsubtle filmmakers. And Stone's forthcoming film biography of the Doors' **JIM MORRISON**, his third consecutive movie about a shaggy counterculturist, promises to live up to the director's *in-your-face!* knack for the overexplicit. That, anyway, is the assumption of at least one actress who earlier this year responded to a casting call for *The Doors*. The groupie-heavy screenplay calls for some nudity, so the auditioning actress was prepared to remove her shirt for the director — fairly standard casting-call procedure. What she wasn't prepared for was Stone's nonchalant demand — presumably in the name of truth, beauty and art — that she remove every stitch of clothing, turn her back to the director and bend over.

WHILE MOST ACTUAL AUTHORS take to the book-promotion circuit with mixed feelings, doomed millionaire **DONALD TRUMP** naturally relishes the chore. So it was that the poor man's Dale Carnegie found himself at the American Bookseller's Association convention in Las Vegas concocting interest in his latest howler, *Surviving at the Top*. Desperate to salvage its fast-rotting multimillion-dollar investment, Random House, Trump's publisher, threw a cocktail party for him at the Mirage casino-hotel. When the appointed hour for the flackathon arrived, Trump's editor and handler **PETER OSNOS** went up to fetch Trump from his Mirage suite. Osnos knocked on the door, only to be greeted by what Osnos must have assumed was his research assistant: a squealing, bikini-clad — *yes, bikini-clad* — **MARLA MAPLES**.

How Old Is Old Enough?

A Shocking Look at America's Official Age Limits

Society is a capricious mistress when it comes to doling out her privileges. For example, both New York City and Parker Brothers ascribe a certain significance to the age of 10: children reaching that age are considered mature enough to play the board game Risk and to live in an apartment without window guards. The situation in New York grows murkier in the teens, however. A 14-year-old boy, who if he has followed Milton Bradley's recommendations has been playing the game of Life for 5 years and Twister for 8, can legally have sex with a 12-year-old girl—yet he can't get a learner's permit (16), hang around a pool hall without adult supervision (16) or drink spirits (21). (If it is any consolation to the wayward lad, though, New York State is willing to try him as an adult for

kidnapping, murder or other serious felonies.)

When our young friend is finally old enough to take in the latest Marilyn Chambers or Bunny Bleu double feature at the Roxy Twin on 42nd Street (17), other adolescent pleasures are still out of reach: alas, purchasing cigarettes, getting tattooed and trading stocks and commodities futures are the province of New Yorkers 18 years of age and older. The good news is that the 17-year-old can go to Georgia, Utah, Mississippi or Missouri and be put to death; the bad news is that he may have already blown it as



far as a career with the Dallas police goes—to qualify for the force, one “must not admit [to] nor have engaged in deviate sexual intercourse [or] sexual contact...with any animal or fowl since age 17.” (Italics ours.)

—John Brodie

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



Mario Cuomo has his in-laws over for dinner.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

Ruth Buzzi
Pat Carroll
Johnny Carson
Mickey Dolenz
Jodie Foster
Henry Gibson
Lorne Greene
Mariette Hartley
Marty Ingels
Arte Johnson
James Earl Jones
Casey Kasem
Ted Knight
Harvey Korman
Paul Lynde
Tim Matheson
Roddy McDowall
Garrett Morris
Jay North
Michael Nouri
Paul Reubens
James Whitmore

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

back to that subway ride for the ten-minute period you were on that train. During that ride... did you have an erection?

No, I did not.

Are you sure of that, or you don't recall?

I'm sure.

Do you remember being asked this question and giving this answer in March of '87?

Q. “And, sir, during that period of time that you were traveling in that train... did you have an erection?”

A. “I don't recall having one.” *When you were asked that question, did you give that answer under oath?*

Yes, I did.

That you don't recall having one? Right.

And now you're telling us you're certain that you didn't have one? Absolutely, I did not.

Have you ever had an erection? Sure.

On the train?

No—on the train, yes, maybe I had, yes. I wouldn't say I didn't have one anytime on the train. Not that day. *Ever while you were standing on the train?*

No.

Did you ever have an erection while you were standing next to an attractive female on the train? No.

On how many occasions have you had erections on the train?

I can't answer that question; I don't know.

Is it too numerous to mention?

I never counted them if I did have them.

Was it more than 50?

I don't know.

When you had an erection on a train, was it due to your looking at someone?

Not necessarily.

You mean...this is something that just happens on the train?

Doesn't have to be on the train. We're talking about on the train. You said that you've had numerous times when you've had erections on the train.

You said numerous times....

How many times was it, Mr. Young?

I really don't know.

Well, the times that you've had erections on the train, have ▶

SPY PLAYS LOVE CONNECTION WITH NEW YORK'S BACHELOR OF THE YEAR

And, You Know, Donald Probably Won't Even Invite Us to the Wedding

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

any of these erections been caused by your rubbing against the anatomy of a female?

No.

You sure of that?

Positive.

What caused those erections on the train, Mr. Young?

The body.

Your body?

Normal procedure of a body.

Any outside stimulus that provoked the erection...?

No.

Do you think about certain things on a train that cause the erection?

No.

What about magazines...?

No.

So it is your testimony...that you can't tell us the circumstances under which you get erections on a train. Is that right?

Correct.

SODOM ON THE CHARLES

Back-to-school days are here, and parents of all ages are packing their progeny off to prepare themselves for the challenges of the twenty-first century. Some parents who have been particularly blessed are sending their children to what is generally regarded as the best college in America. What does Harvard hold in store for these youngsters? A tradition of excellence? A chance to study with some of the most brilliant men and women in America? The opportunity to forge lifelong bonds with tomorrow's leaders — indeed, to become such a leader? Yes, and so much more, as this recent letter from the master of Kirkland House, an undergraduate dormitory, to his charges seems to indicate:

"I write to you in response to the recently submitted petition regarding a date for the Holiday Dinner and Dance... Throughout the eight years we have been Masters of Kirkland House these Holiday events, the dinner and dance linked together, have been the center of much debate and concern among all of us on the House

In the April issue of SPY we extended a hand of friendship and concern to one of our occasional subjects, the foundering casino operator Donald Trump, at a time when he was in the grips of a personal crisis. With both his marriage to Ivana and his "friendship" with Marla Maples apparently on the rocks, we were worried that the scalp-tightened self-promoter would be haunted by loneliness as the specter of bankruptcy loomed and his autumn years grew nigh. To alleviate his pain, we extended our good offices to help Trump find a new lovemate. We held an open call among our readers, asking anyone who wished to become the demibillionaire's next top wife to send us a photograph and a brief statement of qualifications; we promised to send the entries along to Trump.

At the time we stopped accepting submissions, we had received 62 entries; 72 percent of them were from women, 19 percent were from men, and 9 percent were from dogs or cats. Not surprisingly, most of these socially ambitious would-be brides cited Trump's wealth as his most attractive characteristic. (The letter from Emma T. of Manhattan used the word *money* 100 times.) We have noted in a letter to Trump that since most of the submissions were written before his financial problems were made public, he may get a somewhat cooler

TRUMPMATE CANDIDATES



AMANDA K.



KELLY D.



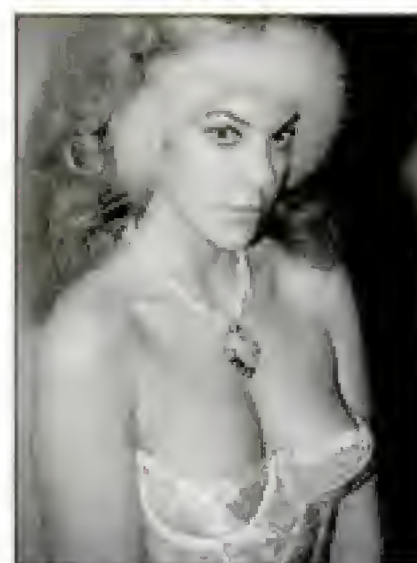
MARIE C.



TODD C.



ROBERT D.



EMMA T.

reception than expected when he calls these marriage-minded people. But isn't that the way love is?

Some of the more intriguing entrants are pictured on this page. Their photos and essays have been forwarded to Trump's office. The full set of submissions will be kept on file here at the magazine should he wish to review the entire field.

Here are excerpts from some of the submissions:

AMANDA K., AGE 16, FOREST HILLS, NEW YORK: "I offer...free and experienced baby-sitting [and as a bonus] I get my retainer off in six months."

MARIE C., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: "Several years ago I was engaged to marry Justin Dart's son, Stephen... What better revenge than to marry Donald Trump?"

CONNIE VON H., KEW GARDENS, NEW YORK: "I

come unencumbered by an annoying foreign accent, a propensity to preface people's names with the word *the*, or embarrassing, interview-happy parents."

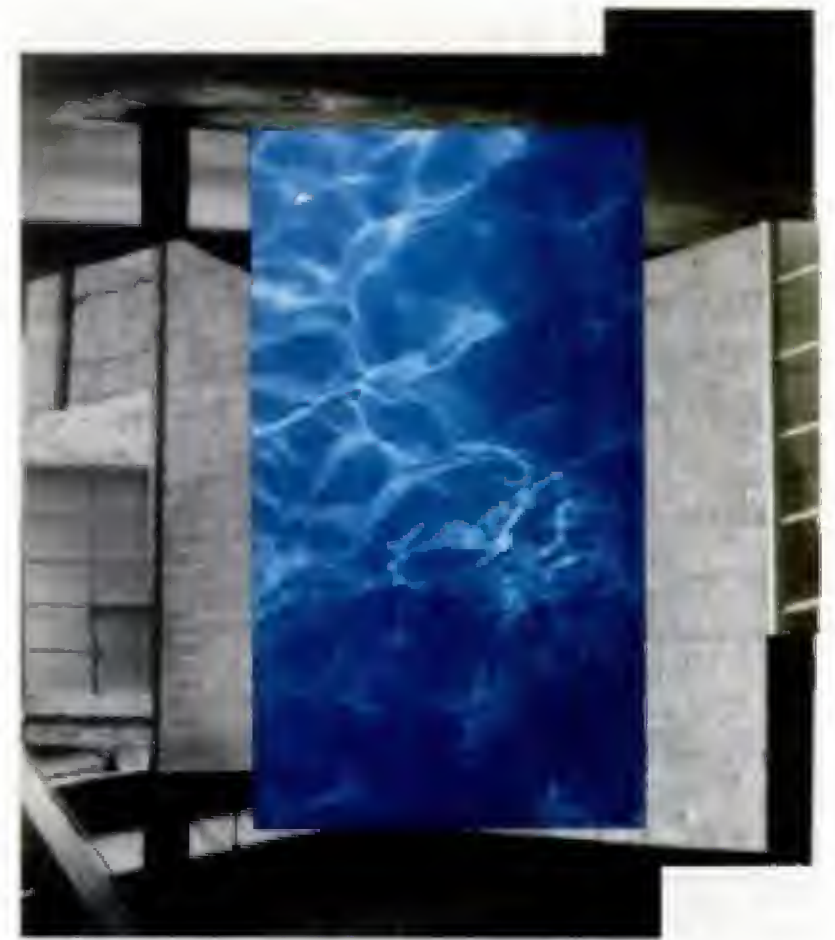
KELLY D., WASHINGTON, D.C.: "Not since Lyle Waggoner have I been so captivated by one man's omnipresent sex appeal."

TODD C., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: "I've grown accustomed to being a whipping post for [men's] insecurities and a victim for their pain."

ROBERT D., AUSTIN, TEXAS: "Although I am not a woman, I have 'big hair.'" —Michael Hainey

WHO'S THAT MAN?

And now the answer to April's other experiment in reader participation, "He's a Joker, He's a Smoker, He's a Midnight Toker...": the man of many descriptions was Mikhail Gorbachev, as profiled by Lance Morrow in *Time*. Stacy A. Mosher of Hong Kong was one of seven readers who had the correct answer; she won the ultrafashionable SPY T-shirt after her name was chosen from among them. Curiously, almost as many readers thought the subject was Tom Wolfe, as described by himself. One California reader thought the subject was Roy, of the illusionist team Siegfried & Roy. ▶



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FROM SANTA MARGHERITA



HOW TO ENCOURAGE FLEDGLING DEMOCRACIES

The U.S. Sends Greetings to Its Friends at Ground Zero



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A Monthly Tally

| | |
|--|-----|
| Liz herself | 2 |
| Donald Trump | 2.4 |
| Ivana Trump | 2.7 |
| Madonna | 4 |
| Barbara Bush | 6 |
| Marla Maples | 6 |
| George Bush | 8 |
| A Few Good Men | 8 |
| Oliver Stone | 8 |
| Kathleen Turner | 8 |
| Marlon Brando | 12 |
| Charles Durning | 12 |
| Andrew Lloyd Webber | 12 |
| Roger Ailes | 24 |
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| The "outrageous drugged-out behavior" of current rock stars | 24 |
| SPY | 24 |

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

staff....Repeatedly we have had instances of inconsiderate, unruly, rude, or offensive behavior at the dinner. One year after the dinner we had a suicide attempt by someone who had been cruelly singled out in an insensitive rendition of 'Blow the Man Down.'...Once someone was injured on a broken wine bottle surreptitiously carried into the Dining Hall despite explicit requests not to do so. Another time property belonging to a well-liked, well-respected tutor was destroyed in a senseless, drunken act of vandalism....

"The 'traditions' of the dance are equally appalling. Instead of something lovely, festive, or particularly exhilarating the dance has earned the reputation of being the 'Incestfest' — the culmination of a period devoted to titillating sexual activity under the guise of Holiday exchanges. One student...described it as 'a kind of dehumanized foreplay, enforced by peer pressure and ending with a distasteful and mechanical tribal spectacle.' People have been subjected to incredibly insulting behavior because of their refusal to 'participate' at the dance. Verbal abuse and insults, including the crudest terms and homophobic remarks have been directed at students who do not want to fulfill someone's sexual expectations. Students have decided to leave the House as a direct result of...the preliminary Secret Santa events or...the pairing off at the dance itself. Annually complaints are lodged with us....Why do we allow the dance to be a mating ritual?...Why don't we have what other Houses have — a winter formal?...

"It is important to realize that consideration for everyone in this community...must be paramount. Such considerations ought to be reflected in the nature of holiday events, especially the dinner and dance."

Since last fall, much of the world has undergone a sea change. Democracy is blooming, the Berlin Wall stands in small chunks on mantelpieces across the United States, and America now has friendly relations with previously hostile countries. But not everything has undergone this sea change. Despite all the goodwill, U.S. nuclear missiles remain in Europe. The question arises, Does the United States still



have thermonuclear weapons trained on the free and democratic nations of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and East Germany?

Apparently, yes. Though our government is officially reticent on the issue ("I'm not going to be able to answer that!" said Nancy Beck, State Department spokeswoman), some experts felt free to weigh in. Ken Satterfield, a Pentagon spokesman, was more forthcoming but still elusive: "We have a variety of systems over in Germany at this point. The word *trained* — I don't know if we're going to get into that....They're not all pointed in the same direction." Kevin Pedraja of Business Executives for National Security helped decipher Satterfield's clue, saying, "Let me just put it this way: [the missiles] are still there, and they're not pointing west, so they must be pointing east." Finally we got a strong confirmation from someone in the know. "This is really classified material, but generally speaking, yes, we do still have missiles aimed in that direction," said Lynn Reddy, press secretary of the House Armed Services Committee, adding, "Ironically, if fired, they would land on countries that are now emerging

democracies."

Wondering how finely attuned to irony formerly Iron Curtained democracies might be, SPY asked the newest members of the free world to comment on the news that their affection for America is being reciprocated in this potentially ballistic way.

Daniel Vesely, a spokesman for the Czechoslovak ambassador in Washington, took the news hard. "I didn't know that they were still pointed

at our territory!" he said. After expressing dismay that bureaucratic processes have got "bogged down," Vesely added, "This is not understandable. We are trying to be as friendly as possible!" Boguslaw Najewski, a press attaché at the Polish embassy, made a similar comment. "We are very uncomfortable with this," he said.

Gabor Szentivanyi, a press counselor at the Hungarian embassy, seemed more hopeful. "I don't really know the details," he said, "and I can't confirm this, but this question came up with Dick Cheney a few weeks ago. He said that they will be reevaluating the situation of targeting. I see this as a welcome sign.... We don't even constitute a threat anymore. We have changed our military doctrine."

Leave it to the East Germans to regard a respectful question about annihilation as a big joke. "SPY?" asked an unnamed member of the embassy staff. "SPY? S-P-Y? Ha ha ha! Hey, it is SPY magazine on the phone! [Background laughter] The situation here is rather complicated. Our staff is very limited. We are very busy with the summit. What? The summit is over? Oh, yes, it is. SPY? Ha ha ha! Goodbye."

— Andrea Rider

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*Our Monthly
Anagram Analysis*

WARREN BEATTY
BEWARE N.Y. TART

BORIS YELTSIN
I RESIST NOBLY
IS BERLIN'S TOY
RIOT SENSIBLY

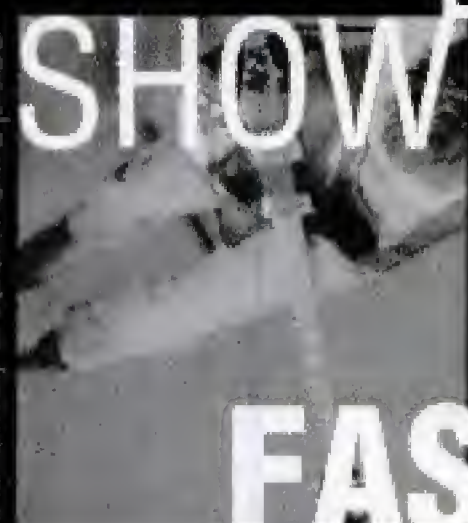
THEODORE BUNDY
TO HER NUDE BODY

IMELDA MARCOS
MELODRAMA [SIC]

— Andy Aaron

Native Place

the railway children native place



Soul II Soul

Vol. II 1990 A New Decade



BOB MOULD
BLACK SHEETS OF RAIN



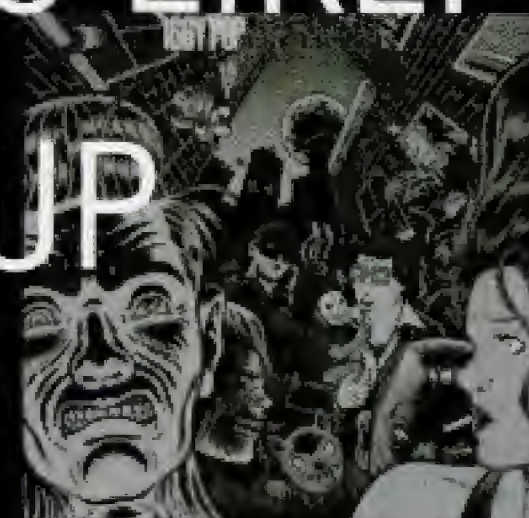
Bob Mould
Black Sheets of Rain

TRUE GENIUSES OF STYLE
DON'T ROOT THROUGH
SHOWROOMS LIKE
PIGS AFTER TRUFFLES.
THEY DON'T NEED
FASHION BIBLES TO KNOW
WHAT TOGS TO HANG ON
THEIR **BOSS BODS,**
THEY DON'T NEED
A WEATHERMAN TO
KNOW WHICH WAY
THE WIND BLOWS,
THEY DON'T NEED
A **ROCK CRITIC**
TO TELL THEM
WHAT MUSIC TO LIKE.
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AND MAKE UP
YOUR OWN MIND.

Kid Frost
Hispanic Causing Panic



Wendy & Lisa
Erica



Iggy Pop
Brick By Brick

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

WHO PUT THE BOMP IN THE BOMP, DE-BOMP, DE-BOMP? WHO PUT THE DIP INTO DIPLOMACY?

It isn't easy being an international diplomat. Sometimes you have to sit down with someone with whom you share few values and with whom you have little in common. Such was the case last spring when five U.S. senators traveled to the Middle East to speak to the Iraqi dictator, Saddam Hussein. On one side you have five guys skilled in delivering inoffensive bombast and patronizing homilies. On the other you have, in the words of Morton Kondracke of *The New Republic*, the most "evil and menacing tyrant... in the world," one who "rules by murder, torture and fear" and who "is developing an arsenal capable of multiple forms of mass destruction." It would have been easy enough for the senators to have devoted the entire discussion to the matters that divide the two nations. But diplomacy is about finding common ground, and to their credit, these men, particularly Senators Alan Simpson and Robert Dole, managed to find something to bring them and the Iraqi president together, as this transcript from Baghdad radio shows:

Senator Simpson (R-Wyo.): I enjoy meeting with frank and direct people. It is difficult for us in the Wild West—the cowboys—to understand that when we lose a case sometimes, we do not lose our life. This was one of the reasons that made the five of us—who are, as Senator Dole has said, leaders in the Senate—call the president [of the United States] yesterday. We told the president that our visit to Iraq will cost us dearly, as it will make us lose popularity and so many people will attack us for visiting Iraq.... President Bush told us, however, *Go. I want you to go....* The things

HOPE I DIE BEFORE I GET OLD

And If I Do, Race Off and Write Me a Maudlin Tribute Song

Just a few short weeks after the unfortunate suicide of Del Shannon, a putative Shannon protégé from Michigan copyrighted "My Best Friend, Charlie"—his tribute song to the fallen star. This story moved us to consider other euphonic homages to dead rock heroes and to ask, *Which idols were most quickly mourned? What*

heartfelt expression of grief was most swiftly rushed to radio stations and record stores? It wasn't easy to collect conclusive data, since pretty much anybody can write or record a song, but after conducting exhaustive research, we are happy to provide the unofficial standings in the race to offer posthumous tribute to departed rockers.

ROY ORBISON



Major Bill Smith recorded "Big O," his tribute to Orbison, on the day after the singer's demise on December 6, 1988. This song features the lyric "He came up like thunder...at last Big O is free" while an Orbison sound-alike croons "Crying" in the background.

ELVIS PRESLEY



On August 17, 1977, the day after Presley's death, Ronnie McDowell recorded "The King Is Gone," the first of a slew of Elvis tributes. "I was barely six years old when I first heard him sing," McDowell confesses in the song, "and somehow I knew from that moment on that it would be a lifetime thing." Evidently, it was a self-tribute thing as well. The record was released within the week and sold 2.5 million copies.

JOHN LENNON



"Imagine: A Tribute to John," by a New Haven, Connecticut, band called Glass Onion, was recorded on December 9, 1980, the day after Lennon's death, and released a few days later. The speedy composition doubtless benefited from its appropriation of the melody from Lennon's "Imagine"; the band's leader, Charles Rosenay, prefers to emphasize the song's "new and very moving lyrics," which he wrote himself.

JOHNNY ACE



On Christmas Eve, 1954, the rhythm-and-blues singer Ace shot himself in the temple while playing a game of Russian roulette backstage before a show in Houston. Approximately two weeks later Varetta Dillard released her tribute, "Johnny Has Gone"—which was soon followed by other songs, including "Why, Johnny, Why," "Johnny Ace's Last Letter," "Salute to Johnny Ace" and "Johnny's Still Singing."

BUDDY HOLLY



"Gold Records in the Snow," by Bennie Barnes—a tribute to Holly, Richie Valens and the Big Bopper—emerged sometime in February 1959, a few weeks after they were killed in a plane crash. Later came tributes by Tommy Dee and Bobby Yee (just to Holly), one month and four years later, respectively.

MARVIN GAYE



In August 1984, almost five months after Gaye's murder, Diana Ross released her enormously successful tribute, "Missing You," which had an accompanying video featuring nostalgic clips of Gaye, many of them with... Diana Ross. Five months later the Commodores hit the jackpot with "Nightshift," their tribute to Gaye and Jackie Wilson.

JIMI HENDRIX



In early 1971, about six months after Hendrix died, Procol Harum released their tribute, "Song for a Dreamer," comfortably beating (by a few months) John Mayall's salute, "Accidental Suicide." Two years later Mahogany Rush's "Child of the Novelty" came out, an homage that had been born years before, when Frank Marino, the band's leader, fell into a coma and was visited by Hendrix's spirit.

DENNIS WILSON



The Beach Boys drummer drowned on December 28, 1983. Eight months later Lindsey Buckingham released his tribute, "D.W. Suite." This very vague, very long song offered valuable New Age insights: "The opening of a door/Brings forth life/Where there was no life before....If we go, go insane/We can all go together." Yes, but if you start drinking and fall off a boat, you fall alone.

SID VICIOUS



Although Ian Hunter managed to record a John Lennon tribute ("Old Records Never Die") within a few months of Lennon's assassination, he was more relaxed about honoring Vicious, taking 21 months to put out "Silver Needles," with its lyric "Your body was tight but your head was so loose." Long delayed, and a bit of a backhanded tribute at that.

EDDIE COCHRAN



Four years passed after Cochran's death in 1960 before Heinz Burt, the former guitarist for the Tornadoes, got around to recording "Just Like Eddie." Still, Burt was quicker than Joe Jackson, whose "Blaze of Glory," a tribute to both Cochran and Elvis Presley, arrived with a somewhat muffled impact some 29 years after Eddie's demise, and a not-really-trying 12 years after the death of the King.

1 DAY 2 WEEKS 4 WEEKS 5 MONTHS 6 MONTHS 8 MONTHS 21 MONTHS 4 YEARS

—Harriet Barovick

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NEW YORK

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

that you [Hussein] said [regarding Israel] are the same things we in the United States of America have said about the Soviet Union — who will strike first? Who will press the button first? Who will turn half the United States into a fireball? In the process... we spent large sums of money. Now we are going to reduce our military budget.... Secretary of State Baker and Foreign Minister Shevardnadze have become friends, and they go fishing together....

You talk about democracy. Democracy is a very irksome and confusing thing. I believe your problem is with the Western media, not with the U.S. government, because you are isolated from the media and the press. The press is spoiled and conceited. All the journalists consider themselves brilliant political scientists. They do not want to see anything succeeding or achieving its objectives. My advice is that you allow those bastards to come here and see things for themselves....

President Hussein: I realize the media sometimes are a nuisance.... Three days ago I was reading the local papers. I read a complaint by a woman from the Al-Qadissiyah governate against the officials there. The woman says a citizen demolished her home with a shovel, so she lodged a complaint with the... authorities. There was no response.... I telephoned the Al-Qadissiyah governor, read him the complaint and told him to... meet with the lady... and... call me back.... He [told me] that the citizen [with the shovel] had lodged a complaint with the Iraqi judiciary and won his suit to eliminate the building. [Demolition] is his right.... I wanted to call the editor in chief... and tell him he should have confirmed the truth of the complaint before publishing it. I did not call, however. Because had I called, the editor in chief might have thought

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— Anthony Burgess on Martin Amis's *Money*

"It shows an author who has reached his earthly powers."

— Amis on Burgess's *Earthly Powers*

"Entertaining, wise, generous, and shrewd... a latter-day Dickens."

— J. G. Ballard on Michael Moorcock's *Mother London*

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— Moorcock on Ballard's *The Day of Creation*

"A seduction through language, a masque without masks."

— Cynthia Ozick on Edmund White's *Caracole*

"The best American writer to have emerged in recent years."

— White on Ozick's *The Cannibal Galaxy*

— Howard Kaplan

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Art Buchwald...



and a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle?



Georgette Mosbacher...



and Tyne Daly?



Jesse Helms...



and Queen Victoria?



BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Walter "Dateline: The Copa" Monheit", the Movie Publicist's Friend

THE HOT SPOT, starring Don Johnson, Virginia Madsen (Orion) ☺☺☺

Walter Monheit says, "Yes, Virginia, there is an Oscar, and oooof!—has he got the hots for you!"

BULLSEYE!, starring Michael Caine, Roger Moore (21st Century) ☺☺☺☺

Walter Monheit says, "Ready, aim and get fired up for a Caine-you-top-this, Moore's-the-merrier shoot-out! Target this one for your must-see list, friends!"

SILENCE LIKE GLASS, starring Jami Gertz, Martha Plimpton (Moviestore) ☺☺☺☺

Walter Monheit says, "Corning, take warning! Steuben, get movin'! Oscar's joining Jami and Martha for a Glass ménage that's—oooof!—pure Pyrexstasy!"

What the monocles mean: ☺☺☺ — excellent; ☺☺☺☺ — indisputably a classic

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LANCÔME

PARIS



FASHIONS BY LA LINGERIE

“DON'T CHARGE HIM, MR. MAYOR— HE MIGHT MOVE THE TEAM!”

Rent Control for Professional Baseball's Owners

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Saddam Hussein, who advocates freedom of the press, was interfering....

I go back to the media campaign [articles in March and April that reported Iraq's execution of a British journalist; the arrest of two Iraqi agents who were trying to smuggle nuclear-device detonators out of the United States; Hussein's statement "I swear by God we will let our fire eat half of Israel"; his admission that Iraq had chemical weapons; and his attempted purchase of a 130-foot gun barrel capable of shooting a shell a thousand miles] and wonder...if the U.S. government is not responsible for propagating what happened, how, then, was this huge amount produced in such a short time?

Simpson: It is very simple.... They feed on each other. Each one of them eats part of the other. A front-page report in *Newsweek* is taken by another reporter and published by him in turn....

Senator Dole (R-Kans.): There is something I would like to say, since you have invited reporters to come here. Why don't you ask them to go to the place where they claim biological weapons are produced? Challenge them to prove that you speak nothing but the truth.

Hussein: I assure you we will lose nothing if we ask them where the biological weapons are and also ask them to lead us to them. But we know these media organs as you do. They are like a spoiled child. If this child is given a sweet in response to his desires and cries, he will continue to cry all the time.

Dole: The media have a role to play, and I do not think the media are wrong all the time.

Hussein: Neither are they always right.

Dole: I always say they are wrong all the time, especially given that they attack me. [But] I am not talking about myself....

Simpson: I practiced law in a small town for 18 years, during which 1,500 divorce

Throughout the baseball lockout last spring we heard fans say, *I don't care which side wins. The money doesn't come out of my pocket.* Well, in fact, it does—not just in the prices of tickets and hot dogs but in tax dollars. As the following survey shows, many major league teams enjoy an extraordinary free ride from their local governments.

Team: Detroit Tigers

Subsidy: A public bond issue contributed \$12.1 million for improvements to the city-owned Tiger Stadium in 1977

Rent in 1989: The Tigers, who are mulling over a move to the suburbs, paid the city \$1,389,290

Games it took to earn that amount: 9*

Team: San Diego Padres

Subsidy: San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium was built in 1967 with the proceeds from a \$27 million bond issue

Rent in 1989: \$1,484,673

Games it took to earn that amount: 8

Team: Kansas City Royals

Subsidy: Royals Stadium was built by the county in 1973 for \$26 million

Rent in 1989: \$1.5 million

Games it took to earn that amount: 7

Team: Cincinnati Reds

Subsidy: Riverfront Stadium was built in 1970 with \$44-million in county bonds

Rent in 1989: \$1,154,532

Games it took to earn that amount: 7

Team: Houston Astros

Subsidy: The Astrodome was built in 1965 with a \$32-million county bond issue

Rent in 1989: \$1 million

Games it took to earn that amount: 6

*Each team plays 81 home games.

Their subsidies—along with the annual \$17 million to \$60 million or so that each team now derives from its various television contracts—ought to be remembered the next time a bellicose owner threatens to relocate unless local officials pony up the funds for improved facilities. Here are some examples of the sweet deals owners get:



recent improvements to Candlestick Park

Rent in 1989: The Giants, who have threatened to move, paid \$736,343

Games it took to earn that amount: 4

Team: New York Mets

Subsidy: Over the last five years, the city financed \$36-million in renovations of Shea Stadium

Rent in 1989: No more than \$550,000

Games it took to earn that amount: 2

Team: Toronto Blue Jays

Subsidy: The city and provincial governments contributed a total of \$60-million to the Skydome's construction

Rent in 1989: The Skydome is privately owned and operated; its administration pays a penny a year (in Canadian money, remember) to Canadian National railroad. The club, along with 37 other companies, contributes \$5 million to building costs

Games it took to earn their share of that amount: 1

Team: New York Yankees

Subsidy: The city-owned Yankee Stadium was renovated at public expense in 1975

Rent in 1989: The team was charged \$1,591,905; since it may deduct maintenance costs, it paid the city \$104,168

Games it took to earn that amount: 1 —Carter Burden III

JACK NICHOLSON

It's been ten years
since "Chinatown"
but Jake Gittes
has not forgotten.

This summer,
the story continues.



A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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How Stupid Is Your Dog?

A Primer for the Urban Dog Owner

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

cases came my way.... Every divorce case was brought on by the coldness of the partners.... There was a breakdown of communication. Self-righteousness, pride and opinionatedness led to separation. It is highly important, Mr. President, that even while we argue and yell at each other... we must keep up... the dialogue. Otherwise the world will be shaken by an enormous divorce.

I am not a peaceful person; I like argument and struggle. A while back, President Bush said he hates broccoli, since his mother used to force it on him.... American media have written extensively on this anecdote. Some newspaper articles argued that President Bush, after all, is not the wimp he was made out to be. We, therefore, have to [sentence incomplete as beard].

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT

Case No. 90-0784 in the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia
Walter Hudson Ventures et al. v. Fox Television Stations and WTTG-TV

Walter Hudson Ventures, a Brooklyn concern, is suing Washington's Fox affiliate for \$3.5 million for refusing to run commercials for its products — namely, clothing for women weighing 200 to 1,000 pounds. The commercials, which Hudson says air in 12 of the country's 15 largest TV markets, feature models who are, as he puts it, "women of size" — including some who weigh more than 400 pounds — as well as Hudson himself, who currently weighs 700 pounds. He alleges that the station's program director rejected the ads because the people on them were "too fat." Hudson, who last made news in 1987, when he weighed 1,400 pounds and had got himself wedged in a doorway, is suing under the District's Human Rights Act, which forbids discrimination based on personal appearance. **D**

It is the curse of the dog who lives in the city to pass the better part of his life abandoned within living quarters that he, were he able to give voice to his thoughts, would likely describe as incommensurable. And in the same way that humans tend to lose their feel for keen insight and witty banter when they spend too much time sequestered in the clamminess of their apartments, dogs gradually become listless and out-of-sorts when deprived of frequent opportunities to romp. Humans, dogs — each species has its needs: humans need to get outdoors in order to engage in the exhilarating processes of commercial enterprise and cultural exchange; dogs need to walk up to strangers on the street, lodge their snouts between each stranger's legs and growl.

The following questions and answers address the amount of damage that has already been done to your four-legged friend. You be the judge: do any of them resonate for you? If so, it might be time for you and your dog to reconsider some of the premises of your relationship.

1. A Jehovah's Witness comes to your door and launches into a lengthy monologue on modern religion. Your dog becomes vexed and edgy. Your dog

- a. is wary of strangers.
- b. is uncomfortable with the concept of religious proselytizing.
- c. has mistaken the stranger's reference to "born again" for an offer of "bone again."

2. You walk into your apartment, clothes dripping with rainwater. Your dog

- a. waits quietly at the umbrella stand for a pat on the head.
- b. rapidly shifts his weight back and forth between his two front legs in his customary little shimmy of excitement.
- c. licks all the wet spots on the carpet in an attempt to determine a beverage source.

3. Your dog thinks you leave household objects out for him to "take care of." This is manifested by his

- a. substituting the most recent issue of *Newsweek* for his favorite rubber chew item.
- b. trying to lick the leg of a new chair into submission.
- c. fashioning a crude, diorama-like presentation from saliva-flecked nubs of sponge.

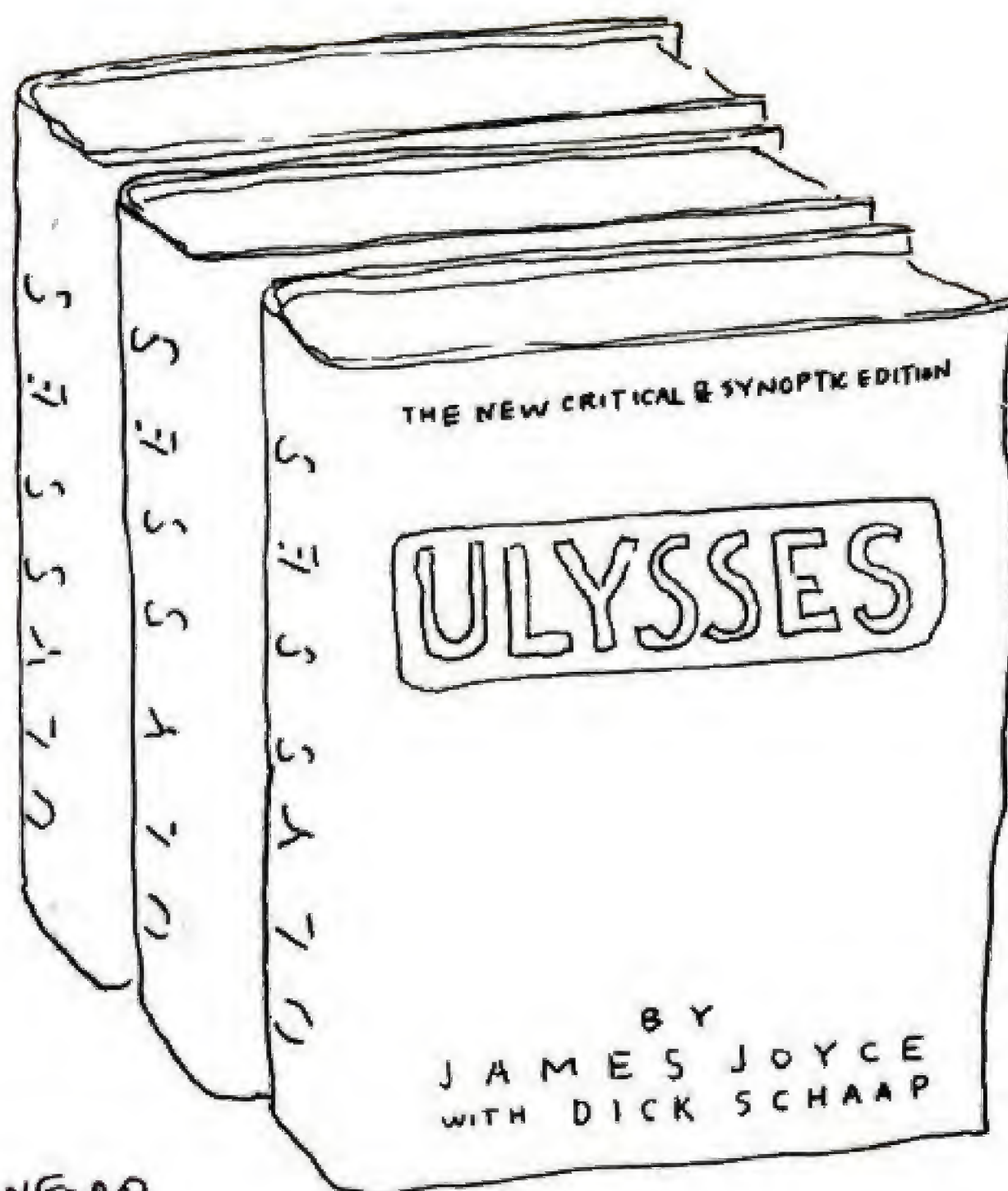
4. Your dog spends a lot of time barking at the dishwasher. He

- a. is confused by something that generates so much sound while producing so little movement.
- b. has recently had an unpleasant experience with a box of Calgonite.
- c. feels threatened by the possibility that his own inadequacies with the dirty dishes make necessary the services of a larger, better lick.

5. Your dog is enduring a period marked by a sense of alienation and loss. He is able momentarily to escape this dark mood, however, when he realizes that

- a. your daily abandonment of him is not an indication of how you feel about him.
- b. all dogs are confronted by the same feelings.
- c. putting his foot in his bowl of food will prevent the bowl from sliding across the floor.

—Henry Alford



CNNF. 20



AIN'T THAT A BITCH?

Mayor Barry's Totally Hidden X-Rated Video

By now almost everyone has seen footage of Mayor Marion Barry puffing on a crack pipe. But the official transcript of the FBI's videotape reveals that much of interest occurred *after* the mayor was arrested for cocaine possession.

The scene: January 18, 1990. Barry has been lured into a hotel room by Rasheeda Moore, his ex-girlfriend, who is now an informant. Unbeknownst to Barry, the room has been equipped with video cameras. We pick up the transcript after the mayor has spent 45 minutes frankly and straightforwardly trying to convince Moore to have sex with him ("I can't caress your breast?"). He gives up and settles for smoking a rock of crack. The FBI and local police burst into the room and instruct the mayor to put his hands on the wall...

Mayor Barry: Goddamn, I shouldn't have come up here.

FBI agent: You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in court.

Barry: I'll be goddamned.

Agent: You have the right to —

Barry: Yeah, I know all that.

Agent: — talk with a lawyer for advice —

Barry: Piss me off.

Agent: — before we ask you any questions. You may have a lawyer with you —

Barry: Got a setup —

Agent: — during questioning.

Barry: Goddamn, got a setup —

Agent: If you cannot afford a lawyer, one will be appointed for you before any questioning if you wish. If you decide to answer questions now without a lawyer present —

Barry: Shit!

Agent: — you will still have the right to stop answering at any time.

Barry: I'll be goddamned.

Agent: You also have the right to stop answering —

Barry: Bitch set me up.

Agent: — at any time, until you talk to a lawyer.

Barry: She set me up. I'll be goddamned.

Agent: Do you understand your rights?

Barry: Yeah, she set me up like that, I be —

Agent: Okay.

Barry: Got me set up, ain't that a bitch...Motherfucker! I shouldn't have come up here.

Agent: Mr. Mayor, I'm going to ask you if you, if you want to waive your rights and sign the form that you understood your rights —

Barry: I, I want to call my lawyer right now. I'll be goddamned. I got fucked up up here with this goddamn bitch, setting me up like this. Set me up, ain't that a bitch!

[*The FBI agent tells Barry that emergency medical technicians are on their way to see if he's okay.*]

Agent: We know about your past cardiac history with narcotics, so we're just —

Barry: Naw, naw, she, she, that bitch, that bitch did that to me.

Agent: — we're just going to make sure that you're physically sound and you're not suffering any kind of health problems, that's all.

Barry: Son of a bitch, she kept, kept pushing me —

Agent: — just stand calm —

Barry: I'm all right. That goddamn bitch!

Agent: — and we'll just have them take a quick look at you, take your blood pressure, your vital signs —

Barry: That goddamn bitch!

Agent: — make sure you're okay, all right?

Barry: That, that goddamn bitch...That goddamn bitch. Tricked me to get me up here, son of a bitch. And, you know, tricked me like a motherfucker...Can I call my wife?

[*The medical technicians arrive to check on their mayor.*]

Technician: How do you feel?

Barry: I feel fine, except I'm pissed off...

Technician: Are you on any medications at this time?

Barry: Naw, man. Shit. Goddamn bitch. Ain't that a bitch?

Technician: Okay, just, just relax, just a minute please, we, we've got to —

Barry: Goddamn bitch. I should have stayed downstairs. [*Sighs.*] Goddamn...

Technician: It'll be just a second. Again. Deep breath.

Barry: Elaborate goddamn trap, I tell you...

Technician: Just let me take one more time [*unintelligible*], okay?

Barry: That goddamn — that goddamn bitch tricked me into this shit. I should have, should have stayed down the motherfucking [*unintelligible*] like I decided to.

Technician: Sir, I understand...that possibly you've been exposed to something that could be adverse to your health.

Barry: Well, I don't know what the hell it was. I know I was tricked, goddamn bitch.

[*The officers of the law try to comfort the mayor while waiting for a squad car in which to take him to his booking.*]

Cop: We didn't really want this to happen, really.

Barry: I didn't want it to happen, either. I should — if I had followed my fucking instincts tonight, I'd have been all right. I should have stayed downstairs. Bitch kept insisting [on my] coming up here. Goddamn it...

Agent: It's a traumatic experience, but this too will come to pass.

Cop: Sometimes it's better. Sometimes it's for the good, really, healthwise, you know —

Barry: Oh, you're assuming I got — you're assuming I got a problem. [*Laughs.*]

— Patrick Boyle



ANEJO. THE DRINK THAT'S ON, OR ABOVE, EVERYONE'S LIPS.



Añejo (An-yay-ho)—the “aah” is for approachable. The “oh” is for smooth. And the “~”, well, that’s to help you pronounce the drink you don’t have to acquire a taste for. Añejo, with the “~” on top of the “n.” The drink that’s on, or above, everyone’s lips.

SEPTEMBER DATEBOOK

*Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming*

9 The Giants open their season at home against the Philadelphia Eagles. At pregame tailgate parties in the Meadowlands, season-ticket holders get reacquainted and remark on the amazing developments that have transpired since the end of last season: Eastern Europe held its first free elections in decades, Nelson Mandela was released from prison, and, best of all, Brent Musburger got the heave-ho from CBS.

12 Barry White turns 46.

15 Steuben Day. Today we celebrate the 260th birthday of Friedrich Wilhelm Ludolf Gerhard Augustin von Steuben, a German-born soldier who lied to George Washington about his Prussian

Army rank, conned his way into an inspector-generalship with the Revolutionary Army and later spent himself into debt despite large grants of money and land from the



government. A parade in Steuben's honor proceeds up Fifth Avenue; revelers eagerly await future Samuel R. Pierce Day Parades and Alfonse D'Amato Day Jubilees.

16 New York Is Book Country Day. True book-lovers gather on Fifth Avenue for a pleasant afternoon of browsing and reminiscing about the good old days. Suddenly S. I. Newhouse orders his troops to open fire on the crowd. All three evening newscasts lead off with the massacre, and viewers are mesmerized by a memorable piece of footage in which a

single demonstrator, Andre Schiffrin, defiantly stands in front of an armored limousine driven by Alberto Vitale.

19 Ninth anniversary of Simon and Garfunkel's reunion concert in Central Park. A few nostalgic oldsters hold a vigil on the Great Lawn and dream of a re-reunion; one of them is Garfunkel.

20 Adirondack Balloon Festival. May be the last chance to get a pleasant aerial view of undeveloped land in upstate New York.

23 Autumn officially begins, but it's still three weeks too early to drink mulled cider.

29 Madeline Kahn's 48th birthday and Yom Kippur. Memo to Madeline: Sundown is at 6:44 p.m. Your cake will be waiting. ☞

CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

Special Boys-of-Summer Edition

Subject: METS MANAGER DAVEY JOHNSON

Sign: Aquarius (b. 1/30/43)

Date: May 29, 1990

Notable Activity: Was fired after the Mets performed poorly early in the season

Horoscope: "Your health needs protection against all the stress you've been up against lately. Take a break!" — Usha, *USA Today*

Subject: YANKEES OWNER GEORGE STEINBRENNER

Sign: Cancer (b. 7/4/30)

Date: June 6, 1990

Notable Activity: Fired manager Bucky Dent after the Yankees lost 9 of 10 games and sank to 18-31, the major leagues' worst record

Horoscope: "If playing games, move on. Key is responsibility, pressure of time." — Sydney Omarr, *Newsday*

Subject: YANKEES MANAGER BUCKY DENT

Sign: Sagittarius (b. 11/25/51)

Date: June 6, 1990

Notable Activity: Was fired

Horoscope: "You might have to say goodbye to someone temporarily." — Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*
— George Mannes

**"HMMM...MALLEABLE AND
PLIABLE...I KNOW,
HONEY—WE'LL NAME HIM
CLAY!"**

*Editor Clay Felker Frets Over the True Mandate of His
Former Magazine, Manhattan, Inc.*

"We are trying to appeal to like-minded readers in other cities....We're expanding outside the city." — Felker in *The New York Times*, May 1988

"We aren't a business magazine, we are a lifestyle magazine." — Felker in *The Wall Street Journal*, September 1988

"We're a New York magazine....We are not a national magazine." — Felker in *The New York Observer*, December 1989

"It is not the same [New York business magazine]. The business world is different, but the strategy is the same." — Felker in *The New York Times*, March 1990 ☞

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"Sverdlovsk, 4:00 p.m. My tour of the ball bearing factory coincides with an inspection by the province's first secretary. His name—Boris Yeltsin—suggests your typical fur-hatted Brezhnevocrat. But this comrade might as well be the reincarnation of Huey Long—he's slapping backs, winking at the women, even poking fun at the politburo. If the Soviet political system ever loosened up a little, this guy could give Moscow a run for its money."

—from "Ural Mountain Diary," by David Kamp, *SPY*, September 1980



PUTTING A WARNING LABEL ON THE STATEHOUSE

A Modest Inquiry Into the Need for Censorship of American State Songs



Spring is the season traditionally associated with budding flowers, romance and reckless sorties against the First Amendment by yahoo state legislators. This year was no exception. Encouraged by the efforts of the Parents' Music Resource Center, legislators in more than a dozen states introduced bills that would require warning labels on record albums containing unsavory lyrics and levy stiff fines on stores failing to comply. As it turned out, the legislators' attempted meddling was rendered moot when record manufacturers agreed to put standardized labels on records featuring explicit lyrics. This is unfortunate, since the bills would have raised some interesting questions, particularly about the official songs of some of the states in which bills had been proposed. After all, according to our reading of the statutory criteria that might have been used to judge pop music, recordings of the official songs of nearly a dozen states would have had to bear warning labels because the songs promote one or more of the following social pathologies:

RACISM

Consider James Bland's "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," written in 1878 and later adopted as the official state song of Virginia. The song features the lyrics "Carry me back to old Virginny.../There's where this old darkey's heart has long'd to go/There's where I labor'd so hard for old Massa/Day after day in the field of yellow corn." Although Bland was black, his song clearly conveys nostalgia for an era in which blacks were subservient to their white masters, a view of race relations from which impressionable adolescents ought to be shielded.

"Give Me Louisiana," one official song of the Pelican State, written by Doralice Fontane, is less explicit but no more enlightened: "A state of old tradition/Of old plantation days/Makes good old Louisiana/The sweetest of all States." Stephen Foster's "My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night!," the official song of Kentucky, also makes an issue of skin color. "The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home/'Tis summer,/The darkies

are gay," Foster wrote, managing to pack into the same line a racial slur and what may be read today as a homosexual reference. Florida's official song, "Swanee River," also by Foster, is the most overtly racist state song, lapsing into dialect while promoting the reestablishment of a white-ruled slave economy: "All up and down de whole creation, sadly I roam/Still longing for de old plantation, And for de old folks at home/All de world am sad and dreary, Eb'ry where I roam/Oh! dark-eyes how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home."

Over the years, these four state songs have been bowdlerized, with nonracist lyrics substituted for the original offending passages. The rap band 2 Live Crew tried a similar ploy recently when it released *As Clean as They Wanna Be*, a sanitized version of its hit album *As Nasty as They Wanna Be*. No one, particularly the Broward County sheriff, was fooled.

SEXUAL PROMISCUITY

Although most state songs offer only indirect references to the sex act, few of today's sexually aware youths miss the implications. Bertha Raffetto's "Home Means Nevada," the song of the one state that has officially sanctioned prostitution, seethes with sexual innuendo: "If you fol-

low the old Kit Carson trail/Until desert meets the hills/Oh you certainly will agree with me/It's the place of a thousand thrills."

Not unexpectedly, few state songs are so reckless as to advocate sex with animals; yet "Oklahoma!," the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical-comedy anthem turned state song, coyly flirts with bestiality: "Ev'ry night my honey lamb and I/Sit alone and talk...." Those who argue for a more innocent interpretation of the lyric fail to take into account Oklahoma's 18:1 livestock-to-human ratio.

NEO-NAZISM

Songs promoting neo-Nazi ideals have been popular among young skinheads, but few have stated the case more forcefully than William T. Purdy's "On, Wisconsin!," the official song of the Badger State: "On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin! Champion of the right/'Forward' our motto, God will give thee might!" Given that Nazi Germany, to justify its quest for Lebensraum, used music that featured expansionist slogans and overt appeals to the right, we would expect not only that "On, Wisconsin!" would get a warning label but also that Minnesota would start fortifying its eastern border.

—Tom McNichol



THE INDUSTRY



Joe



Brian

IT'S NOT
THE HEAT,
IT'S
THE
STUPIDITY

Mad Dogs and Desperate Producers: As I sit down to write this it's 112 degrees in Los Angeles. This sort of weather

usually brings out the worst in my fellow Southlanders: drive-by killings and arsonist-set Santa-Barbara-estate-eating brush fires. And this summer the temperatures have had an additional effect: they have, I swear, baked the brains of just about everyone in Hollywood. The bromide *Hot enough for you?* has been replaced by *I hated it, but it's going to make a lot of money.*

I know at least a dozen people who have read *The Last Boy Scout*, the Shane Black script Warners bought for Joel Silver, producer of the *Lethal Weapon* and *Die Hard* series, for \$1.75 million. Their comments? A unanimous *I hated it, but it's going to make a lot of money.* And when somebody sneaked me a copy of the fabled \$3 million Joe Eszterhas script *Basic Instinct*, which much-married ICM agent Guy McElwaine recently hawked—by pleading for the highest price ever, just to irk CAA Überagent Mike Ovitz—the words whispered to me were *I hated it, but it's going to make a lot of money.*

Is it the heat, the humidity, or has everybody just gone nuts out here? The Shane Black script needs a complete rewrite. The first thing producer Larry Gordon did after he paid more than \$1-million for *The Ticking Man* was fire the writers who wrote it. To justify its \$3-million script, the Eszterhas picture needs major, or at least overpaid, stars—so overpaid that Ovitz was persuaded to forget about his feud with Eszterhas and permit a CAA client to star in *Basic Instinct*: Michael Douglas will be paid at least \$10 million (yes: \$10 million for *Michael Douglas*), of which CAA will take an irre-

sistible seven-figure cut. Then, of course, there's David Mickey Evans's \$1.1 million *Radio Flyer* screenplay—one of the greatest movie screenplays ever, according to Columbia co-boss Jon Peters, the man who bought it and then, after a week of shooting, halted production and fired the director. *But we still love the script*, Columbia executives say.

Summertime Blues: By most accounts the summer will likely prove a troubling one for the studios, and American audiences seem to be resisting all the cynical second-guessing of their tastes.

Although a better film than most people thought it would be, *Dick Tracy* will probably end up as one of the more curious marketing case studies of the summer. Disney figured it could hype away aging humpster Warren Beatty's nonimage with kids. Wrong: on the Sunday after the picture opened, during the mid-afternoon marketing phone calls, the studio realized that not only was Beatty a turnoff to younger audiences, but so was Madonna. Hence the decision was made to drop their images from most newspaper advertisements. (Interestingly, one group of marketers knew even earlier that the movie was going to be a disappointment. Garment executives who had agreed to merchandise the picture saw by the Friday before it opened that there was no interest in *Dick Tracy* logowear; Macy's, Bullock's and the May Company all pulled their promotions within a week of the premiere.)

Obviously, I am not alone in sensing the inanity of the *I hated it...* syndrome. American audiences reject these pictures as fast as Hollywood can spend tens of millions of dollars making them. Instead of learning from this, Hollywood goes on spending more and more for movies that

can't possibly break even. (Even Silver's \$62 million *Die Harder*—one of the really great over-the-top action films of the summer—will be hard-pressed to see profits anytime soon.)

Trims and Ends: If you're seeing a lot of Brian Grazer in the press these days, it's because the slender producer was recently heard screaming at his public-relations hirelings that he's sick of being overshadowed by his partner in Imagine Films, the estimable Ron Howard, and was particularly miffed at being left off *Premiere's* list of the 100 most powerful people in Hollywood. He has told friends he's going to kill somebody if he doesn't make it next year...I loved the party to rededicate Warner Bros. Studios. I loved the Busby Berkeley number in the swimming pool specially dug into Soundstage 18, not to mention Quincy Jones as Dooley Wilson, the re-creation of Warner Bros.' greatest moments in movies, and more song and dance as we cruised through the back lot on

trams. Most of all, though, I loved the press blackout of the private part of the event. Warners executives were apparently worried that word of the \$4 million spare-no-expense soiree might somehow reach the ears of their brothers in worldwide communications in New York, where non-movie-making Time Warner employees are cutting back on their taxi usage as part of an austerity program.

And Finally, a Correction: In this space in July, Tri-Star president Mike "Governor Mike" Medavoy was accused of having passed on the cloying ethnic-comedy hit *Moonstruck* when he was at Orion. He called to say that he was never offered the script.

See you Monday night at Mortons. I hate the place, but I make a lot of money there.

—Celia Brady



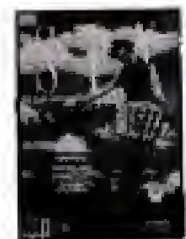
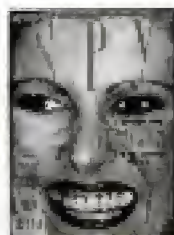
September 1988
LIFE-STYLE HELL! OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE

"The sex, the spandex, the pastels, the car phones, the irony shortage and the general uncensored dude-osity that make Los Angeles a shrine to vapid fun."

May 1989

IVANARAMA!

"You know her as an Olympic skier, fashion leader, licensed interior designer, hotel executive and wife to a certain billionaire casino operator from Queens. But of course, there's more. With Ivana, there's *always* more."



July 1989

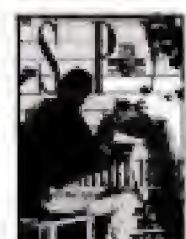
SUMMER FUN ISSUE!

"A really, really long article about William F. Buckley Jr.! Ugly Europeans! How to make Twinkies!"

August 1989

WHO WAS WHO

"How time travel could really work. Awful moviemaking with Dino DeLaurentiis. Plus, the super-salacious pullout index to *The Andy Warhol Diaries!*"



September 1989

VILLAGE IDIOTS

"Smart girls in chains—the shame of *The New Yorker!* Conjugal networking in Hollywood."

October 1989

THE SPY 100

"Our annual census of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things."



November 1989

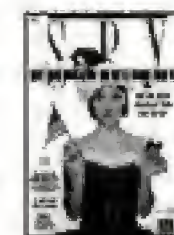
WILD AND CRAZY V.I.P.'S!

"SPY goes undercover to Bohemian Grove. Plus, superspecial keepsake facsimile edition of SPY's 1964 debut issue!"

December 1989

BUY THIS MAGAZINE OR WE'LL BURN THIS FLAG

"The most hated man in fashion. SPY's guide to year-end bribery."



January 1990

BUILDING A BETTER CELEBRITY

"SPY's nationwide, statistically valid poll reveals what America wants from its celebrities! Plus, the Ovitz-Eszterhas letters."

February 1990

SPLAT!

"Wall Street goes wacko! Dirty jokes about Donald Trump!"

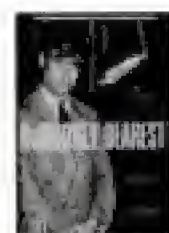


March 1990

SEX, DRUGS AND POST-IT NOTES

"Special Bad-Boss Issue, including the Nightmare Boss of Beverly Hills, Don Simpson, and the Media

Monster of Park Avenue, Judy Price!"



April 1990

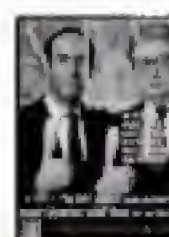
MCINERNEY DEAREST!

"Mrs. McInerney's ultravoyeuristic account of her doomed marriage to the author of *Bright Lights, Big City*. Plus, basketshots of the rich and famous."

May 1990

WASHINGTON ROAD TRIP!

"Encounters with Buz Lukens and Lee Atwater."



June 1990

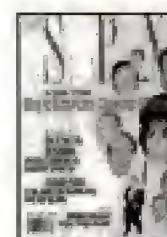
WHOSE IS BIGGER?

"Unedited mound-side conversations with Tommy Lasorda, plus sibling rivalry and Inside Everything."

July 1990

AMERICA'S CHEAPEST ZILLIONAIRE!

"SPY plays a prank on Donald Trump, Cher, Henry Kravis and Rupert Murdoch! Plus, fashion police at America's top companies!"



August 1990

TRUMP'S FINAL DAYS!

"Crybabies' Cavalcade! The Tina Brown—Mike Ovitz letters! Plus, the Hitler Channel!"



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MINISTRY OF INFORMATION



John



Dick

GIVE ME
SYNERGY OR
GIVE ME DEBT:
TIME WARNER'S
NEW MATH

I was quoted out of context. Journalists have traditionally reserved special contempt

for this last-ditch defense of politicians caught in the act of saying exactly what they mean; they consider it both lame and insulting to their work. It was therefore a moment of high irony when a recent employer of this excuse was another journalist: John Stacks, *Time* magazine's smart, ordinarily shrewd chief of correspondents.

Stacks, who oversees the magazine's far-flung corps of field correspondents, had called an editorial meeting to discuss some unfortunate remarks attributed to him in *The New York Times*. It seems he'd just received a petition signed by most of *Time*'s editorial staff, including several senior editors, objecting to comments he'd made in the clueless, boobheaded *Times* story (called "Time Speaking With a New Voice"). In explaining the magazine's new policy of having field correspondents — previously responsible only for reporting, and thus generally hired without regard to their writing ability — write their stories directly for print, Stacks had praised "the voice and surefootedness of a correspondent who is out there living it," as compared with "the unsure, unknowing piece you get from a rewrite person [in New York]." (Stacks, by the way, was himself a *Time* reporter for four years.) It was a fortunate — albeit outraged — group of editors and writers who got to hear Stacks's whimpered protestations. Out of context? The meaning of the words *unsure* and *unknowing* seems pretty unambiguous.

For decades a certain stylistic consistency in *Time*, for better and for worse, was the result of the diligent efforts of a writing staff that has included James Agee, John McPhee, John Gregory Dunne and Calvin Trillin. [As it happens, the coeditors of *SPY*

also worked as writers at *Time*.] But these days management's attitude appears to be, in the words of one aggrieved petitioner, "'There are editors, there are correspondents, and then there's pond scum.'"

What the *Times* story failed to mention was that the policy shift had more to do with cost cutting than with any grand vision. Nor did it mention the pertinent fact that for years there'd been a corporate struggle at *Time* between editors and writers in New York and reporters in the field (a struggle that has now effectively been won by the reporters). Nor, perhaps charitably, did the *Times* point out that a news-magazine that relies on reporters' filing their stories directly for print is no different from a newspaper. Except, of course, that its news is several days old.

Although managing editor Henry Muller is well liked, morale at *Time* has been ebbing steadily ever since the lash-up with Warner. And suddenly *everyone* seems to be picking on the company. As specious as *Newsweek*'s criticism was over *Burden of Proof* author Scott Turow's appearance on the cover of *Time* — *Presumed Innocent*, his earlier novel, is a Warner film; Warner Books has paperback rights to both books; his new novel is a (Time Warner-owned) Book-of-the-Month Club selection, all of which the *Time* story failed to point out — it was nevertheless damaging. But this is a bewildering period for editors at Time Warner — the merger, after all, was supposed to be about synergy. (Indeed, co-CEO Steve Ross recently spelled out just such a glorious new synergy in a British TV interview: "We have something called *Looney Tunes*...40, 50, 60 great, great characters, and we put that in conjunction with something like a *Sports Illustrated* for children — simply put

them in the magazine. That's a tremendous plus for the magazine and for our characters.")

And morale wasn't helped any by the pathetic burger-and-weenie roast thrown in honor of Time Warner cochairman and former Time Inc. CEO Dick Munro's retirement in early May. At the time of the merger last year, anxious Time Inc. employees were repeatedly assured that Munro would stay on for two years alongside Ross. Munro's departure, of course, had absolutely *nothing* to do with the fact that if he left before May 31, 1990, he would go away with \$4.3 million in "deferred compensation."

Ross, the very smart man who stole Munro's company away from him — and got Time Inc. to pay him for the privilege — was the guest speaker at a recent luncheon of the American Society of Magazine Editors. He proved far more mesmerizing than Munro had ever managed to be at such stilted affairs, especially

"We put
Looney Tunes
in conjunction
with *S.I.* for
kids...That's
a tremendous
plus"

when he demonstrated for the assembled crowd the kind of imaginative mathematical reasoning that made the company's proxy statement such interesting reading last year. Discussing the onerous \$10.8 billion debt piled up in the course of Time Inc.'s purchase of Warner, Ross was philosophical: *No one would be worried about debt*, he said, *if we dropped one little zero from the debt and another little zero from cash flow, changing the \$10 billion of debt into \$1 billion and the \$2.5 billion of annual cash flow into \$250 million*. Notice that Ross used this illustration at a lunch with editors, perhaps accurately gauging their financial sophistication; a roomful of pesky securities analysts, for example, might have responded with yips of laughter and "sell" recommendations. — Macaulay Connor

NO. 2: JUDITH JACKLIN BELUSHI'S *SAMURAI WIDOW*

All material in quotes actually taken from book!

New York City,
March 1982

An
Unexpected Visit from
Dan Aykroyd

"Something awful had
happened to John. It
was there in the way
Danny stood... the
way he struggled with
his words."



John's, uh—well... you
got any black dresses?

Martha's
Vineyard



"The funeral director
asked if I would like to
'view the body.'... It
was John, all right..."

Interviewed by
Bob Woodward,
July 1982



"I think that John was
an important American
artist, I began..."

"'SNL' was
difficult to
explain; it was
the best of
times, the
worst..."



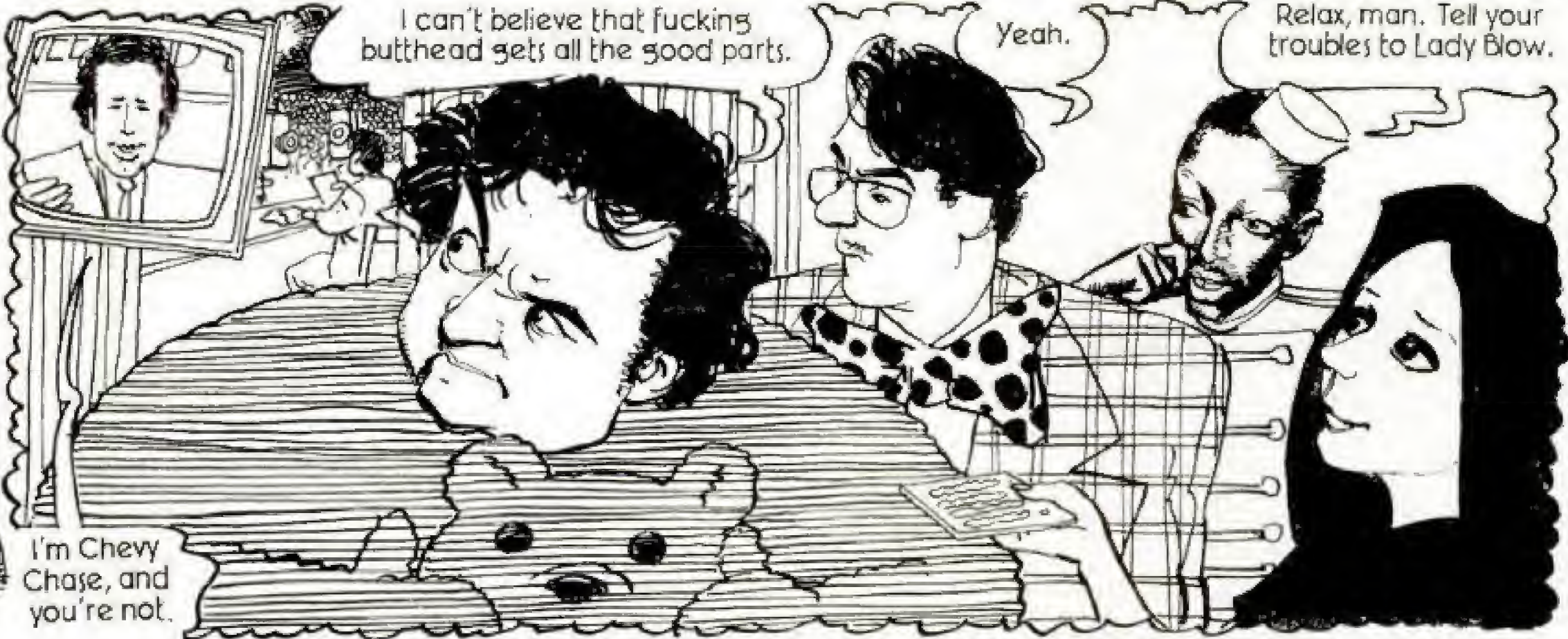
I can't believe that fucking
butthead gets all the good parts.

Yeah.

Relax, man. Tell your
troubles to Lady Blow.



I'm Chevy
Chase, and
you're not.



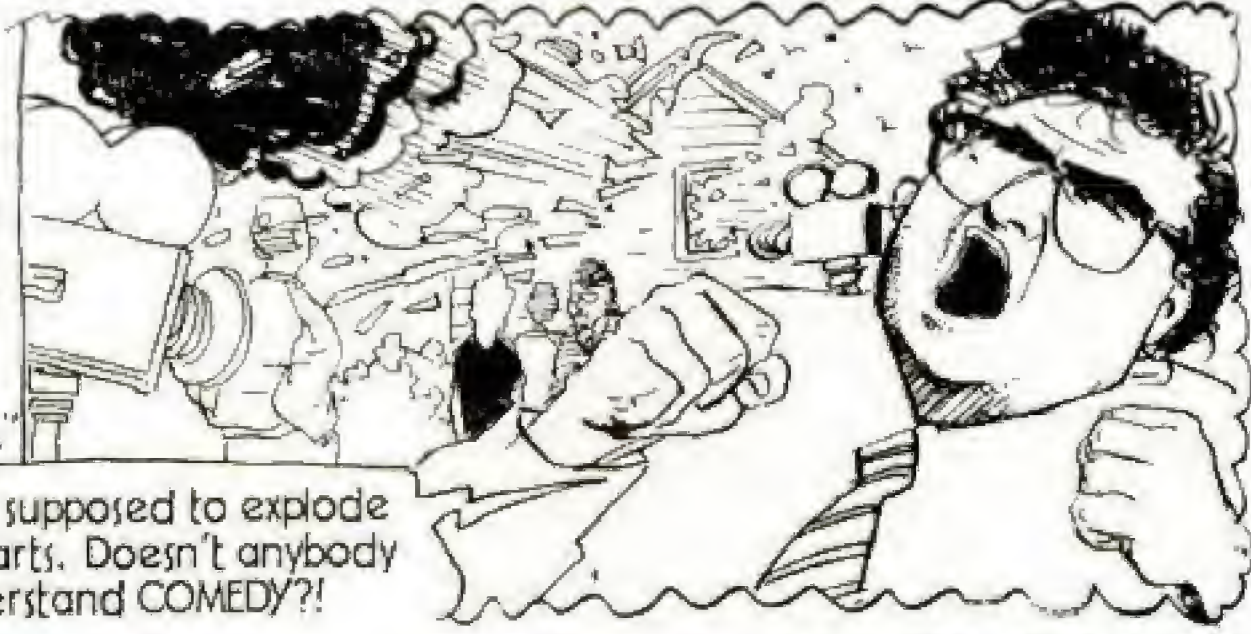
"John's fame
grew..."

Hey,
Bluto!

Cheeseboigah,
cheeseboigah,
cheeseboigah!

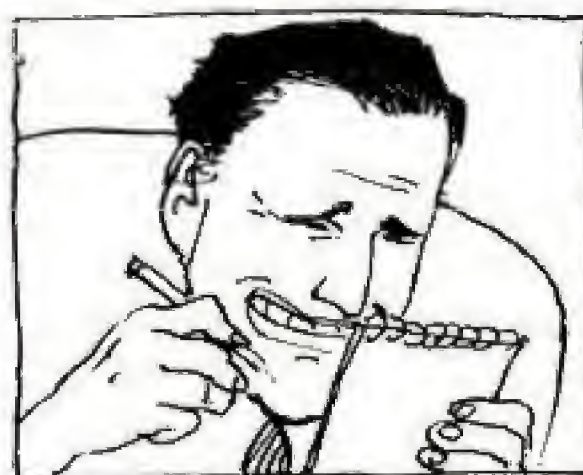


"I
described [to
Woodward]
some of the
problems John
had with the
director John
Avildsen on
his last film
Neighbors..."



Cut! CUT! It's supposed to explode
AFTER Danny farts. Doesn't anybody
here understand COMEDY?!

"Bob often responded with a
smile or a laugh. It felt good
to share memories..."



Later

"Quaaludes... speedballs...
overweight... Vitamin B12 shots...
sweating profusely..."



A Book Tour, 1990



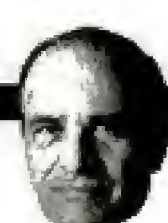
"It was time to move on... Day by day I can
only try to enjoy all that has been given me, to
share what I can, and to be who I am."

THE END

THE TIMES



Max



Punch



Pinch



here is renewed talk around town about my old friend Judy Miller and her personal relationships with sources.

As SPY readers are aware, Miller, the *Times*'s deputy media editor (and former deputy Washington bureau chief), has a long history of pursuing involvements with highly placed individuals on her beat, causing at least the appearance of possible conflict of interest. The question of the moment is, What exactly has she been up to with *The New Columbia Encyclopedia*? Miller's tastes usually run toward middle-aged powerguys. But if a handsomely bound one-volume almanac of world knowledge can be of use — hell, why not?

That the encyclopedia is one of Miller's sources is not in doubt. She recently published a book on the Holocaust called *One, by One, by One*, and there, amid the references to Fritz Stern and Oliver Rathkolb (*Gesellschaft und Politik am Beginn der Zweiten Republik*), is a footnote citing *The New Columbia Encyclopedia* (New York and London, 1975). The last time I tried to support a statement in a research paper by referring to an encyclopedia, my social studies teacher told me she was not so much angry as, well, *disappointed*. The issue here, however, is not Miller's intellectual tackiness but rather her intellectual integrity. It's one thing to use an encyclopedia; it's another to *crib* from it.

The first to notice similarities between wording in *One, by One, by One* and Judy's research materials was David Walton, in his remarkable *Philadelphia Inquirer* review. He gives a number of examples of phrases and images that she employed without properly citing them. The review culminates in a comparison of an unfootnoted passage from Miller with a passage from *The New Columbia Encyclopedia*. Judy writes,

Although he was repeatedly humbled by

Napoleon I, Hapsburg Emperor Francis managed to emerge, in part through skillful diplomacy, as one of the strongest monarchs at the Congress of Vienna in 1815. Austria gave up the Netherlands, but regained Dalmatia, Istria, and Tyrol. The encyclopedia says,

Though repeatedly humbled by Napoleon I, Francis emerged at the Congress of Vienna (1815) as one of the most powerful European monarchs. Giving up the Austrian Netherlands, the Hapsburgs regained Dalmatia, Istria, and Tyrol.

Miller's "cut-and-stitch job" is lazy and a bit amateurish, but as Walton says, it is probably no more than that. Nevertheless, at dinner parties and in the *Times*'s own newsroom, doubts about Miller's book have circulated for months; she has been accused of being an out-and-out plagiarist by people with no grip on the facts of the case. A review of the evidence was therefore in order. Having conducted just such a review, I have reached the inescapable conclusion that in all important aspects Miller's work is her own. The facts in no way support the charge of plagiarism. However, many of her referencing strategies would be familiar to the basically honest freshman who has learned to footnote...artfully.

Artful Footnoting Rule No. 1: Primary sources are better than secondary sources, so, whenever possible, use the footnotes in second-

ary sources to cite primary sources. Does Charles Maier, a Harvard professor whose book *The Unmasterable Past* you are relying on a tad heavily, quote the historian Michael Stürmer? Well, use the exact same quote, but word your footnote so that it implies that it came from an interview with Stürmer. Does Maier quote from the newspaper *Die Zeit* in the same book? Naturally — he's a Harvard professor. Nothing impressive about that. For *you* to quote

from *Die Zeit* is another story. By re-translating the essay quoted by Maier, you can cite a German newspaper rather than a book published in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Artful Footnoting Rule No. 2: Do not refer too often to any one book. In the instances above, Miller not only benefited from referring to someone else's primary sources but also avoided two citations of the same secondary source.

Artful Footnoting Rule No. 3: Never refer to *the first page* of a book. "P. 1" in a footnote is hopelessly cheap-looking. So if you are, say, rephrasing a passage from page 1 of Paul Hofmann's *The Viennese*, just don't footnote it at all! Miller:

...the land of *Gemütlichkeit*, of opera balls and coffeehouses, of hand kissing and waltzes...

Hofmann:

...the capital of *Gemütlichkeit*, of hand-kissing and the waltz, of coffee-houses...and the annual opera ball...

The question
of the moment
is, What
exactly has
Judy been up
to with The
New Columbia
Encyclopedia?

And finally, *Artful Footnoting Rule No. 4:* If a phrase is just too deliciously good not to lift, go ahead, take it! Who footnotes three little words, after all? As Walton points out, Jane Kramer evocatively calls Vienna an "imperial ghost town" in a *New Yorker* piece, on the same page as a longer passage that Judy acknowledges quoting. Miller cleverly reinvents

Vienna as an "imperial ghost city."

So Miller cheats a little, and that may taint an otherwise worthy effort, but no one should let these minor transgressions obscure the real value of her book. *One, by One, by One* makes the not altogether earth-shattering assertions that the Germans should honestly confront the past and that the Soviets have lied about their history, but it does so with poetic, if familiar, intelligence.

—J. J. Hunsecker

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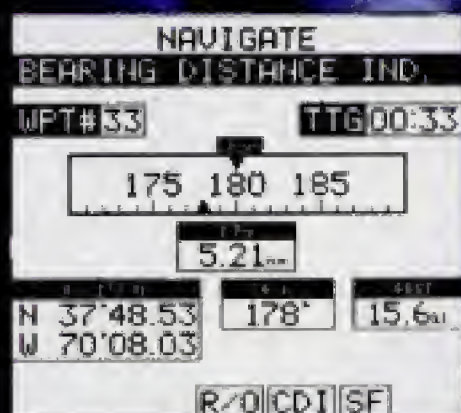
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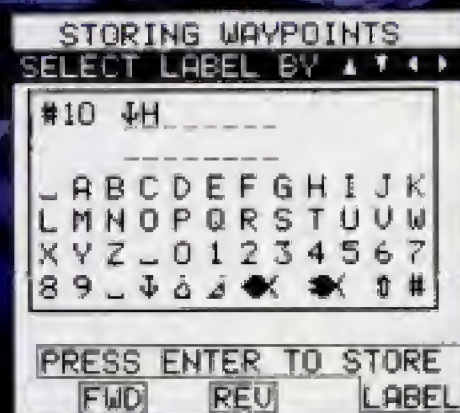
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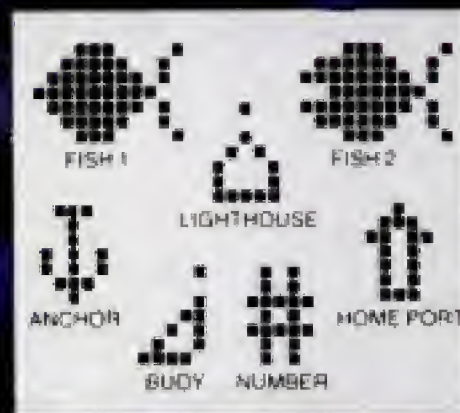
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STILL AFTER ALL

WILLIAM KUNSTLER (HE'S THE ONE ON THE FAR RIGHT),

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW:

IN 1962 HE DEFENDS MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.

IN 1969 HE DEFENDS THE CHICAGO 7.

IN 1976 HE DEFENDS H. RAP BROWN.

IN 1990 HE DEFENDS FLAG BURNERS.

AND C. VERNON MASON. AND CHRISTIAN BRANDO.

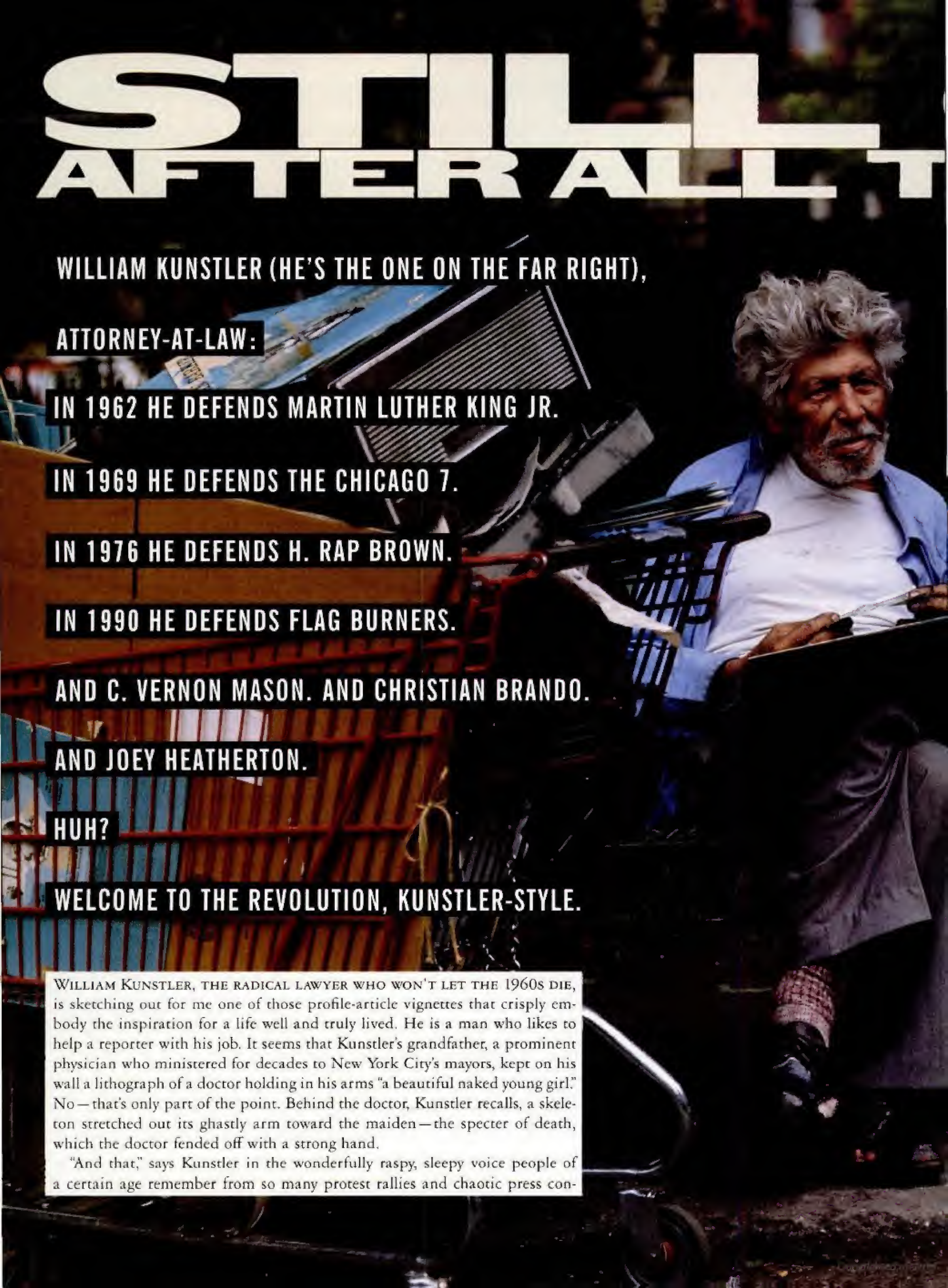
AND JOEY HEATHERTON.

HUH?

WELCOME TO THE REVOLUTION, KUNSTLER-STYLE.

WILLIAM KUNSTLER, THE RADICAL LAWYER WHO WON'T LET THE 1960s DIE, is sketching out for me one of those profile-article vignettes that crisply embody the inspiration for a life well and truly lived. He is a man who likes to help a reporter with his job. It seems that Kunstler's grandfather, a prominent physician who ministered for decades to New York City's mayors, kept on his wall a lithograph of a doctor holding in his arms "a beautiful naked young girl." No — that's only part of the point. Behind the doctor, Kunstler recalls, a skeleton stretched out its ghastly arm toward the maiden — the specter of death, which the doctor fended off with a strong hand.

"And that," says Kunstler in the wonderfully raspy, sleepy voice people of a certain age remember from so many protest rallies and chaotic press con-



CRAZY THESE YEARS



by James Traub

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON

KUNSTLER WALKED INTO WRAPPED JOHN GOTTI IN

ferences, "is how I always saw myself. That's what we do—sometimes, anyway: we're holding off death. Or sometimes, instead of death, it's the state, the city. Take Larry Davis, for example. The lawyer is the only thing that stands between Larry and..."

Wait, whoa, *stop that anecdote*. What happened to the menaced nymph cuddling in our arms? What's this heartless killer (okay—*acquitted* heartless killer) suddenly doing in our lap, waving his 16-gauge sawed-off shotgun? Or, to put it another way, what's Larry Davis, or cokehead ex-principal Matthew Barnwell, or Al Sharpton, doing in the arms that once held the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr.?

"I tend to see things in black and white," says Kunstler, helpfully providing his own interpretative gloss. Kunstler means that he believes in clear moral distinctions even while the world around him has slid into ambivalence and compromise. And this is true: Kunstler is the rare lawyer who takes cases based entirely on their appeal to his sense of justice. But it's also true that his sense of justice has a sixties purity—the people on one side, the pigs on the other. A lot of people used to feel that way; then they grew up and concluded that truth lay in the distinctions.

Not Kunstler—as far as he's concerned, only the players have changed. Thus, the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr. is now the Reverend Al Sharpton, and Bobby Seale is Larry Davis. And Abraham Lincoln is Adolf Hitler, and John Wilkes Booth is H. Rap Brown, and... All right, that's unfair: Kunstler says that Booth killed Lincoln for the wrong reason. Anyway, as Kunstler's partner, Ronald Kuby, puts it, "Bill's politics are not trenchant." Apparently Kuby means *turgid*, but it's a point well taken.

Even Kunstler's friends don't consider trenchancy his long suit. "Bill's heart is very true," says his old friend Ramsey Clark, the former U.S. attorney general. "If it gets carried away, that's what hearts do." Just to take a for instance, earlier this year Kunstler walked into the Manhattan courtroom where John Gotti was being tried, and he wrapped the boss of the Gambino crime family in a mighty bear hug. Strictly as a matter of trenchancy, it's hard to avoid the conclusion that Gotti has more in common with the skeleton in Dr. Kunstler's lithograph than with the virgin, but what with the cameras in the courtroom and all, Kunstler may simply have got carried away. He's a man who embraces first and rationalizes later.

But even if you don't accept the rationalization, it's hard to resist the embrace. He's like the guy on Love Potion No. 9, kissing everything in sight. And after a while you stop resisting. People have a way of excusing Kunstler's excesses. *He said the Kennedy assassinations were a good thing? Oh, that's just Bill*. His fighting words just don't seem to have that much fight in them. The same prosecutors who deplore a Bruce Cutler or a Barry Slotnick find it hard to say anything really mean about Kunstler. Michael Cherkasky, who prosecuted the Gotti case earlier this year, says he was "revolted" by the hug (and kiss, let us hasten to add) but remains a fan of Kunstler's. "I think Bill's a great guy," agrees Lorna Schofield, a former federal prosecutor who tangled with him on an Iranian-arms-smuggling case.

Kunstler doesn't actually represent mobsters like Gotti—well, only three or four times, and those cases involved "narrow constitutional grounds." But he does defend alleged murderers and terrorists, as long as they're black or Third World. It's sort of the mirror image of Barry Slotnick's practice.

All of which seriously scrambles our doctor-saving-the-girl-from-the-skeleton conceit. The skeleton is not supposed to embrace the doctor. Then again, the doctor is not supposed to be embracing death. All things considered, it's probably a good thing Bill Kunstler didn't go into medicine.

I first met Kunstler three years ago, when I was writing about the aforementioned alleged conspiracy to smuggle \$1 billion worth of arms into Iran. Kunstler was defending actor-producer-bunco artist Nico Minardos in the case. (Minardos's paramount achievement until that time had been his role as tennis pro Richard Metaxis on *Marcus Welby, M.D.*) When the Iran-contra scandal hit the papers, seven months after Minardos and others were indicted, Kunstler's habitual conspiracy theories for once seemed plausible. (And, indeed, the charges against Minardos were dropped.) I don't remember Lorna Schofield holding a very high opinion of Kunstler at the time, but she may have changed her tune after he sent flowers to congratulate her on the birth of her first child.

What prosecutors resent most about Kunstler is his shameless use of the media. And, in fact, I had never met a lawyer so untroubled by the conventions governing public disclosure of information, or so open about the fact that he was trying his case in the press. While the



Kunstler in 1970 at a Chicago 7 solidarity rally, realizing his dream of being a rumpled, middle-aged guru for a generation of twerps in buckskin jackets

THE COURTROOM AND A MIGHTY BEAR HUG

other defense lawyers in the arms-smuggling case refused to show me most of the evidence turned over to them by the government, Kunstler let me sit in his office all day and listen to tapes of the alleged conspirators—quite possibly a violation of confidentiality. A group of British documentary filmmakers were also reporting on the case, and as he was leaving the U.S. one of them called me to say that Kunstler, incredibly, had given him Minardos's passport to photocopy; would I return it? With some trepidation I called Kunstler to say that I was in possession of this document, which the government had entrusted to his care; should I bring it right in? "Whenever you come by," he said breezily.

So I wasn't altogether surprised when Kunstler agreed to cooperate on this article (despite the fact that investigators from SPY had combed through his garbage the year before). He just wanted me to understand that an important principle was involved. "I strongly believe," he explained over the phone, "that lawyers like C. Vernon Mason, Gerry Spence or myself, lawyers who work for political change, have a responsibility to put themselves before the media." Otherwise I might have thought that he, like Narcissus, was in love with his own reflection.

The press really is Kunstler's main squeeze, but he's someone you don't so much interview as overhear. I was invited to come down to the Greenwich Village brownstone he uses as home and office to listen in on his running narration of his own life. Kunstler's day is more like that of a press agent than like a conventional lawyer's. He spends a lot of time yakking on the phone. "Who did you think it was, your lover calling?" (this to a rival lawyer in a civil case). "You're one of the brightest, best prospects I've ever seen" (to a fellow lawyer with hurt feelings). Sometimes he would turn on the speakerphone so I could hear a particularly comical voice. Between calls he kept me entertained. "Have you seen my new sonnet, 'How to Murder Blacks and Get Acquitted'?" "Did you see my picture in the *Post* today?" Kunstler is one of those men who are almost guileless in their vanity.

A certain sense of renewed life is coursing through the seedy two-room office these days. At some point in the early Reagan era, Kunstler vanished from the scene. Now, with America waking up and feisty populism theoretically in style again, Kunstler is back. He and Ron Kuby are defending Earth Day activists and Tompkins Square Park squatters and Greyhound strikers—slim pickings, but that's all there is just now. Last year, and again this spring, he argued the flag-burning issue before the Supreme Court. Kunstler's relative significance in American life can be measured by the thickness of his press clippings [see chart, page 70], and the press has lately come flocking back to the hero of yesteryear.

Kuby calls Kunstler "the most famous lawyer in the universe, ever," but his is not an Arthur Liman or Edward

Bennett Williams sort of fame. You don't have to fight through three secretaries to get to him. Just give him a call. "Bill, it's *The Watertown Times*." "Bill, it's Channel 7 from Miami." Kunstler takes the call; Kunstler *always* takes the call. Every couple of hours somebody came by to replace me on the battered green couch across from the great man's desk. First it was *The National Law Journal*, then the *World Monitor* TV crew, then a crew from Channel One, Chris Whittle's high-school-TV venture.

The young woman who served as Channel One's on-air talent asked Kunstler a series of agonizingly dumb questions about his upcoming flag-burning argument, and Kunstler graciously managed to say the same thing six different ways. It was a masterful performance. After

Kunstler posed for the establishing shot and the cameras were packed away, the young woman thanked the most famous lawyer in the universe for talking to her. "What would motivate me not to?" Kunstler asked.

"Well, a lot of people don't."

"Not me," said Kunstler. "I'll talk to anyone." And then he asked where she had found those lovely buttons on her blouse.

Meanwhile, a strange thing was happening on the way to the Supreme Court: the united front of the left was crumbling. Kunstler's co-counsel on the flag-burning case, David Cole, had suddenly decided that he, not Kunstler, should argue before the Court. This was sheer ambition, but it took the guise of participatory democracy, for Cole, in accordance with left etiquette, was polling the flag-burning defendants to determine their preference in matters of counsel. Not to put too fine a point on it, he was lobbying to overturn pro-Kunstler sentiment. Phone calls were flying back and forth. The vote was 3-2 for Kunstler; then it was 4-3 Cole. Ron Kuby was doing his John Gotti imitation: "We're gonna bust 'em up." Kunstler, on the other hand, de-

cided he would surrender rather than mount a counter-attack against Cole.

Outside the door on Gay Street, a middle-aged Chinese woman was rattling the front gate. "I want to see the lawyer!" she shouted. "I am a victim of a political conspiracy! I cannot make a phone call. My phone is wire-tapped. I am being pursued...." This sort of thing hap-



Up against the wall, and everyone pivot toward me and say cheese: Kunstler grudgingly shares the spotlight with Yippie leaders Abbie Hoffman, Dave Dellinger and Jerry Rubin, and, bottom, with a tepee.

"HAVE YOU SEEN MY NEW MURDER BLACKS AND GE.

pens all the time, and Kunstler's paralegal, Rosa Maria de la Torre, was trying to shoo the woman away. Inside, the atmosphere was like a deadlocked convention. Fellow lawyers were asking Kunstler to intervene to keep the flag-burning case his, but he wouldn't stoop to conquer. More votes were taken. Suddenly, "We've got a reversal!" Somebody, possibly the defendant in drug rehab, had changed his ballot. It was 4-3 Kunstler; the battle was over. "This was a test for me," confided the old lion.

One morning Kunstler had me hear an appellate motion he was arguing. The Appellate Court, at Madison Avenue and 25th Street, is one of New York's great buildings, and Kunstler took me along to the splendid courtroom, which is decorated with murals and topped by a glass dome. His motion would be heard upstairs, and after a few minutes he beckoned for me to leave. "Did you see those names on the dome?" he asked. The dome was inscribed with the sainted names of the judges sitting at the time of the building's opening in 1900. Kunstler leaned over to me. We were standing in the clerk's office, and he lowered his voice to a stage whisper. "Two of those judges," he said, "I slept with their granddaughters."

The only constant theme in the Bill Kunstler story appears to be the embrace. If he had been born 20 years later, he would have been Abbie Hoffman, not Tom Hayden—loose rather than politically correct. As a young man he wanted to be a writer, and while at Yale, he had the audacity to self-publish a book of his sonnets titled *Our Pleasant Vices*. The volume, which is available to the curious in the New York Public Library, consists of a sequence of grandiose, dreamy, lovelorn lays. Kunstler the poet is inclined to such frilly turns of phrase as "eager lips that gently quaffed a brew."

After graduation Kunstler went off to war, where he earned a Bronze Star for service in the Philippines—a fact that still serves to stop the occasional charging patriot dead in his tracks. His younger brother Michael was enrolling at Columbia law school, so he did likewise, though he had no interest in the law. He spent much of his time writing book reviews for the New York papers but finally reconciled himself to a conventional legal life. Throughout the fifties Kunstler maintained an ordinary legal practice with his brother and wrote books about personal-injury law and tax law. He also wrote books about famous miscarriages of justice and the courageous lawyers who fought them. He was waiting for poetry to strike again, and it did.

On June 15, 1961, Bill Kunstler saw Truth. "Since that day," he says, "I've lived the way I always wanted to live." The ACLU had asked him to go to Jackson, Mississippi, to help defend a group of Freedom Riders. Kunstler went down, and stayed down. For the next seven years he flew across the South from crisis to crisis, working with a

handful of full-time movement lawyers. He became special trial counsel to Martin Luther King.

Kunstler hadn't yet shaken off the chains of his bourgeois liberal past. He had a house in suburban Westchester, where he once ran for local public office. His brother still kept up the practice at 511 Fifth Avenue. As late as 1968, when the left stayed home, Kunstler voted for Hubert Humphrey. But he wasn't a constitutionalist either, the way his ACLU colleagues were—he wasn't interested in abstract principles. He wanted to be a character in one of his books; he wanted to be part of the movement. His grandstanding, and his flair for confrontation, infuriated some lawyers. Jack Greenberg, head of the NAACP's legal arm, quit the civil-rights bar's coordinating body, the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee (LCDC), when Kunstler was made a member. Kunstler was so busy flying all over the place that he barely had time to focus on the work itself. Henry Schwarzschild, the head of the LCDC, recalls Kunstler's arriving in Florida, completely unprepared, the night before he had to argue an appeal on a death-penalty sentence. The appeal was rejected, and the skeleton won out.

Kunstler was in love with his clients. He wanted to be close to them, and to those around them. Very close. When I asked Kunstler about his reputation for the nocturnal embrace, he tried to wipe the grin off his face. "I was away from home an awful lot," he explained. "Especially during a long trial, your mind and your body and your psyche need more than just going home alone every night." You know how it is. "And there are so many people who want to supply that for you." *So many people*. Schwarzschild says when Kunstler was forced to bunk with him at the Sun 'n' Sand Motel in Jackson, "the word was, 'Finally Billy Kunstler has slept with Henry Schwarzschild—after all, he's slept with everyone *else* in the movement.'"

By 1968 the movement was expanding beyond civil rights, and wherever the movement went, Kunstler was

THE QUANTITY OF MEDIA IS THE MESSAGE

The Rise and Fall and —Hey, Look,
the Sixties Are Coming Back!— Rise of William Kunstler

What was evidently the first *New York Times* story about William Kunstler appeared July 19, 1959. It concerned his radio show, *Famous Trials*. Hundreds more would follow over the next three decades, some long and respectful, like a *Times Magazine* piece (April 19, 1970), some short and dismissive, like a 1986 Day by Day piece describing his poem-writing during the cross-examination of a witness. This record of his appearances in the *Times*, as assembled from its Index, shows vividly how the attention paid to Kunstler by the paper of record has ebbed and flowed. All of the 541 articles, it should be noted, spelled his name right.

SONNET, 'HOW TO T ACQUITTED'?"

never far behind. After King was assassinated, Kunstler returned to New York and defended the kids at Columbia, and Daniel and Philip Berrigan, and the black radicals of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Everything was heating up; violence was in the air; people were using that talismanic word—*revolution*. In March 1969 the Chicago 8 were indicted on riot charges at the same time as the so-called Panther 21 were indicted for a conspiracy involving arson and bombings. Both groups turned to Kunstler and his young associate, Gerald Lefcourt. Kunstler decided he would take the antiwar activists and Lefcourt would get the Panthers (whom he helped acquit on all 144 charges).

"I love Bill dearly," says Lefcourt, who works nowadays as a mainstream white-collar lawyer, "but I was *very* young at the time, and these defendants were charged with *life offenses*. I was overwhelmed. It took me two years to survive it." And Bill Kunstler went to Chicago, to experience Ground Zero of the revolution.

The trial of the Chicago 8, later 7, was an epic rehearsal for the apocalypse that never arrived. The ludicrous one-sidedness of Judge Julius Hoffman, a churlish old reactionary, proved, at least to the left, that the courthouse was only an extension of Mayor Daley's Chicago. Out there the cops had stomped on protesters, and on the protest movement itself, in a crazy paroxysm of rage; in the courtroom the government was pursuing the organizers more systematically. The unappeasable black man, in the person of Panther Bobby Seale, was literally shackled and gagged. Walter Cronkite, who had been shocked by the violence during the Democratic convention, had the trial on his *CBS Evening News* practically every night. What the protesters chanted during the riots was almost true: the whole world was watching.

Kunstler was, at 50, the oldest member of the legal team. Most of the younger attorneys, such as co-counsels Leonard Weinglass and Lefcourt, who played advisory

roles, were sober professionals, politics notwithstanding. But Kunstler, as always, became what he beheld. Abbie Hoffman later wrote that "Kunstler rejects the house rule segregating professional from client. [He] gets high with his defendants." His eager lips gently quaffed the brew. His hair got long, and his clothes got funky. At first Kunstler tried to persuade Abbie Hoffman not to mount a defense, but once Kunstler capitulated he became the impresario of the Festival of Life. Kunstler called Joan Baez and Arlo Guthrie and Country Joe MacDonald into court to testify. Allen Ginsberg chanted in the middle of a donnybrook between Kunstler and Judge Hoffman. The satirist Paul Krassner, stoned out of his mind, took the stand and babbled incoherently.

And despite all the dark mutterings about fascism, Kunstler was in heaven. "Once I got the rhythm of it," he says, "it was very exciting." Old Judge Hoffman would bait Kunstler, and Kunstler would beat him to the punch. Kunstler told the judge that he made him feel ashamed to be an American lawyer; Hoffman plastered Kunstler with four years' worth of contempt citations. (All but two of the counts were thrown out on appeal.) And then the two would bicker over who had the longer entry in *Who's Who*. Hoffman's own unfair conduct, and the polarized atmosphere of the trial, gave Kunstler license for theatrics he would never have attempted before. "Mayor Daley," he said when Daley took the stand, "on the 28th of August, 1968, did you say to Senator [Abe] Ribicoff... 'Fuck you, you Jew son of a bitch, you lousy motherfucker, go home?'" And then every night he'd go back to the hotel and watch himself on Walter. He was adored. And he adored being adored.

Chicago taught Kunstler how to boogie to the revolution. "I smoked some grass," he says — *concedes* would not be the right word. "I was part of it. I liked that." The middle-aged civil-rights lawyer who had voted for Humphrey was now a world-famous agent of the sixties van-



KUNSTLER WHISPERED, I SLEPT WITH THEIR GRA

guard. With his long, weathered face, his rubbery lips and thick sideburns, and his trademark glasses bobbing on a sea of hair, Kunstler had become a radical pinup. Suddenly he was on every college campus, standing on the steps of the library, surrounded by hundreds, thousands, of kids, shouting that if the buildings had to burn, then they had to burn. And the kids shouted, "Right on!" and everybody embraced everybody and everything. Nobody had a better sixties than Bill Kunstler. "He always rode the wave of the moment," says Leonard Weinglass, the Chicago co-counsel who took a backseat to the star.

Now, 20 years later, William Kunstler is once again defending seven young people who have protested U.S. policy—not in Chicago this time but in the well of the Supreme Court. After the Chicago trial, Chief Justice Warren Burger called for "rigorous powers of discipline" to be marshaled against lawyers like Kunstler who used criminal trials to stage political theater, who shattered the civility of the courtroom. It was a moment of panic: the revolution was lapping at the courthouse steps. Kunstler was a threat to the established order. But the moment passed, and civility now reigns supreme.

Kunstler's own principles, of course, remain unchanged. The old gringo refers to the Court's conservative majority as "the Gang of Five" and says they are "really hateful people who are out to destroy everything that a lot of us are doing." But the Court either hasn't heard or doesn't care. After the Gang of Five had cuffed around the government's lawyer, Solicitor General Kenneth Starr, who hazarded the flimsy argument that burning a flag is too indistinct an act to be considered speech in the constitutional sense, they turned their exceedingly respectful attention to the 70-year-old Kunstler.

Starr had been stiff, staccato, academic. Kunstler was mellow and legato, the paterfamilias of the First Amendment. The Court didn't interrupt his homily on the virtues of free speech, probably because it agreed with him. This was just as well, because Kunstler didn't quite seem to be standing on firm ground. Scholarship is not his forte, and preparation is what people like Ron Kuby are for. Kunstler gets bored too easily. And so when Justice Antonin Scalia challenged Kunstler on whether his free-speech defense would still apply if, for example, the flag were burned for commercial purposes, or for no purpose at all, he flapped and fuzzed and then retreated into clownish charm. "I'd say, it's not this case, anyway. If I have to worm out, that's the way I'm going." That got a giggle. Not many lawyers have the self-confidence to ad-

mit their ignorance before the Brethren.

By the time Kunstler emerged onto the plaza in front of the Court, Senator Joseph Biden had already finished announcing that he would lead the fight for a constitutional amendment to ban flag burning if the Supreme Court struck down the law. Senator Biden is, of course, considered a liberal Democrat. Kunstler now joined the raggle-taggle flag-burning demonstration, which consisted of about 20 kids wearing jackets that said MAO MORE THAN EVER and IT'S RIGHT TO REBEL. About 40 reporters

were present. "All power to the people!" shouted the defendants, with raised fists. "Fight the power!" returned their 20 supporters. A certain nostalgia was dimly evoked. Kunstler, who has a fine sense of revolutionary punctilio, refused to speak until all seven defendants had harangued the press. The reporters got bored and drifted away. The only picture that made *The New York Times* the next day was of a right-wing nut clutching a flag.

Ron Kuby, who is not the romantic type, had admitted that the defendants were kind of a weird bunch, and it occurred to me that they might lack some of the heft of, say, the Fathers Berrigan. I began to chat up a 20-year-old defendant named Darius Strong, who called himself Colin. Colin had shaved his head except for a single lock, which he wore across the top of his skull. On the side of his head the word MOHAWK had been tattooed. He wore a

leather jacket with nasty-looking studs climbing up both sleeves. I asked him why he'd burned the flag.

"Wouldn't you burn the flag if you were a member of an oppressed minority?" he shot back. I pointed out that he seemed to be a white male. "I'm just another human being, being pushed around for what he looks like," he explained. I asked if he had been harassed because of his haircut or his clothing. "It's just personal reasons, okay?" Just then Ron Kuby came by to point out two Nazis demonstrating nearby. (As it turned out, they were radicals in drag.) Colin gave a full, and very convincing, scowl. *Don't Nazis have the right to wear a swastika?* I asked. "No," he said fiercely. *Not swastikas.* As I was leaving I heard another defendant trying to calm him down.



Turning the tables: the Guardian Angels made Kunstler the object of protest for his participation in the defense of one of Bernhard Goetz's attacker-victims, staging a "die-in" outside the attorney's Greenwich Village office-residence.

"TWO OF THOSE JUDGES, AND DAUGHTERS"

It was during the Chicago trial that the sixties started to go off the rails. During the Days of Rage, the Weather Underground went aboveground and turned indiscriminate trashing into a revolutionary activity. In March 1970, at the symbolic turn of the decade, a Village townhouse was blown up by a bomb accidentally detonated by a group including Kathy Boudin, the daughter of Kunstler's colleague Leonard Boudin. Everyone was fighting the power—prisoners, Native Americans, Puerto Rican separatists. Liberals started thinking revolution wasn't such a hot idea after all. But not Kunstler: he was front and center at the barricades.

One of the early signs that the times they were a-changin' was the prison revolt at Attica in 1971. After the revolt began, a number of lawyers intervened to try to prevent bloodshed. ACLU lawyer Herman Schwartz drew up an injunction restraining the guards from taking reprisals, persuaded the prisoners to give it their support and flew off in the middle of the night to find a judge who would sign it. It was only a stopgap measure, moderate and legalistic, but it seemed the best that could be done in a dire situation. And then Bill Kunstler, superstar, arrived in the prison courtyard, conferred with the inmates and denounced the injunction—to the press, of course. No one, he announced, should delude himself into believing that a mere legalism would deter the forces of repression. To Schwartz this was a transparent attempt by Kunstler to ingratiate himself with the inmates by taking the most radical line possible. "I'm not sure that I can forgive him for that particular episode," Schwartz now says, "which struck me as the betrayal of a friend." Nevertheless, he maintains, he and Kunstler have remained friends.

In 1972 Kunstler helped represent the remaining four defendants from the original Harlem 6 trial—a group convicted of manslaughter for the 1964 death of a woman. The following year he represented five black men accused of murdering a group of whites on a Rockefeller-run golf course on St. Croix, and in 1976 he defended H. Rap Brown on an attempted-murder charge. The five Virgin Islands killers were convicted, but Brown was found guilty only of lesser charges. Then there was the Wounded Knee trial, and the murder trial of an Attica inmate. Wounded Knee was dismissed on grounds of government misconduct; Kunstler's Attica defendant,

John Hill, got 20-years-to-life.

Perhaps Kunstler's heart got carried away around then. He had entirely jettisoned his old life—divorced his wife of 30 years, married a lefty woman 25 years his junior and finally got those boot heels wandering out of Westchester and into the Village. He rode the wave of the moment. He invoked something he called "the right of self-protection of the ghetto" after a crowd in Oakland, California, stomped to death a white policeman who had shot a Panther. The Panthers, he said, are "a form of slave revolt." In 1976 he told a reporter—in Dallas, of all places—that he wasn't entirely upset by the Kennedy assassinations: "In many ways two of the most dangerous men in America were eliminated."

That one landed Kunstler in serious trouble. A movement within the New York City Bar Association had already called for his disbarment after the Chicago 7 madhouse. Now the *Times* and Senator James Buckley made the same suggestion. When I raised the matter with Kunstler recently, I assumed he would take the opportunity to say he'd been misquoted, had let his heart run away, had misspoken in the heat of battle. But I still hadn't learned. "I was ahead of my time with that remark," he said placidly. "I stand by it. I thought [the Kennedys] were terrible men."

He means it. People have a way of saying that about Kunstler, shaking their heads: *He really means it*. The same man who wants to cradle Larry Davis wants to blow away the Kennedys. If radical chic is a painless indulgence of somebody else's dangerously radical commitment, terrible words delivered from a comfortable couch, then Kunstler is its embodiment. Possibly he just loves shock and the attention that comes with it. "John Wilkes Booth did this country a great service in killing Lincoln," he says. And *he really means it*—Lincoln hated blacks and Indians, and was plotting to preclude Reconstruction. "Nobody likes assassination," says Kunstler, though one might except some of his clients. "But it's a fact of political life. What about Hitler? Would you say assassinating Hitler was a good idea?"

As the seventies wore on and the revolutionaries joined the Nation of Islam and opened health-food stores, Bill Kunstler kept hugging the fringe, wherever it was. He was asked to join the Baader-Meinhof defense team. He represented Joanne Chesimard, who got life for her role in the killing of a state trooper in New Jersey and later escaped from jail. He was retained by basketball star Bill Walton, who had been linked to Patty Hearst's cross-country flight. In 1979 a group of leftists published a petition accusing the Vietnamese government of a "brutal disregard of human rights." Kunstler refused to sign, saying he would never publicly criticize a Socialist government, and allegedly accused petitioner Joan Baez of being a CIA agent. (He later denied that he had done



Palling around with client-protégés C. Vernon Mason and Alton Maddox and, bottom, conferring with co-counsel in the defense of misunderstood homicidal maniac Larry Davis

OLIVER STONE IS HAVING RADICAL IN HIS UPCOMING

so and accused the CIA itself of planting the story.) This was the same Joan Baez who had sung at the Chicago 7 trial. This was the same Bill Kunstler who had been a liberal suburban tax and personal-injury lawyer for the first ten years of his professional life. It was definitely not trenchant. And if it was left loyalty, it had a peculiarly low and dishonorable feel.

Larry Davis is the last stage of the devolution, or so one hopes. First there was Martin, who preached peace and tolerance; then there was Rap, who said violence was as American as apple pie and that the black man had to defend himself; then there were the members of the "armed clandestine movement," who barely bothered with words at all; and then there was violence practically for its own sake. Larry Davis is immensely fortunate that William Kunstler found a political moral in his situation. Any Legal Aid lawyer would have considered Davis lucky to be able to plead guilty to attempted murder.

The two Larry Davis trials weren't exactly Chicago, but they were Kunstler's biggest trials in years. He didn't get a penny for his months of work—but then, he rarely does. He makes do with the occasional paying client, with per diems from the court and with speaking fees of up to \$5,000. In two separate trials Davis was accused first of killing four drug dealers, then of provoking a shoot-out with two dozen police officers. In both cases Kunstler argued that Davis had been selling drugs for corrupt cops since he was 15, and now they were trying to frame him rather than face exposure. "You'll see," he told the second jury, "how the police treat young Third World people in the depressed communities of our city."

In effect Kunstler and his co-counsel, Lynne Stewart, told a preposterous story with a profoundly appealing moral. And they won both cases. Kunstler and Stewart did a thorough job of discrediting government witnesses

and exploiting inconsistencies in the prosecution's story. But it was also clear they had won by politicizing the trials and by manufacturing a receptive audience. The first jury included one white person; the second, none. It was like the Old South in reverse. When prosecutors complained of discrimination in jury selection during the second trial, Kunstler and Stewart said Davis was advising them on prospective jurors and it would violate the lawyer-client relationship to go into his motives. Stewart later admitted they were simply excluding whites.

The Davis trials made some of Kunstler's colleagues wonder what on earth he had in mind. "Even assuming that Larry was framed," says Gerald Lefcourt, "lots of people are framed by the police. That's not what I view as a political trial." As far as Kunstler was concerned, though, it was police brutality that was on trial, and he exults that convictions in police shootings have now become so hard to win. "Larry Davis became a symbol of resistance to police violence," he declares. And so this incarnation of the horrors of ghetto life has joined the Bill Kunstler pantheon. "He is now a Muslim and believes in Allah," Kunstler told me in the faintly ironic tone he uses when he suspects he's not going to be taken seriously, "and he's got good reason to believe in Allah, because if there is a God, he was watching over Larry Davis."

"Come on, Bill," I said, as I did often during our endless talks.

"Remember what Christ said," Kunstler shot back. "A little child shall lead them." I can't say whether he really meant it.

Kunstler is no more open to the suggestion that his client is simply lying than any other lawyer would be. But he's less interested than most lawyers would be in the difference between the truth and a lie. In a political trial the defendant is only a pretext; the truth being contested is only incidentally the truth of his particular situation. Kunstler is an advocate who does everything possible to get his client off the hook, but it's fair to ask whether his overriding concern with larger truths makes him nonchalant about the smaller ones with which trials are supposed to deal. After all, Kunstler assumes that the whole process is rigged in favor of the government; so why not do a little rigging of your own?

Two years ago, when the Tawana Brawley case was at its frantic height and Al Sharpton, C. Vernon Mason and Alton Maddox were accusing practically every official in New York State of having assaulted the girl, Kunstler, then making headlines with Larry Davis, was invited to comment. It didn't make any difference whether Tawana Brawley was lying, he said. "The big issue is the fairness of the criminal-justice system toward black people."

Kunstler is very close to Mason, who for years was considered his protégé. He and Ron Kuby are now defending Mason before a state lawyers' disciplinary committee that



Kunstler, sporting two pairs of glasses, escorts client Joey Heatherton out of New York County Courthouse after another triumphant day of defending the tigress-survivor against charges of assaulting a passport clerk. At right is his associate Ron Kuby.

KUNSTLER PLAY A G MOVIE

is investigating whether Mason lied during the Brawley case and whether he advised Brawley's mother to defy a grand jury subpoena and evade arrest. Kunstler is also one of Al Sharpton's few white supporters, possibly on the same grounds upon which he'd supported the postwar Vietnamese government. All radicalism is good, all criticism of radicalism is bad. Anyway, as Kunstler says, "The more abrasive minorities are, the better it is for them. You remember what Frederick Douglass said: you can't have the ocean without its roar."

Does that mean it's all right to reach the truth through lies? It was late one day and Kunstler was pretending to write some motion. He thought my question was stupid, but he would always rather talk than work. "Don't you see what we're doing? We're white people discussing black people. We have no understanding of what it's like to be black. We can't judge."

So is it all right for black lawyers to lie for a higher purpose? "If [Mason and Maddox] did violate the rules, I would still not be judgmental, because the rules are made by the white establishment and designed to perpetuate the white establishment."

It's interesting to note, by the way, that Kunstler himself has never been accused of lying in the courtroom. It's a little bit like the way he coolly accepts political violence: he talks a radical game, but in his heart he's still the old bourgeois liberal.

A few days after he returned from Washington last spring, Kunstler got a call from his old friend and movement colleague Marlon Brando. Kunstler has always cultivated stars. In 1987 he successfully defended Joey Heatherton on charges of assault on a passport clerk. Heatherton was so fond of her counsel that she retained him the following year when she was charged with cocaine possession, and again last year when the passport clerk sued her. She won those too. "Bobby" De Niro is a pal, and Kunstler likes to dine at his new restaurant, the Tribeca Grill. When the revolution comes, Kunstler's going to have to do some serious cutting back.

In any case, Kunstler was awakened at 3:00 a.m. when Brando called with bad news: his son had just shot and killed his half-sister's boyfriend. Kunstler was the first person Brando called. Only a day or two before, Gerald Lefcourt had said to me, "If Bill got a call in the middle of the night from a black guy in North Dakota accused of raping a white woman, he'd be on the next jet." Well,

it wasn't a black guy, and it wasn't North Dakota, but the following evening Kunstler was on a jet to L.A. to handle Christian Brando's not-guilty plea on a murder charge.

It wasn't a great moment for Marlon Brando, but it was nice for Kunstler. When I went to see him after his return, the first thing he said was, "Did you see the piece

in the *Los Angeles Times*?" Nice article; lots of coverage. The *New York Post* showed him standing right behind Brando in court, two leonine veterans with hair swept back off prominent foreheads. The big battles are behind both men now. Once, people hated them and loved them; now they're more like historical artifacts. Remember when Brando refused to pick up the Oscar? Remember when Kunstler said that stuff about the Kennedys? Crazy times.

Kunstler's stardom now rests largely on his longevity: it seems almost miraculous that he's still around, still damning the police state from beneath those pushed-up glasses, more curious still that he's doing so even as he defends Joey Heatherton on assault charges. Kunstler has been through all the sixties that there were, and then whatever it was that came after, a living fossil of the radical movement. It seems appropriate—overdue, in fact—that Oliver Stone asked him to play a radical in his upcoming movie on Jim Morrison.

Kunstler appears to be delighted about practically everything, but he was especially delighted about his role in *The Doors*. After all, he has been acting for decades now, the irrepressible ham of the radical left. Now a new generation would see him. Just before he flew off to Los Angeles again, to see Marlon and do his scenes for Stone, Kunstler held a press conference at the office of Miramax, the stylish art-movie distributor, in lower Manhattan. The company had retained him to sue the Motion Picture Association of America over the X rating it had given to Pedro Almodovar's *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* Kunstler had got a lot of good press on that one too.

It wasn't much of a press conference—only four reporters had bothered to show up. As it was winding to a close, Kunstler realized he was missing a golden opportunity. "Tomorrow," he said out of the blue, "I'll be in front of the camera." Nobody knew what he was talking about, so he pressed onward. "It'll be interesting to see where we get with this, my first venture in this area." Still nothing; he was dying out there. But William Kunstler doesn't know the meaning of embarrassment. Onward, into the baffled silence. "I'm looking forward to...the other side of the camera...." Finally, he threw caution to the winds. "And I'd appreciate all your votes for the Academy Award next year for the *Doors* movie."

"What are you doing in the movie, Bill?"

"I'm playing a lawyer." D



The revolution lives, as long as there are cats to defend on television (the charge: that cats aren't necessarily America's most popular pets) and legal-service-needy celebrity curiosities like Marlon Brando.





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ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: JANN WENNER AND CARL BERNSTEIN; PATRICIA NEAL AND ANN LANDERS;

PAT BUCKLEY AND GLENN

BERNBAUM; MALCOLM FORBES AND LIZ TAYLOR; CHAUNCEY HOWELL AND LIZ SMITH; AMBA



ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: BURT LANCASTER AND KIRK DOUGLAS; MRS. MARVIN



TRAUB AND LIZA MINNELLI; DONALD TRUMP AND SHIRLEY LORD; JONI EVANS AND DONALD



ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: DAVID CROSBY AND ARSENIO HALL; MORTON DOWNEY JR.



AND MR. BLACKWELL; KEITH McNALLY

What passes for FRIENDSHIP today



BELOW, LEFT TO RIGHT: HITLER AND MUSSOLINI; HELEN GURLEY BROWN AND NIKKI HASKELL; MICHAEL JACKSON AND GEORGE BUSH;



ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER AND

BELOW, LEFT TO RIGHT: CHRISTIAN LACROIX AND BLAINE TRUMP; BUGS BUNNY AND DAFFY DUCK; SYDNEY BIDDLE BARROWS AND R. COURI HAY; CARL BERNSTEIN AND FRIEND- LY UNIDENTIFIED LAGOON DWELLER.





DOOR FRANCIS KELLOGG AND NAN KEMPNER



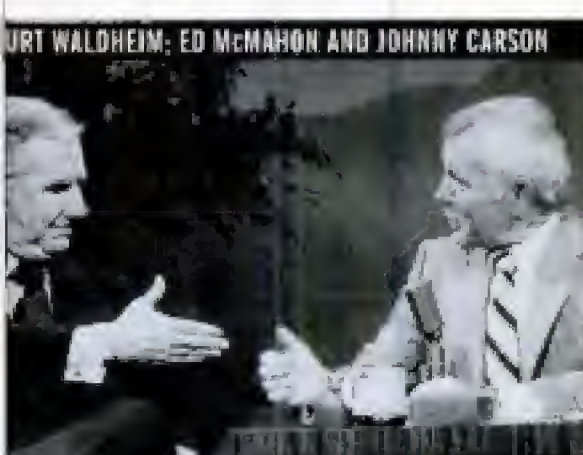
EWHOUSE: CAROLYNE ROEHM AND IVANA TRUMP



ND NELL CAMPBELL, SYLVIA MILES AND STEVE RUBELL



URT WALDHEIM, ED McMAHON AND JOHNNY CARSON



AY McINERNEY AND ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST



AY McINERNEY AND ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

by James Collins

At a cocktail party, two magazine editors are talking about one of their colleagues, a journalist who has just been publicly humiliated because of his involvement in a minor professional scandal. Editor No. 1 says to Editor No. 2, "I'm glad he finally got what's coming to him, the little weasel." Just then, the mortified journalist approaches to say goodnight. He places a hand on Editor No. 1's shoulder and says with emotion, "I just wanted to thank you again for your words of support earlier. They meant a lot to me."

This is a true story, witnessed last fall in New York City; the names have been omitted to spare feelings—the principals are friends of ours.

At a recent wedding of two quite successful professionals, a group of somewhat more successful professionals sat talking at their table. Slowly they discovered something they all had in common: none of them had any idea why they had been invited.

This is a true story, witnessed last year in New York City; the names have been omitted to spare feelings—the principals are friends of ours.

A flamboyant real estate mogul falls on hard times. Every day for three weeks the tabloids carry stories about how he is sure to go bankrupt. None of these stories contain comments from any of his many, many swell friends and associates, the ones he has entertained on his yacht time and again. Finally, one paper finds a friend willing to say a good word about the overleveraged businessman; that friend is his contractor.

This is a true story, collected this past summer in New York City; the names have been omitted for consistency's sake.

NOW COME THE LONG SHADOWS AND BURNISHED LEAVES AS AUTUMN, THE VIOLA IN OUR quartet of seasons, takes up nature's melody. The sunshiny days just past still caper in the mind, and yet, like fallen petals, they soon will lose their savor. Only one remembrance of those sweet weeks will never fade. It lingers. It is timeless. It is this: during the entire summer, exactly one friend invited you away for the weekend, *and that was a friend you despise.*

But then again, remember a few weeks ago, when you finally returned all those calls from your college roommate—the one now in public relations? He dropped by for a drink—fine, enjoyable really. Then the sun began to set, and you said to him, "Well, I wish you could stay for dinner, but I'm having some people over...."

As is well known, love is a gift, freely given. Friendship, however, is more like a lease. (People who fall out of love but then remain friends have a kind of sale-and-leaseback arrangement.)

Love forgives; friendship prorates.

Love does not alter when it alteration finds; friendship sues.

Love is blind; friendship is like a private eye.

Love invests; friendship speculates.

Love serves; friendship uses.

Love is Tristan and Isolde or Abélard and Héloïse or Bruce and Demi or Nick and Nora Charles; friendship is Malcolm and Liz.

Love is unconditional; friendship has clauses. Think you've been kicked out unfairly? Read your lease: no pets, no electronic instruments or horns, *no being sort of boring and less great than your friends' other friends.* Remember that wonderful cobbler around the corner? The Yugoslavian man who was always so eager and whom you could pay with English muffins? His store is

now a swank bistro. Well, friends are always essentially saying to each other what his landlord said to him: "The neighborhood is changing, and you can no longer afford it."

This was not always so, but friendship, like every other fine thing in these sad times of ours—like wisdom and music and lunch—now always involves a deal. In another era, if you asked a friend to loan you a fiver, he'd give you a twenty, no questions asked. Now he says, or at least suggests, "What use do you intend to make of these funds?" The once-familiar words *Here, let me*, or *Please, I'll get this*, or *Forget about it*, sound a faint and almost poignant note; the phrase *So—what do I owe?* has replaced them. Deal-making for these tiny stakes is just the beginning. These days the friendship market is huge. It trades actively; the bargaining takes many forms. How much is your wit worth when offered in exchange for someone else's beauty? How much power can be brokered for how much coolness? If you bid so much loyalty, how much wealth is your friend required to have? What's the exchange rate between sympathy and excitement? How many lunches equal how many dinners?

The auditing, the calculations, the close rereading of codicils and subsections, are never-ending. Who are your friends, anyway, and why are they worth it?

"MY SOCIAL LIFE WAS PAYING OFF." THESE WORDS, TAKEN FROM THE JUST-PUBLISHED MEMOIR of Bob Colacello, hired friend, portrait broker, society lapdog and longtime "editor" of *Interview*, could serve as Colacello's epitaph. His book is definitive. It is to contemporary friendship what Robert Caro is to LBJ, what Jack Nicklaus's *Golf My Way* is to golf.

Colacello is virtuosic. When an aging heiress invites him to Bermuda for the weekend, he

goes to work peddling his master's services subtly, with a surgeon's skill: "I never made sales pitches. . . . People knew that Andy painted portraits. They also knew that I worked for Andy. I waited for them to put two and two together, although I wasn't above dropping a hint at the appropriate moment. [The modesty of genius.] When our conversation quite naturally came round to Andy, I told Lily [Auchincloss] about his latest portraits." Mrs. Auchincloss claims not to be the portrait type but would, she tells Colacello, like to buy something from Andy, "so long," Colacello felt

compelled to include in his book, "as you get the commission." So right there in her own home, on his weekend visit, Colacello sells her a Mick Jagger portfolio. Colacello does have one regret, though: "Shortly before Andy died, Lily sold [the portfolio] for the same price she paid for it, \$16,000. It's now worth ten times that."

Yet by the end of his story—a story of redemption, really—Bob Colacello is sick of it all; he wants to breathe pure air, to feel clean. A friend repeats to Colacello what Andy has said about him: "Doesn't he know that these rich people just see him because he puts

their names in *my* magazine?" *How dare he!* "That did it," Colacello fumes. "I was going to show him once and for all who my real friends were. I was sick of seeing the world the way Warhol saw it. Sick of assuming that all marriages were for money and that all friendships were based on business." *No, no, no, no!* Or, as Macbeth said, "Is this a dagger which

I see before me?" Colacello makes the momentous decision to leave *Interview* (but not before calling his agent—and, no doubt, friend—Mort Janklow, "to check my emotions") and thereby prove his rich friends' loyalty. He triumphs. Today he can say to himself, *So, Andy thought these rich people were my friends only because of his slick, gossip magazine. How wrong I have proved him. They are still my friends, and now I work for Vanity Fair!*



CONTEMPORARY-FRIENDSHIP STANDARD-BEARERS, clockwise from top: Veronica and Betty; *thirtysomething*'s Miles Drentell and Michael Steadman; Michael Kinsley and Pat Buchanan; Andy Warhol and Bob Colacello. **BOUGHT FRIEND**: loathed superpublicist Peggy Siegal and business associate Sherry Lansing. **FIRST FRIEND**: Jilly Rizzo takes his orders from Frank.

WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR

CONTEMPORARY FRIENDSHIP: THE STANDARD-BEARERS

Betty and Veronica
Michael Steadman and
Miles Drentell
Bryant Gumbel and Willard Scott
Michael Kinsley and
Pat Buchanan
Abe Rosenthal and Arthur Gelb
Johnny Carson and Ed McMahon
Marty Peretz and Ivan Boesky
Ivan Boesky and Martin Siegel

CONTEMPORARY-FRIENDSHIP VENUES

Temple of Dendur
Tyson fight at Trump Castle
The Four Seasons
Elaine's
your attorney's office
boards of directors
backstage anywhere

FRIENDS FOR SALE

photographers
authorized biographers
Bob Colacello
dogs
artists
decorators
plastic surgeons
publicist Peggy Siegal
gals Friday
Elizabeth Taylor
therapists

FRIENDS FOR SALE—CHEAP

Cindy Adams
barbers
goldfish
Bill Boggs
Sally Kirkland

FRIENDS—FIRE SALE

Pete Rose
Sylvia Miles
Howard Spiro
members of Congress
anyone on the corner of 39th
and Tenth after 11:00 p.m.

FIRST FRIENDS (*I know Keith, therefore I am*)

Aline, Countess of Romanones
Jerry Zipkin
Bill Fugazy
Jilly Rizzo
Lem Billings

The kind of people who Colacello thinks are his friends have a rather odd notion of how one exercises friendship. No staying up late talking about complicated aches or sharing confidences. They prefer to pay \$1,000 a head to eat dinner together once a week in a shrine to a pair of minor Egyptian princes on upper Fifth Avenue. It's a strange choice of hangouts, but then teenage kids do love to smoke pot in cemeteries.

Did you know that muscleman Jim Robinson, for the moment the head of American Express, and his wife, Linda, a highly paid publicist, are close to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Perelman? (Perelman, of course, is the proprietor of Revlon—he has old, eighties money.) The Robinsons are reportedly close also to the Henry Kissingers, to Frank and Barbara Sinatra (she the former Mrs. Zeppo Marx) and to the Tom Brokaws. As is fitting for a megastockbroker in this era of elaborate financing, Robinson's relationships represent complex bundles of junk, preferred stock, options, media coverage and cash. Business, fame, power and access are all swapped around so that everybody thinks he's coming out ahead. Jim puts Henry on Amex's board of directors; Ron puts Linda on the board of Revlon; then Linda convinces Henry to accept Ron's offer of a seat on the Revlon board. Linda's corporate public-relations business, Henry's ego and international corporate consultancy, and the legitimacy of Ron the takeover pirate are all served nicely by these arrangements. Jim, the stockbroker, stays close to Ron, who likes to play the market (buying companies, not odd lots); Jim, secretary of State for corporate America, can sit in on boring meetings with the former U. S. secretary of State and can familiarly poke Henry's stomach on social occasions. Sinatra provides some glitz and earns some respectability, a commodity of which he seems constantly in need. Brokaw, triply vulnerable as someone who must wonder whether he is vastly overpaid, whether he is still a real journalist and, if so, whether journalists are part of the real world anyway, surely gains a sense of substantiality and in return provides a pleasing combination of fame, charm and power. Of course, when all is said and done, there is still no reason to doubt that the members of this group also connect on a human level.

SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD (ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, THE CONTROL TEST MARKET FOR our study), friendship works like this: two boys grow up side by side. They meet in the schoolyard, where one beats the other up. One—the beaten-up one—is bookish, the other more adventuresome, but they become friends. Together they explore the strange tunnels outside of town, lie to each other's parents and, as young men, try to sort out the mysteries of the world (that is, women). The studious one may go far, or he may founder, uncertain in action; the heedless friend may squander his fortunes, or his guile and pluck may bring him wonderful success. Or nothing much may happen to either of them. But regardless of who is up and who is down, who is having some tough luck and who is doing all right, when one of these two needs some advice or an attentive ear or just a familiar presence to set him straight, he knows where to turn. To his lawyer. Still, the old pair are friends, and they help each other out, and it would take something pretty serious to pull them apart.

Elsewhere (that is, in some big town where you don't trust anybody but your mother, and even her you're not so sure about) the story runs more this way: two men meet at the client-driven business they have both recently joined. They arrived in New York or Los Angeles or Chicago a few years earlier from ridiculous places like Tulsa and Canada. For a few months they pal around: one knows lots of chicks, the other used to do business for a couple of clubs and they still treat him right. Sold! Friends! But what if one is promoted to group VP? Or buys a house on the beach in the Malibu Colony? Or finds somebody with an extra seat in his Rangers sky box? All this as the other merely stays in place. Everything changes. From the sky box, the world looks quite different. He begins to reevaluate. Reading the fine print, he sees that these new circumstances release him from the obligations of his friendship—and, anyway, *it was only a rental*.

Friendship is...



*...never having to say, "But I'm sure
he put my name on the list."*

A FRIEND IN NEED IS NOT AS GOOD AS A FRIEND WITH A HOUSE IN TUSCANY

SPY Presents the Friendship Index

Who's a close friend? Who's an acquaintance? Which person should you hang up on when a second call comes in on call waiting? We've invented a simple, user-friendly system — the Friendship Index — to help ease the worry and the confusion of deciding who's who, what's what and when to beg off where friendship is concerned.

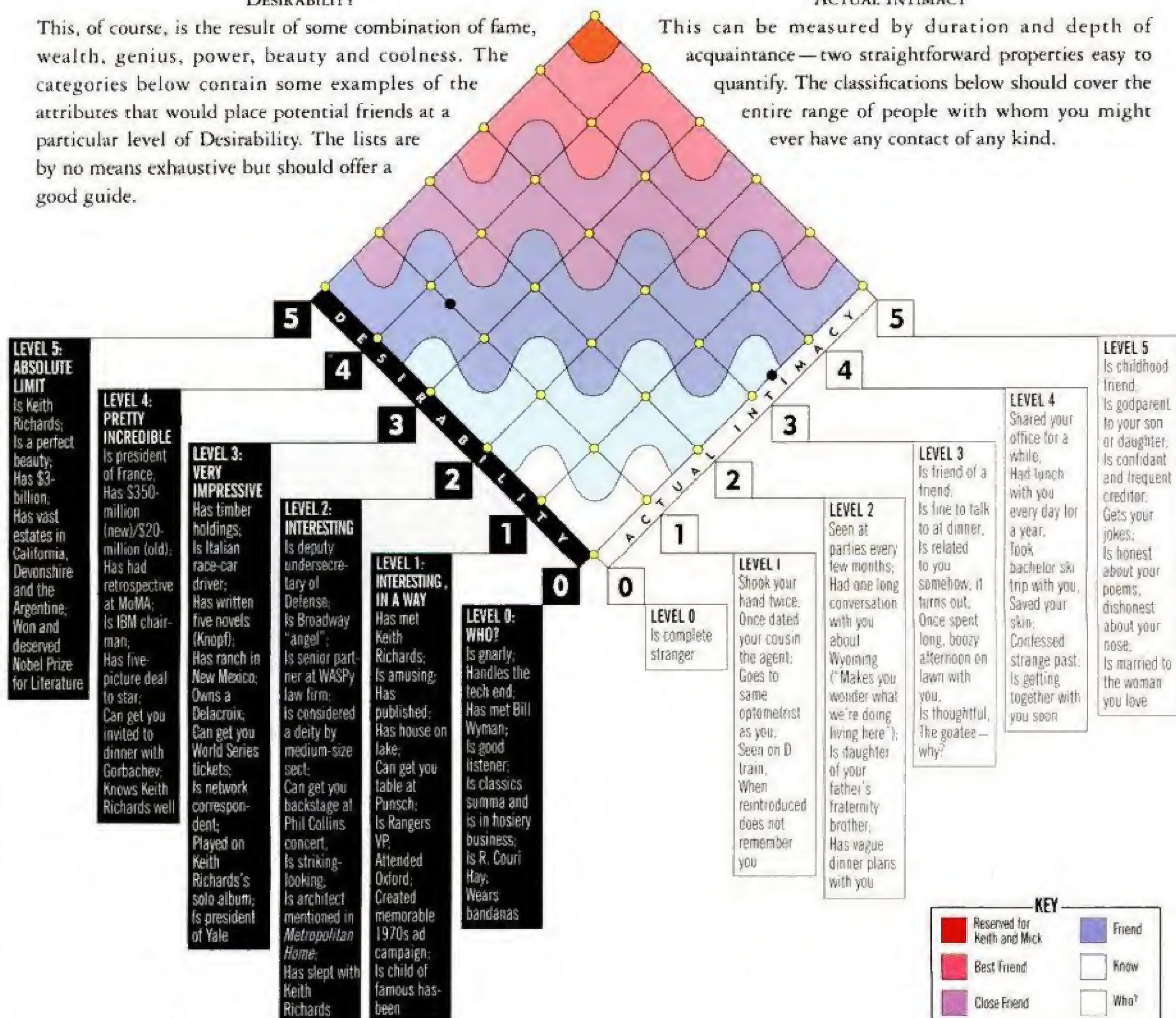
Here's how it works: Choose the level of Desirability (left axis) that best describes what attracts you to your "friend." Then select the level of Actual Intimacy (right axis) that accurately reflects how well you really know this "friend." Plot the point on the graph below. The location will tell you whether you should refer to your "friend" as your *best friend*, a *close friend*, a *friend* and so on.

DESIRABILITY

This, of course, is the result of some combination of fame, wealth, genius, power, beauty and coolness. The categories below contain some examples of the attributes that would place potential friends at a particular level of Desirability. The lists are by no means exhaustive but should offer a good guide.

ACTUAL INTIMACY

This can be measured by duration and depth of acquaintance—two straightforward properties easy to quantify. The classifications below should cover the entire range of people with whom you might ever have any contact of any kind.



Let's go for a test drive: A college pal of yours is seeing a hypothetical younger sister of Dennis Hopper's; on a trip to Los Angeles you talked with Hopper in a private home. Dennis Hopper has a Desirability factor of 3.6. The Actual Intimacy factor of your relationship weighs in at around 1. Plotting these two coordinates, we see that Dennis Hopper, whom you barely know, is nevertheless your *friend*. Let's take a different case. Your best friend in the tenth and eleventh grades (difficult, crucial years) has always kept up with you. She is coming to live in the large city to which you moved in order to escape the stifling hometown where you both grew up. She is planning to open a pet store. Her Desirability factor is 0; the Actual Intimacy factor is 3.3. The graph reveals that she is someone you *know*.

—J.C.

CHART BY NIGEL HOLMES

Dennis Stein
 Stephen Spender
 Tony Roberts
 Pat Coddell
 Bebe Rebozo
 Boaz Mazar

HOW TO DROP THE NAME OF A "FRIEND"

Lorne, not Michaels
 Jann, not Wenner
 Rather, not Dan
 Warren, not Beatty
 Francis, not Coppola
 Nicholson, not Jack
 Spike, not Lee
 Jack, not John (Kennedy)
 Harry, not Henry (Luce)
 Larry, not Laurence (Olivier)
 Tom, not T.S. (Eliot)
 Bobby, not Robert or
 Bob (De Niro)
 Steven, not Spielberg
 (and especially not Steve)
 Marty, not Martin (Scorsese)
 Scotty, not Jim or James
 or Reston
 Bron, not Auberon (Waugh)
 Johnny, not R.W. (Apple)
 David, not the Duke of Windsor
 Plum, not P.G. or Wodehouse
 Zeke, not Isaiah (Thomas)
 Buck, not Magic (Johnson)
 Stinky, not Donald, Don
 or The Donald
 Binky, not Amanda (Urban)
 Brandon, not Tartikoff
 Bud, not Calvin (Trillin)

UNLIKELY FRIENDSHIPS

John Kenneth Galbraith and
 William F. Buckley
 Norman Mailer and
 Jack Henry Abbott
 Leonard Bernstein and
 Bobby Seale
 John Belushi and Lillian Hellman
 Lorne Michaels and Lillian Ross
 Brian McNally and
 Princess Michael of Kent
 Liz Smith and Vlad the Impaler
 John Cardinal O'Connor and
 Ed Koch
 Felix Rohatyn and
 Victor Gotbaum
 Bruce Wasserstein and
 Mark Green
 George Plimpton and
 Muhammad Ali
 Richard Gere and
 the Dalai Lama

In Rochester the nicest thing to say to a friend who has had good luck is "I'm so happy for you!" In New York the nicest thing to say to a friend who has had good luck is "I'm so envious!"

Sometimes the reasons behind the acquisition and sloughing off of friends aren't so obvious. Even in New York, remnants of the traditional friendship economy survive, but these forms of friendship just serve selfish ends indirectly. Tom Wolfe wrote a police procedural recently that received wide attention because of its wonderfully detailed social "atmosphere." One thing that rang particularly false, however, was the portrayal of the hero's friends. Sherman McCoy grows up in New York, where he attends a small boys' school, and goes on to boarding school and Yale, where undoubtedly he joins a secret society. Wolfe, who is from the South, presents Sherman as really having no friends, whereas under the circumstances he would of course have collected dozens of them — almost as an obligation. And when he gets into a scrape, would his tribal brothers from Buckley and St. Paul's abandon him? Certainly not. No, these Ridgeleys and Stuyvies would enjoy nothing more than the chance to cluster round and prove their steadfastness. Sherman, the missing chum! When Claus von Bülow had his little problem, the members of the Union Club were adamant that he should always feel welcome. Of course, the pleasure in this sort of constancy is not in helping an individual you care about (*Claus?*) but in making a show of your hearty, chivalric code. Indeed, on the principle that if you save someone's life, you are in his debt forever, Sherman's friends would be *grateful*.

What's a legitimate use of the term *friend*? If you have dinner at a restaurant with an important person in a small group *and* bump into her once at the movies, you are friends. Well, not *friends* exactly, but you know each other — no, really, you'd say you were friends, not *close* friends or anything, but friends. If a colleague marries the son of a famous painter, your colleague's husband is your friend; if your colleague marries someone kind of strange from Delaware, your colleague's husband is your colleague's husband. If your brilliant, funny, engaging friend calls you twice a year, the two of you are friends; if your boring, nice but sort-of-a-drag friend calls you every week, well, you *know* him. Your friend with the house in Italy has qualities of perception and wit and compassion that your friend who doesn't have a house in Italy in some measure lacks. The friend who got you out of that jam, the one who is in public relations, becomes a virtual stranger when, at a party, you run into your friend *the novelist*. (A great tradition exists for such betrayals. Peter's saying of Christ, "Who? I've never seen Him before in my life," is the most renowned example.)

Large social events always create fascinating crosscurrents and eddies of friendship and pseudofriendship. Sean Young is excruciatingly beautiful; she also demands that she be accorded the proper friendship status. She felt compelled simply to leave a recent big dinner in honor of her friend Martin "Marty" Scorsese when she learned she had not been seated at his table. Jann Wenner has his priorities straight. *Rolling Stone's* Christmas party is always a big event in the straitened, glamourless world of magazine publishing. Wenner, of course, is by tradition the Falstaffian host of the celebration. Last year, though, something really more important — considering the season and all — called him away at the very last minute. Playing Santa at an orphanage? No — hunting with John Kennedy Jr.

Like businessmen using shell corporations to hide from the IRS, some friends mask the real profits derived from their friendship by means of a clever subterfuge, the Unlikely Friend. *Surely*, an observer thinks, *these two people, who are so different, so at odds, must truly be friends, or else what could possibly unite them?* Simply this: having a friend from another social galaxy or ideology makes you seem so... complex. William F. Buckley Jr. and John Kenneth Galbraith are pleased as punch that they are great friends — who would have thought? Felix Rohatyn and Victor Gotbaum cannot contain their glee about their friendship, either. (An investment banker and a labor leader?!) The friendship between Bruce Wasserstein, the

Friendship is...



*...never bowing out as a result of
 conflict of interest.*

mergers-and-acquisitions illusionist, and Mark Green, a boring ex-radical now working within the system, follows the same plutocrat-lefty recipe. George Plimpton, skittish, white Harvard-boy writer, befriends Muhammad Ali, black lethal weapon. Norman Mailer, skittish, white Harvard-boy writer, befriends Jack Henry Abbott, white-trash lethal weapon. Why would such different people be friends? Why, *because they're such different people*. It is morally and politically reassuring to hedge your bets with a friend who is unlike you. (How greedy can I be if Mark Green is my friend?) How terrific, how absolutely great you must be to have such a friend — how interesting, how unexpected, you broad-minded, unpredictable jackanapes!

But for the most part the basis of the modern friendship nexus is *very* obvious. Forms of payment can be in kind — professional advancement, a few days at their place on Mustique, an invitation to a great party — or they can be in... cash. Take Johnny Carson and Ed McMahon, his \$1-million-a-year "pal." Is that on-air bonhomie faked? The divorces, the drinking, the garrulous ex-wives — Johnny and Ed have endured them together. They've laughed, they've cried; but in all likelihood Ed has never been over to Johnny's house.

Some people simply put their old friends directly on the payroll. Prizefighters have continually refined the technique of finding jobs for their friends from the neighborhood, to the point that they now must have a levee like Louis XIV's — robe holders, boot lacers, towelers, drivers, runners, telephoners, bag carriers, conversation holders. Eddie Murphy employs such ever-present old friends and relations as Fed, Larry, Jerome, Rough House, Roy, Fruity and Ray-Ray. Madonna made her best friend, Debi, her highly paid makeup artist. Peter Guber finds odd jobs for his friend Jon Peters. And certainly, even if they don't receive health benefits, some friends are easily purchased. Once the occasion for good talk among good people, a small dinner now approximates a low-budget horror movie: Night of the Living Checkbook Register. Around the table you find the hostess's lawyer, her hairdresser, her *faux-marbre* painter, her florist, the owner of her favorite restaurant, her trainer, her trust officer and her husband. Other friends for hire include decorators (like Liz Taylor's new best friend, Waldo Fernandez), fashion designers (like Blaine Trump's friend Christian Lacroix), psychiatrists (like Brian Wilson's friend Dr. Eugene Landy), English aristocrats (like any number of Mick Jagger's friends), children (like Warren Beatty's friend Molly Ringwald), publicists (like Sherry Lansing's friend Peggy Siegal), stockbrokers (like Bruce Springsteen's friend John Mulheren Jr.), real estate brokers (like every swell's friend Alice Mason) and the man with the squeegee at the entrance to the tunnel.

Still, there are those for whom the idea of receiving *payment* for their friendship is abhorrent. They care about a friend as a *person*. A very famous person. This type of friend simply lives off and takes his whole identity from the reflected glory of a famous friend. This is a First Friend.

Lem Billings's entire life was spent as... Jack Kennedy's *First Friend*. You recognize the name Jilly Rizzo. Why? Is he a businessman of some stature in your community? No. Is he a former governor? No. He is Frank Sinatra's... *First Friend*. The First Friend has only his sycophancy to offer, but if his famous friend finds it worthy, the two can strike a bargain — slavish devotion in exchange for the right to be in every paparazzo picture, partially obscured.

Of course, like premodern sultans, some people are

exempt from all this grubby, bourgeois haggling. For them friendship comes with the wave of a hand. These people are very, very famous people.

Isn't it strange that television and radio waves exist all around us all the time, yet we are unaware of them? At this moment electronic

signals carrying the voice and image of Sebastian Cabot are passing through you, yet you feel nothing. Turn on the television, though, and he appears. Interesting, isn't it? But is this seemingly marijuana-induced reverie related to the discussion? Yes. Similarly, famous people have friendships that are invisible but that can be activated at will. Is John McEnroe a friend of François Mitterand's? It is unlikely that the two have



FRIENDSHIP AS A STATUS SWAP MEET. *clockwise from top:* the pre-1987 Gary Hart and Warren Beatty (power traded for glamour); Mick Jagger and Princess Margaret (fame traded for breeding); Sylvester Stallone and Arnold Schwarzenegger (intellect traded for beauty); John Kennedy Galbraith and William F. Buckley Jr. (liberal credibility traded for conservative credibility)

Edward Jay Epstein and
Sir James Goldsmith

Frank Sinatra and Vernon Jordan

George Bush and Jerry Weintraub

FDR and Harpo Marx

Michael Jackson
and any human

SYMBIOTIC FRIENDSHIPS

Warren Beatty and Madonna

Warren Beatty and Gary Hart

Tina Brown and
Gayfryd Steinberg

Tina Brown and Mike Ovitz

Jim Baker and George Bush

Malcolm Forbes and
Elizabeth Taylor

Blaine Trump and
Christian Lacroix

Johnny Carson and Carl Sagan

George Steinbrenner and
Billy Martin

Philip Johnson and
Peter Eisenman

FAN CLUB FRIENDSHIP

Jann Wenner and:

Michael Douglas, Tom Cruise,
Richard Gere, Mick Jagger,
John Travolta, Yoko Ono

Richard Holbrooke and:

Diane Sawyer, Cap Weinberger,
Jim Robinson, Jim Hoge,
Tom Brokaw, Sherry Lansing,
Pamela Harriman

Pauline Kael and:

Paul Schrader, Warren Beatty,
James Toback, Robert Towne

FRIENDSHIP GAUGES

call waiting

small weddings

three tickets to the World Series

selecting godparents

choosing whose number to put
on your direct dial

"plus one" invitations

FRIENDSHIP TESTERS

tiresome lover/spouse

tiresome children

tiresome pet(s)

your friend's first novel

sour investment tip

newfound enthusiasm for
religion or fitness regimen

lengthy depression

losing production-chief
job at major studio

chance invitation to
Kim Basinger wrap party on
night of lengthily depressed
friend's 30th birthday

ever met, but because they are both famous, they are bathed in immaterial rays of mutual friendship. Had President Bush ever spent any time with Michael Jackson and really *talked* before Jackson just dropped by the White House to hang out recently? Had Richard Nixon and Donald Trump ever met before the former president sent the sinking casino operator a recent note full of warm wishes? Do Faye Dunaway and Lee Iacocca speak? Do they know the birthdays of each other's children? Not likely. Yet even without knowing it, *they are friends*—if they encountered each other in an airport VIP lounge somewhere, they would probably engage in easy banter. Bo Jackson and Henry Kissinger; Oscar de la Renta and Bob Hope; Madonna and Prince Charles—all friends as if by magic, without meeting, without speaking, without any possible business connection. If sometime Bo does call Henry at home, will the latter say, "I'm sorry, I do not speak to perfect strangers"? Absolutely not. "Bo, it's Henry..." If Bob asks to drop in on Oscar, will Oscar reply, "You mean now? Just like that?" *No, no.* "Certainly, terrific, what're you drinking?" Would you do the same if someone you had never met phoned? Of course not. That just proves that Bo and Henry and Bob and Oscar *have been friends all along*; the relationships simply haven't been consummated yet. (If Bo Jackson called you at home, would you say, "I'm sorry, I do not speak to perfect strangers"? Doubtful, but Bo Jackson would never call *you*. You aren't his friend.) Like ham-radio operators or people with a rare disease, all famous people are connected by an invisible web of loyalty and fellow feeling.

In one of his books about his life and the half bottles of Côte Rôtie he has with lunch, William F. Buckley tells a story that concerns himself and his friend Norman Mailer and his friend Pat Moynihan. Buckley and Mailer are standing on the corner when a station wagon narrowly misses them. Moynihan leans out of the passenger window and shouts, "Damn, I could have gotten both of you with one swipe!" In Rochester this sort of joshing occurs only between neighbors and buddies, guys whom you find playing hooky on the links on Wednesday afternoon. Buckley and Mailer and Moynihan? Have the three of them ever been alone in a room together? Has Bill or Pat ever lent Norman a car? Would he really care if they died? Yet—what great friends they are. "Get out of here, you nut!" you'd expect Buckley to yell back.

Lillian Hellman and John Belushi? What a witty and unlikely pairing. Friends. Actual friends and neighbors during their last years alive. Belushi's nuanced view of American communism (if only he had lived to see the changes in Eastern Europe!) could not have brought them together. Possibly their mutual friend Dan Aykroyd did? Both Hellman and Belushi had houses on Martha's Vineyard at the time, but so did your former boss at Shearson, and *he* didn't get to know them. Belushi and Hellman must somehow have just... *found* each other.

Most regular people, though, have to deal. You broker your classy managing partnership for a social superior's dinners; you know "interesting" people, your friend has got a house; you buy the paintings, the painter is a faithful party guest; you need a loan, your friend wants a toady; you are boring but nice, your friend is selfish but entertaining.

The problem with friendship, like the problem with New York real estate, is that there is at once too much and too little of it. Sure, there are plenty of your one-bedroom-condo friends, your West Side-rehab friends. There's a glut. They call you constantly; they want you to see them on the night you want to be alone; they impose their latest tedious discoveries on you (the music of the 1920s, the Hold Everything catalog, rice and beans). They are self-absorbed and dull and not even all that kind. You couldn't *give* these friends away. On the other hand, the top end of the market remains as firm as ever. The prewar friends with original moldings, the townhouse-in-the-East Sixties friends with the French windows. They are smart. They have a talent for sympathy. They always have something witty and unexpected to say. They have lives in which things happen. And, just as a quiet garden is nicer than a high-rise balcony, they are nicer than your other friends. But they cost. ☛

Friendship is...



*...considering maybe returning his call
even though he's dead in the ratings.*

the **WRONG** **MAN** *in the*



HOW THE PESKY,
CAME THE PESKY

RIGHT **PLACE** *at the* **RIGHT** **TIME**

by *Elissa Schappell & Harriet Barovick* Three beatific old ladies are sitting in front of a TV studio audience, each struggling to force-feed a howling infant enormous spoonfuls of strained pork. The first one to get her baby to clean the plate will be the winner of The Grandma Game, the opening segment of a nationally syndicated daytime show called *House Party*. The stunt grannies look determined but embarrassed — after all, a real, unpaid grandmother would never be party to such brutality. The audience is aghast: *Are those old ladies torturing those poor little babies?* The show's crew and writers just shake their heads. They've tried to prevent this scenario.

What the grandmothers and the audience don't know is that the show's executive producer, Barry Sand, heightened the challenge — indeed, the cruelty — by specially selecting the pork paste for its inedibility. Although Sand, a feral-looking man with a 1970s-vintage black mustache and slicked-back silver hair, had ignored the protests of his staff, insisting that infants gagging on strained pork would be funny, he is not pleased. "It's not funny!" he screams. "The segment stinks!" He's right.

And for once, the critics, the home viewers and, ultimately, the television stations broadcasting the show agree with him.

Most people who've heard of Barry Sand have heard of him as the producer of *Late Night With David Letterman*, a job he held from 1982 until 1987. Yet in the three years since then he has distinguished himself only by the speed with which the two big-budget daily television comedy shows he created have disappeared from sight. There was the *Wilton North Report*, which Fox chose to replace Arsenio Hall's

INEFFECTUAL PRODUCER OF *LATE NIGHT WITH DAVID LETTERMAN* BE- POWERFUL PRODUCER OF TWO OF TV'S MOST LEGENDARY BOMBS

Late Show two and a half years ago and which nearly killed off the fledgling network, and this year's *House Party*, a quasi-comedic daytime infotainment show for housewives, coproduced by NBC and a Westinghouse subsidiary called Group W Productions. In its third week on the air *House Party* received a 0.3 rating and a 1 share in Los Angeles — numbers so low that Nielsen Media Research called the local Fox station to verify that the show had in fact aired. In June, *House Party* was officially canceled, and the last show will air September 14.

In the career of Barry Sand, success has always existed in inverse relation to creative power: at the Letterman show, Sand served successfully as a figurehead, a network stooge who was perceived by outsiders as being powerful even though he was kept completely out of the creative process. When, after leaving *Late Night*, he cashed in that "success" for actual power and creative control, he developed and produced two disastrous shows. Even when the programs occasionally managed a glimmer of wit, Sand didn't know it. He seldom seemed to have any idea when his shows were bombing creatively or when they were working, or why. One former colleague says, "If Barry thinks you're funny, he starts laughing as soon as you start speaking and then says, 'I don't get it.'"

In most professions an employee single-handedly responsible for the loss of so many millions of dollars might be considered career-dead. But Barry Sand works in television, and he is a symbol of the failing-upward principle that governs so much of show business. His repeated unlikely comebacks have prompted one veteran comedy writer to call him "the Richard Nixon of television." Indeed, after a cleansing exile, Sand's services may well be in demand once again. *After all*, his next boss will surely say or think, *the guy did produce Late Night and a whole bunch of network shows*. In the entertainment industry, if you've produced anything, chances are you will be paid a great



deal of money to produce again. And if you've produced something successful—even if you had very little to do with that success—you will certainly be allowed to produce syndicated filler featuring howling babies.

The bewildering career of Barry Sand spans such television shows as *Sba Na Na*, *Treasure Isle* and *SCTV*. At its heights in the 1980s, this career supported a penchant for cocaine and exciting seventies fashions. And Sand acquired one other power cliché along the way: an ambitious woman—a vain, pathologically domineering and unqualified woman who with the help of an uptown Manhattan psychic called Yolana would ultimately accelerate Sand's downfall. She was a woman known in Sand's sector of the entertainment industry as "the most powerful dental hygienist in television."

SAND GREW UP IN A MIDDLE-CLASS BROOKLYN FAMILY and set his sights on Hollywood. In 1961, fresh from the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, he landed his first TV job, writing for *Candid Camera*. It was there that Sand began to hone what passed for his comedic skills. Stints writing for the game show *Treasure Isle* and an assortment of TV pilots and comedy variety shows followed, and Sand produced talk shows hosted by David Frost and Mike Douglas. During the 1970s he also wrote for the variety show *Sba Na Na*, one of the first independent shows in syndication, using the pen name Tommy Angel. Why this uncharacteristic bit of modesty or shame? According to Pierre Cossette, Sand's former boss at *Sba Na Na*, "Barry fancied himself a very important writer, and in those days syndication was considered amateur. He said he'd take the job only if he used a new name. Then, when the show became a hit, he wanted to be Barry Sand again, and I said, 'No way, you're Tommy Angel.' Tommy Angel kept getting job offers and Barry kept saying, 'I'm Tommy Angel, I'm Tommy Angel.'" Throughout his career Sand has often fallen back on this strategy of taking credit when things are good and ducking blame when they are bad.

Sand got his first big break in 1980, when NBC hired him to produce its new morning show, *The David*

was almost averted when a former colleague of Sand's at *Mike Douglas* sent a memo to an NBC executive describing an unpleasant experience with Sand and incredulously questioning the wisdom of even considering him for the job. The memo was promptly forwarded to Peter Calabrese, a friend of Sand's since the late 1960s and the NBC programming executive who had initially supported him for the job. Calabrese stood firmly behind his friend, suggesting that disfavor at a show like *Mike Douglas* could be to Sand's credit. Letterman and Markoe, presented with a batch of aging candidates with Miss America-pageant credentials, considered Sand to be the lesser evil and gave him their okay.

And indeed, as the morning show's producer, Sand was at his most effective, if least creative. He resolved some simple administrative problems and helped devise a format that showcased Letterman's obvious talents. Despite a daytime Emmy, the show had poor ratings and was canceled after three months. But Letterman and Brandon Tartikoff, NBC's head of programming, were fairly pleased with Sand's efforts. Unfortunately, Sand interpreted this approval as proof of his own comedic gift and unleashed a stream of creative juices that has yet to be mopped up.

When the show was canceled and NBC had no immediate position for Letterman, the network wanted to keep Sand handy. Though Letterman personally disliked Sand, he wanted to keep him on retainer in the interest of having an insider ready to produce the next show. So NBC offered Sand the nominal title of producer for *SCTV*, which had been running in syndication for three years. Eager to have a company man behind the scenes of the brilliant but—to network superiors—bewildering Canadian series, NBC installed Sand as a liaison between the cast and management. He arrived in Edmonton with a suitcase full of ideas. Accustomed to creating the show entirely by themselves, John Candy, Rick Moranis and the rest of the *SCTV* cast didn't exactly need this unsolicited creative input from the network's watchdog-producer. Moranis, who loosely based a doofy husband character on Sand, says, "It was

EXPLAINING *WILTON NORTH*, SAND SAID, "I WANT THIS TO BE DANGEROUS TV. THE ONLY TO DESCRIBE IT IS—*BUTTERMILK*. IT'S SOMETHING YOU MAY NOT LIKE AT FIRST BUT THAT

Letterman Show, starring the up-and-coming weatherman turned stand-up comedian. It was this job that served as the building block for the rest of Sand's career. Still, it was a job that required no creative input at all, and one he had got largely because of good luck. When the show's original producer quit days before its scheduled premiere, leaving the show foundering and head writer Merrill Markoe in the unfamiliar position of producing, NBC needed a new administrative presence quickly. Sand's name came up and was endorsed by Letterman's manager, Jack Rollins, executive producer of the show, who knew Sand through client Robert Klein, for whom Sand had written. This ultimately very costly mistake

too cruel to do him—I did his look, the hair, the mustache...a guy who looked like him but was more interesting than him." In fact, trading Barry Sand impressions was a regular pastime of the *SCTV* cast.

In 1982 Letterman's show, reformed and rechristened *Late Night With David Letterman*, made its move to its now-legendary-with-college-students-and-insomniacs 12:30 a.m. time slot, and Sand became its producer. For the first couple of years—a time during which Letterman was presumably anxious about the possibility of being canceled again—Sand's presence was not so obviously a drawback. Before long, though, Sand's frustration at not being more creatively involved began

to irritate Letterman and the show's writers. Sand was banned from writers' meetings, and there was an unwritten rule that he had to stay clear of the writers altogether. It seems he had already alienated many of them by reneging on salary agreements and contractual provisions. While another producer whose sensibility so clearly clashed with that of co-workers might have left, Sand stayed on, simultaneously intimidated by and resentful of Letterman.

Snubbed by his own nominal employees, Sand devised a novel form of retaliation: the regular meeting. If colleagues were forcing him to be a mere administrator, well, then, he would give them administration. By holding his staff captive for long, tedious, purely ceremonial meetings, he would leave no doubt about who was really in charge. And so began an ego-fortifying practice that would become a hallmark of every Barry Sand regime.

Although he was either ignored or reviled by most of his colleagues, Sand has always known how to look important to the little people. Convincing everyone he was indeed in charge was a full-time task. Since the creative staff was off-limits, he engaged lower-level employees in creative ways. Whether dispatching a junior hireling to fetch his morning bagel, instructing an assistant on how to arrange his afternoon weight-training regimen or ordering a secretary to fill out bogus taxi vouchers, Sand was a busy patron. His air of producerish authority was no doubt heightened in these instances by such signature flourishes as referring to women as "creamy broads" or



Pre-*Late Night*, Sand honed his comedic skills as a writer at *Sha Na Na*, the variety show hosted by ersatz greasers; as a producer at the famously funny *Mike Douglas Show*; and as an ineffectual pest at *SCTV*.

his junior female staff all day. And how could the producer resist the 40-ish Silverman, with her strong resemblance to the presurgery Cher and her kittenish way of murmuring, "You can spit now"?

After an hour staring down Sand's throat, Silverman took to calling the *Late Night* offices up to six times a day. Soon the couple had cemented a curious symbiotic relationship. The deal, as observers reckoned it, was this: Silverman would help Sand kick his fast-becoming-unfashionable unhealthy habits, and Sand would

provide her with a glamorous new career. Sand willingly put his health—and soon his entire professional life—in her hands.

"Once an addict, always an addict," says a colleague. "It's just that now he's addicted to Gayle."

So lovestruck was Sand that he didn't mind when Silverman, who had begun hanging around his office, took to interfering with the *Late Night* writers. Sharing with her boyfriend the trait of immense overconfidence, she wouldn't hesitate to burst in on writers and deliver some unsolicited critical

insight. "You think that's funny?" she would shout. "That's not funny!" It wasn't long before Sand had divorced his wife, Arlene, and moved in with the dental hygienist.

Meanwhile, Letterman, out of either perverse loyalty or an aversion to change, tolerated Sand. "There was a perfect understanding between Letterman and Barry Sand," a former writer says. "Barry Sand was there because Letterman suffered him."

In 1987 Jamie Kellner, president of the newborn Fox network, approached Robert Morton, a segment producer at *Late Night*, about creating a new show to replace Arsenio Hall's (formerly Joan Rivers's) *Late Show*. Morton told Letterman about the offer, and the two hatched a plan. Seeing a way to dump the pesky and creatively useless Sand, Letterman proposed that NBC simply make Morton the producer of *Late Night* and buy out Sand's contract.

Not long afterward, Kellner arranged a meeting with the soon-to-be-ousted producer. Kellner may or may not have known that Sand's days at NBC were numbered, but with the kind of logic peculiar to television, he offered him the job of overhauling *The Late Show* for Fox. Kellner, who didn't yet know how badly he had goofed by letting Arsenio Hall go, was eager to have a proven network yes-man—albeit a *fired* network yes-man—who would be easy to sell to Fox affiliate stations: *Look! We've got the man who made Letterman a hit!* And Sand would be given complete creative control—at

shouting out orders with his mouth full, thereby showering the listener with missiles of moist chewed food. If, for

example, a staffer had difficulty accomplishing the full range of tasks in his or her job description, Sand wouldn't hesitate to offer some personal supervision: *Goddamn it! I'll tell you what the fuck to do—if I want you to get me a candy bar, you'll get me a fucking candy bar!* Barry Sand had a very individual style of management.

And because he certainly *would* get his candy bar, Sand became a not infrequent patient at his dentist's office. It was there that he first encountered the woman who would take hold of his life and help him finally blossom into the auteur he had always wanted to be. All dental hygienist Gayle Silverman needed was one whiff of the powerful man-musk Sand exuded after hectoring

WAY I'VE BEEN ABLE
YOU GROW TO LOVE"

last! — and a *Late Night*-size budget.

Sand pounced on the offer and deftly sugarcoated his dismissal to the press. "After five years of guiding *Late Night* to its high point of success, I want to do more than rest on my laurels," he told reporters. "I think the right time to say goodbye is when you're on top."

One of the first things Sand did at Fox was jettison the name *The Late Show* and replace it with the far more oblique *Wilton North Report*, a title derived from the name of the Los Angeles building in which the show's studio and offices were located. Next he tried, in various not-quite-persuasive, only quasi-comprehensible ways, to explain his vision for the show. "This show is like Siskel and Ebert Meet the *Today Show*," he told a Fox teleconference. "I want this show to be unlike anything else that has ever been seen on television," he told the eleven writers he had hired and whom he relished being permitted to talk — and talk — to. "I want it to be dangerous TV, controversial, opinionated, provocative. I don't care if it offends people. I want to take the madness out there and bring it into the studio." Asked if he could be just a little more specific, he said, "The only way I've been able to describe what I have in mind is — *buttermilk*. It's something you may not like at first but that you grow to love and depend on as time goes by." Of course: who *doesn't* love and depend on buttermilk?

With Sand at the helm and Silverman unofficially at his side, there was no shortage of madness in the studio already. Though he had proclaimed that he himself would be intensely involved in the writing, Sand declared the writers' meetings off-limits to his coproducer, Peter Calabrese, the man who had been responsible for hooking him up with Letterman. Sand made it clear to anyone who'd listen that the show would "represent the sensibilities of myself rather than take on the character of the host." Still smarting from his *Late Night* experience, where Letterman had become a huge star and Sand had consistently been snubbed, he added, "That's what happens with major talents."

And so, Sand confided to associates, he would never hire anyone he couldn't fire, and he wouldn't hire a host

their own forgettable blandness: "I'm Paul; I'm not as tall. He is Phil; he's got the big bill." Under Sand's direction, these two would walk through an array of mostly poorly executed, Letterman-derivative material.

In November 1987, a day before the scheduled premiere, Sand met with Barry Diller, chairman and CEO of 20th Century Fox, and a few other Fox executives. After watching some tapings of *Wilton North*, the Fox people felt that Sand's "dangerous TV" was unfunny, pointlessly cruel and often stupid. The premiere was delayed two weeks to buy Sand some time to fine-tune his brainchild.

The nervous proto-network premiered the *Wilton North Report* at 11:30 on a Friday night in early December. Following almost uniformly negative reviews, Sand's staff urged him to delegate some creative decisions to people other than Silverman, who wasn't even on the payroll. Paul Slansky, an alienated *Wilton North* writer, says, "It was like watching the Reagan administration. He was Reagan, and she was Nancy, telling him what to do — and she was as popular around the show as Nancy was around the White House." "There wasn't a move made that wasn't filtered through Gayle," recalls another writer. "Behind closed doors Gayle explained everything to him and told him what to do." But like a captain (Queeg) determined to go down with his ship, Sand stood firm. One night, feeling acutely defensive and looking for a scapegoat, Sand fired his coproducer, Calabrese, who had been a friend and colleague for more than 20 years. It was Christmas Eve.

Days later, on January 5, at the second annual meeting of Fox affiliates in Los Angeles, the show was pronounced "an embarrassment." One affiliate called it "terrible television." When Jamie Kellner announced to the group that *Wilton North* was being canceled after just 21 shows, the affiliate executives applauded and Kellner couldn't help smiling himself. Kellner said Fox would "have to sit down with Barry Sand and talk."

After the show folded, Sand was offered an extremely generous settlement to slink away. But he wasn't going to go quietly, and after cashing Fox's paychecks, he

ADVISING HIS STAFF ON REGULAR GUEST PAUL PRUDHOMME, SAND SCREAMED, *HERE'S PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE'S COOKING; THEY WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO*

who might become powerful enough to fire him. He emphasized that he wished to hire weak people who couldn't get bigger than the show — that is, who couldn't get bigger than Sand.

Unfortunately, the two hosts he did hire — just ten days before the show's scheduled premiere — weren't even compelling enough for a young UHF TV network. They were Phil Cowan and Paul Robins, a pair of Milquetoasty drive-time disc jockeys from Sacramento — Lettermans Lite who, Sand assured the show's writers, would be "our puppets." When the cohosts introduced themselves on the first show, they offered viewers a helpful mnemonic device to keep their names straight, perhaps sensing

astonished the network's executives by pitching costly new comedy projects. Fox declined.

So Sand had finally tasted total creative control — and choked on it. *Still*, he told himself, sounding more and more like a former football hero at his twentieth high school reunion, *I produced Letterman for five years. And that's still got to be worth something.*

He was right. Exhibiting the forgive-and-forget attitude required of any entertainment executive, NBC's Brandon Tartikoff was willing in early 1989 to ignore the *Wilton North* debacle of just a year earlier and bring the man responsible back to NBC to create and produce a new syndicated daytime comedy program that would be

distributed by Westinghouse's Group W. The show, to be taped before an audience in a set designed to look like a suburban mock-Colonial, would include segments on psychology, medicine, consumerism, nutrition, family life and trivia in what Sand called an "offbeat and witty style." Describing the concept to his writers, Sand called it "*Sesame Street* for adults."

As soon as Sand had clinched this unlikely deal, he took care of two pieces of important business: he persuaded NBC to let him produce the show in New York, at least partly because L.A. was now a smoldering landscape of burned bridges (as one *House Party* co-worker says, "Barry never worked with anyone a second time"). And he made his muse, Gayle Silverman, *House Party*'s talent developer, a job she had been training for since her days as a freelance comedy arbiter at *Late Night*.

Having assembled a staff of about 15, to get the creative ball rolling Sand began holding regular rounds of his trademark I'm-in-charge-here meetings—long, all-but-pointless sessions that practically held employees hostage into the early morning, reviewing the same material over and over in an apparent test of the staff's loyalty. "He was obsessive—it was how many hours you stayed at the office, not how much work you got done," says one writer. If a staff member left after putting in a mere 12 hours, "Barry would be furious—it meant you didn't care about the show." If someone missed a day because of illness, Sand would angrily tell him, "You have no passion for the show!" The unpleasantness became



THE PEOPLE WHO MADE IT ALL POSSIBLE: left to right, Yolana, the psychic-to-the-stars who helped kill off *House Party*; Gayle Silverman, Sand's dental-hygienist girlfriend, trying to kill off *House Party* host-soprano Steve Doocy; Sand with Phil Cowan and Paul Robins, the two drive-time deejays who helped kill off *Wilton North*

gratuitous even before the show's January 1990 premiere.

Although a person in his position might fairly

be expected to have learned a thing or two from the instant, total failure of the *Wilton North Report*, Sand simply recycled his standard, poor-man's-Steve-Allen wackiness for *House Party*. Silverman and her talent-bookings department were having great difficulty getting anyone even remotely well known to appear on the show, but Sand somehow managed to lure the late Malcolm Forbes onto the premiere. For this segment, host Steve Doocy—goofy, grinning, midwestern, another *Letterman Lite*—stood and taunted Forbes for an excruciating seven minutes. "Okay, Malcolm Forbes," Doocy said. "If you're so smart at running a business... do you know the price of a tube of toothpaste? A loaf of

bread?" And so on. The segment finally crashed to a close when Forbes was handed an 18-month-old baby girl. While the toddler squirmed and cried at the strange man's touch, Doocy said, "Malcolm, if you're a billionaire, you could change that kid's diaper!" Forbes was visibly embarrassed, and a number of viewers called in to say they had found the segment abusive.

Though the reviews called the show "featherweight fodder" (*Newsday*), Sand was riding high—who

could expect mere critics to understand comedy this dangerous? Still, it was plain to everyone at the show that Sand's soulmate, the dental hygienist, was really running things. From blotting up the grease on Sand's take-out pizza slices, to sending him to doctors who diagnosed him by analyzing his pubic hair, to deciding the fate of *House Party* employees, Silverman was in nearly absolute control.

Not that she pretended it was easy. She freely admitted that she'd had to

overcome her share of obstacles, and she would confide to associates that it was especially hard to get people to take her seriously because of her beauty. She once beckoned food writer Jane Stern, a potential *House Party* guest, into her office. Then she removed her shirt, looked in the full-length mirror and asked Stern, "Is this the body of a 48-year-old woman?"

Given that Silverman's only training for a career in television was putting a tiny saliva vacuum into Barry Sand's mouth, she did her best to exploit what limited contacts and skills she had. Silverman attempted to bring a wealth of dental contacts with her to *House Party*. "Doctors, lawyers, dancers—the worst acts that ever sat in a dentist's chair," recalls one colleague. As she must have imagined real TV professionals do, Silverman told guests, "You're so great, you're going to have your own show! Brandon is always looking for new talent."

Actually, it was Silverman who was obliged to be always looking for talent—new, old, bad or indifferent. "Nobody would do the show," says one staffer. "It's hard to get top names for a show that's never aired before, but a lot of it had to do with Barry's reputation. He bombed with *Wilton North*. He was a nonentity at *Letterman*. And throughout his career he has never treated anyone with respect. He's manhandled talent and treated people like shit." The "top names" who turned down appearances on *House Party* included K Mart designer Jaclyn Smith and even Phyllis Diller (*Too embarrassing*, said her manager).

Silverman's primary responsibility was booking the children who were supposed to provide the Art

A 400-POUND FREAK.
BE A 400-POUND FREAK!

Linkletter-ish lightheartedness the show desperately needed. But instead of renting only professional kids for scale (around \$500 each), she would personally patrol school playgrounds in hopes of finding a hot-off-the-seesaw scab child for \$50. She figured that by cutting such corners she could justify awarding expensive 13-week contracts to personal favorites — such as a pair of New Age Heloises who recommended poking lemon peels up your nose to cure a cold and eating ten cherries a day to get rid of gout.

It was Silverman's obsession with New Age phenomena that led her to Yolana, an Upper East Side psychic whose services had been purchased by Claus von Bülow and Diane von Furstenberg, among others. At one of their first consultations, Yolana convinced Silverman that their eyes were identical; this meant Yolana had been her mother in a former life. Thrilled by this freak reunion, Silverman began consulting Yolana, at \$100 an hour, about her personal life. Soon she was enlisting Yolana's otherworldly help in producing the show. Closeted for hours in Silverman's office, Yolana advised her on which staff members were loyal and which were plotting against them. She helped out with the booking by predicting whether a potential guest would be good or bad. "Yolana became executive producer of the show, for all practical purposes," one *House Party* employee says. "She told Gayle what to do, and Gayle in turn told Barry what to do." And Barry did it.

Once, in a vision, Yolana saw that although the show was sure to be a smash success and its theme song a radio hit, it was perilously short on audience participation. No one on staff was surprised, then, when *House Party* presented an audience-participation stunt starring Yolana herself, in which the psychic tried — and failed — to read the minds of confused audience members.

By this time the staff of *House Party* had taken to referring to their two bosses as the Ceaușescus, after the Romanian husband-and-wife despots who had just been executed. Sand's outbursts were occurring with greater frequency, and he regularly derided the director and host in front of a live audience. Doocy was soon a wreck,

A few days later, when the woman began hemorrhaging in the office, she called her doctor and was advised to get to the emergency room immediately. Sand asked if she needed cab fare before sending her out in the rainy night to hail a taxi. When she returned to work later in the week, Sand greeted her by saying, "What did you want me to do? *Take* you to the hospital?"

Westinghouse's Group W stations, after a handful of shows, declared *House Party* embarrassing. After a long, brutal meeting in New York with NBC executives, Sand was given a list of changes that had to be made if the show was to remain on the air. One of the show's main flaws, according to the executives, was that it had no heart. At the next staff meeting Sand, quick to put on his old administrator's hat and dodge creative responsibility, chewed out his writing staff for lacking heart. *The first goddamned thing wrong is the cooking segment*, he told them. *Cooking segments aren't about cooking, they're about people. Take (House Party regular) Paul Prudhomme — here you have a 400-pound freak. People don't want to know what he's cooking; they want to know what it's like to be a 400-pound freak! When you're writing the scripts, there should be questions like "How does it feel to be 400 pounds?" "How does it feel to be at a party where everyone's eating and you have to be on a diet?" "How does it feel to wake up every day and be 400 pounds?" That*, Sand said with authority, *is heart*.

While Sand tried to browbeat his staff into giving him heart, whatever that was, Silverman spent her time riffling through staff members' faxes and phone messages, even desk drawers and, in at least one case, purses. She would report all her findings back to Sand, who had taken to staying hunkered down in his office for extended periods. Employees knew better than to speak out about these intrusions. "Standing up to Gayle," one former writer recalls, "meant being fired."

Nor would the curse of Gayle necessarily end there. She was known to leave rude and/or threatening messages on the answering machines of former *Wilton North* staff members. One afternoon, while paging through *The Village Voice*, she spotted an ad for a nightclub comedy act by Paul Krassner, who had been a

SILVERMAN USED TO READ ALOUD NOTES SHE SAYS SHE SENT LETTERMAN: / SAW YOU YOU LOOKED FAT! I HEAR YOUR SHOW IS DOING BAD! GUESS YOU'LL BE OUT OF WORK

despite Sand's oft-repeated words of support: "Relax, Goddamn it!" "Barry puts on a terrible show for the audience," says one former employee, "but a great show for the staff."

House Party was no place for physical or emotional frailties. Returning to the office after a doctor's appointment, one staff member was accosted by Silverman, who demanded to know where she had been. The woman, having been diagnosed as having a tubal pregnancy and an ovarian cyst, explained that her appointment had been "a matter of life and death," to which Silverman replied, "This *show* is a matter of life and death!"

writer and performer on *Wilton North*. Silverman felt Krassner had betrayed her and Sand by writing a frank article about *Wilton North* for the *Los Angeles Times*, and so, understandably, she picked up the phone and prepared to call in a bomb threat to the club. "If Paul Krassner plays there," she said while dialing, "the place is going to blow up." When a horrified colleague grabbed the phone away from her just in time, she shrieked, "Fuck him! I'm going to get that cocksucker back! What he did to us was horrible!"

Silverman even bragged to *House Party* colleagues about the signed hate notes she claimed to have been sending via interoffice mail to the man she saw as her

archenemy—David Letterman. Sometimes she recited the notes: *I saw you on TV last night—you looked fat and bloated! You looked like shit! I hear your show is doing bad and your ratings are slipping! Guess you'll be out of work soon—I can't wait!* She also claimed to have sent Letterman and Robert Morton a plastic bag containing feces—a particularly personal gesture, considering that neither Sand nor Silverman has a pet.

"Gayle just really liked being mean," remembers one *House Party* employee. "Once, the day after a child had appeared on the show," another employee recalls, "Gayle called up the child's mother just to say, *Your kid was really terrible. I mean, he really stunk.*"

An early indication of Silverman's fixation with control was her less-than-subtle way of dealing with Emmy-winning director Bob Levy. One day she left an anonymous handwritten note on Levy's chair. The note read, "You are the world's worst director. You should be ashamed of yourself." A week later, Sand fired Levy. But when it looked like the director might not be paid for the time remaining in his contract, Levy showed Silverman's strange note to NBC executives. The network paid in full, no questions asked.

Having struggled so long and hard to have a show and staff of their own to control, Silverman and Sand were fast depleting the ranks of their underlings: one overqualified receptionist who had been promised a more substantial job was fired when Silverman pronounced her "a cancer" on the show; another staff member was fired and rehired three times; and various others were fired or driven out. The lower the ratings dipped, the more indecisive and dysfunctional Sand became, wandering around the set muttering dark grievances to himself. If anyone else was

critical of the show, however, he'd snap, "The only people who are indispensable here are Gayle and me."

After a month on the air the ratings for *House Party* kept sliding, with WNBC in New York losing 50 percent of its audience for the hour. In a moment of delusional grandeur, Sand and Silverman decided there was only one thing to be done: fire everyone. *Everyone?* host Steve Doocy asked when Barry apprised him of his plan. *Who in particular?* Sand explained that he meant literally everyone—the entire staff except Silverman, Sand and Doocy. The normally accommodating host was at first stunned into silence but eventually managed to talk the pair out of this Jonestownesque course of action.

Sand and his staff had a two-week period with no tapings in the production schedule, which, when *House Party* continued to bomb, they decided to use to rethink

the show. On the last day of this hiatus, after ten days of stagnation, Sand and Silverman announced their solution to the staff: to give the show heart, they had coaxed Doocy's wife, Kathy, a cable sports announcer, into joining *House Party* as cohost. This format shift was accomplished without the authorization of any NBC executives.

Despite protestations from the staff, 24 hours after being hired, Kathy Doocy appeared for her first *House Party* taping. Minutes into the show, Silverman decided she despised the new cohost. During the first commercial break, the former dental hygienist walked onstage and, in front of Kathy Doocy, told the guest she had been interviewing, *You were really good, but I have to apologize for Mrs. Doocy here; she's really not very good.* For the

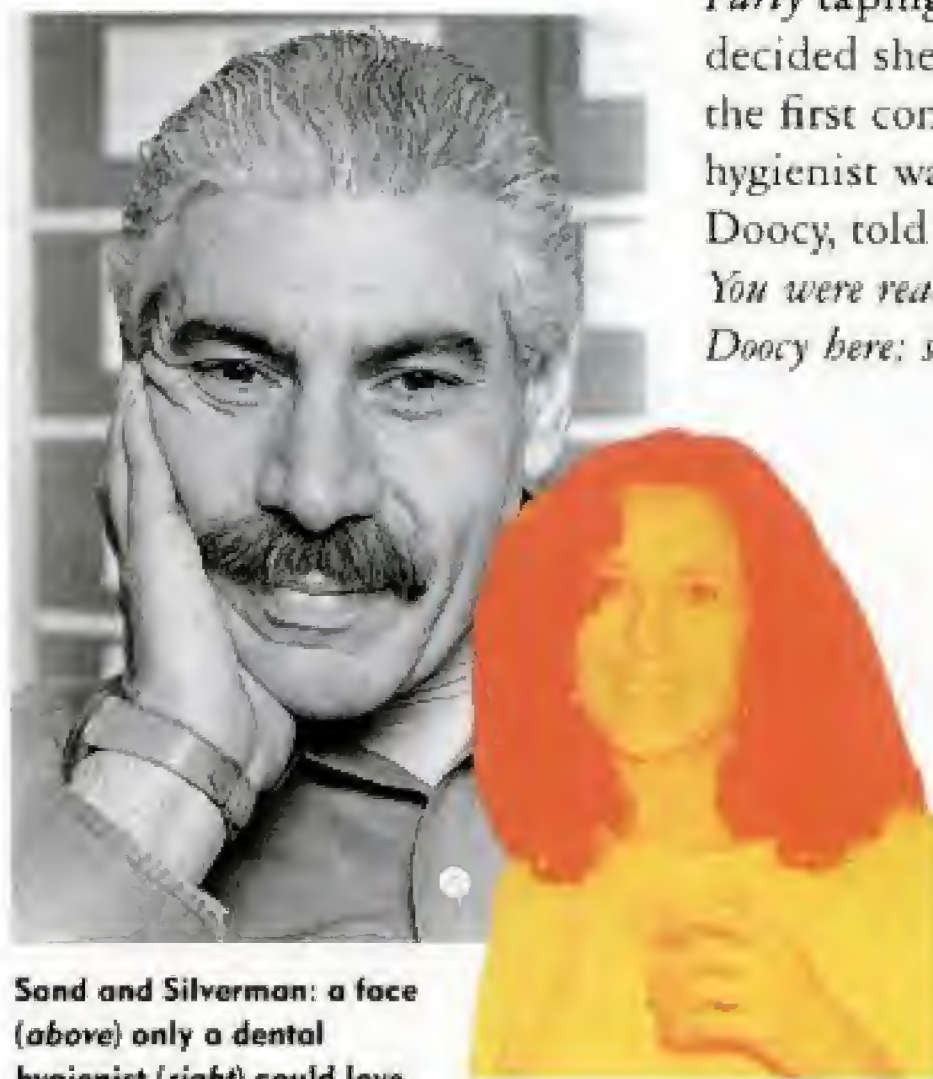
remainder of the taping Silverman apologized in this way to the interviewees during the commercial breaks.

Unfathomably, Kathy Doocy stuck around for her second taping, which ended with Silverman's informing the wardrobe man, in Kathy Doocy's presence, "You can send her dress back to wardrobe; she won't be needing it anymore."

After the near bomb threat and the furtive desk-drawer searches, after the \$100-an-hour psychic and the bag of feces allegedly speeding up the elevator at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, after Kathy Doocy's disastrous brush with the *House Party* tyrants, the tales of madness began drifting back to NBC Television headquarters in Burbank. Steve Doocy, who had not exercised much of his power previously, told NBC that Silverman had to go. Within three days of the Kathy Doocy incident Gayle Silverman was fired. Despite her dismissal she continued to come to the office and told acquaintances, "I quit, but they begged me to keep coming in for a little while longer." And as ever, Sand kept her close by his side in the control room so she could whisper helpful executive-producing tips into his ear.

Finally, on March 9, with *House Party's* ratings going from wretched to worse, Sand was summoned upstairs by NBC executive John Miller. This time, however, the dismissal wouldn't come with a brand-new job. The newspapers reported that Sand and NBC had parted "by mutual consent." He released a statement saying that the new information-heavy direction the show was taking "is not my forte. I'm more interested in comedy, so when the decision was made, I moved on."

Although Barry Sand is out of a job, remember—this is television. It's a reasonable bet that he, along with the most powerful dental hygienist in show business, will soon be given new opportunities and new horizons with complete creative control. After all, as Fox's Jamie Kellner said to the station's affiliates in 1988, seconds after announcing the cancellation of the *Wilton North Report*, "Barry Sand is a man with excellent credentials." ■



Sand and Silverman: a face (above) only a dental hygienist (right) could love

**ON TV LAST NIGHT.
SOON. I CAN'T WAIT!**

ROTTISSE LEAGUE

94 **SPY** SEPTEMBER 1990

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BY NOW EVERYBODY IN America must know someone who plays Rotisserie League Baseball. Invented in 1980 by some bored journalists and named for La Rotisserie Française, the once fashionable, now defunct Manhattan restaurant where the game was conceived, it was designed for fans who cannot derive sufficient amusement from the 2,106 games staged every year by major league baseball or from actually playing the sport. Enjoyed by statistics freaks, by guys who never really played

draft actual major leaguers in order to complete a roster. Some people play with real money: the money goes into a pool, and the owner who at season's end has assembled the dream team with the best record wins the pot. Scoring is based on how well each baseball player performs during the season, according to statistics like batting average, runs batted in and so on.

SPY's Rotisserie League Life (trademark pending) is more fun and every bit as inane. But instead of putting

OFFICIAL RULES

1 It strikes us that this game would be most fun to play with six owners, although any number from two to ten can play.

2 To assemble your team, draw lots or roll dice or bicker with one another until you and your fellow owners have determined a drafting order. Then take turns picking from among the available newsmakers. The draft continues until each

the only game THAT ALLOWS YOU

TO SAY, "I'LL TRADE YOU THE LAMBADA AND BART SIMPSON FOR LAURENCE

TISCH, MARION BARRY AND A POCKMARKED TYRANNICAL

DESPOT TO BE NAMED LATER"



baseball as kids and by aficionados who believe themselves shrewder than the average fan, Rotisserie League Baseball lets these people act like owners of professional baseball clubs and, in their meticulously tallied fantasies, buy, sell, cut, trade and otherwise act like God with a team of men who, despite being professional athletes, have feelings, too.

BUT AS ONE GROWS OLDER AND WISER, one realizes that people who have an encyclopedic knowledge of baseball minutiae are not always people one would call, well, *smart*. Knowledge in this realm does not necessarily imply a fluency in politics, foreign affairs, literature, show business, social trends, art or any of the fields about which a competitive *Jeopardy* contestant or SPY reader must be informed. Unfortunately, there's no ready opportunity for a well-rounded, clever person to prove in some tendentious, immature way just how clever he or she is.

Until now. Introducing SPY's Rotisserie League Life (trademark pending).

Rotisserie League Life (trademark pending) works like Rotisserie League Baseball. In that game, a group of friends get together and pretend to be team owners. They form teams and

together a hypothetical squad of pitchers and batters, you assemble a team of news-making people, objects and concepts. For example, instead of infielders and outfielders, your team's positions include *Greedy Tycoon*, *Tyrannical Despot* and *Media Concoction*. You create your team from an initial draft and modify it through trades with your fellow "owners" and through free-agent acquisitions. Banish Donald Trump to the bench for poor performance. Swap Robert Campeau for Pee-wee Herman. Sign up whoever runs Greece this week; he's unknown now, but with a sudden flare-up on Cyprus, his value—and your reputation for spotting talent—could soar. In this game the winning team will be the one whose entries accumulate the highest number of mentions in *USA Today* over the course of a year.

The rules follow, along with the roster of eligible entries, a blank lineup card where you can record your choices, and an exclusive media tournament in which SPY plays the game. In coming months SPY will publish scoring updates. And a year from now some of you will be able to look at your close friends and gloat insufferably about being cannier than they are.

team owner has picked an entry in each of the 20 positions, plus two re-

serves. (Reserves cannot score until they are moved up to your starting roster; they can be used to fill any position, but they score only within their proper context [see rule No. 7]. In other words, you can put Ed Koch anywhere, but let's see if you can get him to score points as a *Sexpot*.) *Note:* A news-maker may be owned by only one owner.

3 You can also play against us. We challenged the editors of *Rolling Stone* to compete; they agreed, and each side assembled a team (see page 97). Choose your own hot prospect from each category and see if you're more astute than we are.

4 It is possible to play the game for money. If you and your friends want to do that, set a ceiling on the amount each of you begins with. Then take turns filling the positions on your roster. An owner must pay something to fill a slot; you should set a minimum amount. If an owner tries to select a particularly promising "player," you and your fellow owners may engage in a bidding war with him or her. (If the first owner is outbid, he or she may draft again, and the win-

ning owner loses his or her next drafting turn.) Obviously, owners must budget carefully in order to fill all of their slots, yet they must also be willing to gamble in order to obtain promising entries. It is suggested that owners reserve some money in order to buy new players during the course of the season.

5 Once your team is assembled, feel free to make changes. Swap team members with your fellow owners. Cut an unproductive member and bring up an overlooked prospect that no other owner has picked. (If you're playing for money, you must pay a fee to bring someone up.) If you replace an entry, the one you cut loose becomes available to your rivals.

6 It is probably a good idea to elect one of your group to serve as commissioner—to hold the pot, monitor each owner's accounts, keep track of deals, and operate and regulate the drafts. It is your choice whether to give the commissioner the power to interpret rules and make decisions on matters we have not addressed.

7 Our game's newspaper of record is that of Rotisserie League Baseball: *USA Today*. Each mention of an entry earns you one point—but only if the mention is made in the context of that entry's position. For instance, an article about how much George Bush loves horseshoes would earn no points for anyone, but one

that shows Bush breaking a campaign promise—raising taxes, say, or cutting the EPA budget—would count if the president is your team's *Accused Sellout*. You can score only one point per *USA Today* article; multiple mentions within one article do not rack up points. In some categories context is irrelevant: any *Fictitious Annoyance*, *Jackson*, *Media Concoction*, *Overpromoted Movie or TV Show*, *Facet of Black Culture That Has Been or Will Be Appropriated by White People* or *Dead Celebrity* scores with every mention. Scoring will be performed by the authors. Their decisions are final. Statistics and standings will be published regularly in *SPY*. The owner who has assembled the most points at the end of the year wins.

8 A team member can be drafted to play only in the position we've assigned him or her or it. You may wonder why we decided to do this; after all, you may say, Jesse Jackson could play at *Jackson*, *Scapegoat*, *Media Concoction*, *Scandalized Politician*, *Panacea* and, perhaps, *Facet of Black Culture That Has Been or Will Be Appropriated by White People*. True, but laissez-faire play would be too hard to regulate. Once we started permitting that, we would have to put up with arguments that, for instance, Bart Simpson should count as a *Scapegoat* (he has lately been blamed for encouraging antisocial behavior among children), and there would be no end of contention. Of course, we can't be

everywhere. If your group agrees to play a more wide-open version, that's your choice.

9 People and things not on this list may become players during the course of the year. We will announce new entries in upcoming months, and they may be used to replace current team members, according to the protocol of your league. You can also draft people and things we don't suggest, but we're not keeping score for you.

10 If you draft people not suggested by us, here are some guidelines to keep in mind: A team member positioned as *Dead Celebrity* can be either a deceased person or someone who is merely career-dead—the Cowsills, for instance, would be available. In order to score points as a *Tyrannical Despot*, a player must (a) have run a country, or a definable U.S. jurisdiction, within the past 24 months; (b) control an army or police force of more than 10,000 troops; and (c) have banned, rigged or lost a popular election sometime in his or her career.

11 If a *Dead Celebrity* has a comeback—if Gabe Kaplan gets elected to the U.S. Congress, for instance—his owner can freely assign him to another position.

12 The season begins September 1, 1990, and concludes August 31, 1991.

THE POOL OF PLAYERS

Greedy Tycoon

Robert Campeau
Leona Helmsley
Carl Icahn
Charles H. Keating Jr.
Henry Kravis
Robert Maxwell
Rupert Murdoch



Wayne
Newton

Ron Perelman
Laurence Tisch
Donald Trump
Mort Zuckerman

Scandal-Tainted Politician

Marion Barry
Alan Cranston
Alfonse D'Amato
David Dinkins
Pete Domenici
David Durenberger
Barney Frank
Newt Gingrich
John Glenn

Gary Hart
Ted Kennedy
Buz Lukens
John McCain
Richard Nixon
Don Riegle
Jim Wright

Fictitious Annoyance

Batman
buyer for Donald
Trump's yacht
"the end of history"
Max Headroom
George Jetson



Freddy Krueger
Mickey Mouse
Laura Palmer

Dan Quayle's
respectability
Robocop
Bart Simpson
Teenage Mutant
Ninja Turtles



Dick Tracy
Uncle Buck
Nancy Weston
Ernest P. Worrell

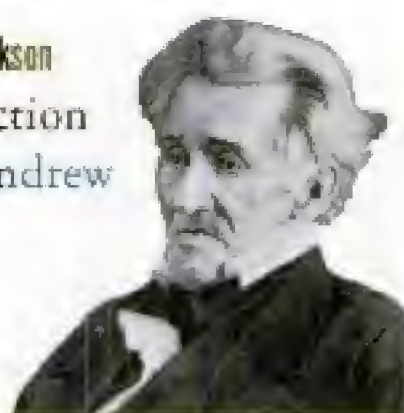
Scapegoat
crack

disposable diapers
Michael Dukakis
heredity
Japan
junk food
Rob Lowe
Robert Mapplethorpe
Mike Milken
MTV



niche-marketed
cigarettes
political consultants
pornography
Ronald Reagan
M. Danny Wall

Jackson
Action
Andrew



Bo
Glenda
Janet
Jesse
La Toya
Mahalia
Michael
, Mississippi
Pollock
Reggie

Tyrannical Despot
any former contra
who becomes
a "legitimate"
politician
F. W. de Klerk
Ion Iliescu



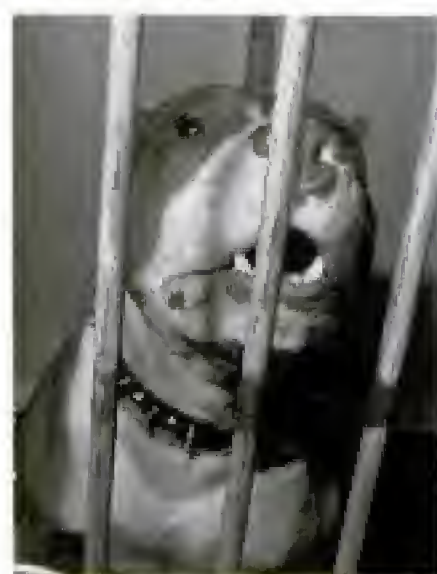
Kim Il-Sung
Imelda Marcos
Brian Mulroney
Manuel Noriega



Li Peng
Mu'ammar Qaddafi
John Sununu
Margaret Thatcher

Maniac-Wielded Weapon
AK-47

angry letter to the
editor
the Bible
Exxon oil tanker
the federal budget
hatpin
knife
nuclear device



pit bull
RICO indictment
U.S. Constitution

Scary Organization
The Academy of
Motion Picture
Arts and Sciences
CAA



Catholic church
Detroit Pistons
Earth First!
Hezbollah
IRA
IRS

Khmer Rouge
Ku Klux Klan



Mafia
Medellín cartel
NRA
PMRC
PETA

Crumbling Institution
CIA
congressional ethics
Bill Cosby
department stores
Harvard
health care
Kohlberg Kravis
Roberts & Co.
NATO
network news
New York Yankees
savings and loan
associations

SPY



vinyl records
Warsaw Pact

Chaotic Nation
Burma
Canada
China
Colombia
Cuba
Germany
Lebanon
Nicaragua
Panama
Romania
South Africa
USA
USSR

It's SPY vs. *Rolling Stone* in the First Official Rotisserie League Life (trade- mark pending) Competition of All Time **LET THE GAMES BEGIN!**

Having developed Rotisserie League Life (trademark pending), SPY felt obliged to put its money where its mouth was and actually play the game, in public. Those all-America-caliber competitors at *Rolling Stone* took up our challenge, knowing that only in robust competition does one gain a measure of oneself.

So it was that Rotisserie League Life Draft Day 1990 (trademark also pending) came to be. Anyone present at that occasion would be lying if he said he could not sense a new order being created in the world. Indeed, the drama must have equaled what George Halas and the other visionaries felt when they founded an organization called the National Football League while gathered around the running board of an old Hupmobile in Canton, Ohio.

The draft was conducted by conference call at noon on July 12, 1990. SPY, in a show of sportsmanship, freely granted the No. 1 draft pick to *Rolling Stone*. The draft then proceeded in the order of the categories, as listed below. In the first category, Greedy Tycoon, *Rolling Stone* selected Donald Trump, bestowing yet another honor on the short-fingered indentured servant. Thereafter, the first pick in each category alternated between the magazines. Here are the Rotisserie League Life (trademark pending) teams that were assembled:

| CATEGORY | ROLLING STONE | SPY |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Tycoon | Donald Trump | Henry Kravis |
| Politician | Newt Gingrich | Alfonse D'Amato |
| Annoyance | Laura Palmer | Bart Simpson |
| Scapegoat | pornography | Ronald Reagan |
| Jackson | Jesse | Bo |
| Despot | John Sununu | Li Peng |
| Weapon | U.S. Constitution | federal budget |
| Scary Organization | PMRC | Catholic church |
| Crumbling Institution | NATO | S&Ls |
| Chaotic Nation | Germany | USSR |
| Panacea | Barbara Bush | recycling |
| Concoction | New Kids on the Block | Oprah Winfrey |
| \$ Scheme | sleep with a celebrity | win the lottery |
| Review Adjective | gripping | explosive |
| Sellout | David Lynch | Ivana Trump |
| Movie or Show | <i>Godfather III</i> | Super Bowl XXV |
| Black Culture Facet | Arsenio Hall | rap |
| Dead Celebrity | Jim Morrison | Elvis Presley |
| Recluse | Mike Ovitz | Marlon Brando |
| Sexpot | Greta Scacchi | Madonna |
| RESERVES | <i>Cop Rock</i> the Bundy women | James Baker Vaclav Havel |

Panacea

Barbara Bush
calcium
Chapter 11
condoms
increased
productivity
Just Say No
liquid diets
oat bran
Prozac
recycling
Rogaine
tough schools
Boris Yeltsin

Media Concoction

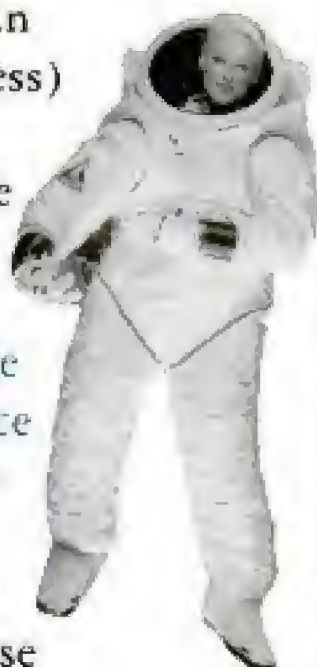
Dr. Ruth
Morton Downey Jr.
Sukhreet Gabel
Jessica Hahn
any lambada dancer
Marla Maples



Menudo
Milli Vanilli
Walter Monheit™
New Kids on the
Block
Arnold Schwarzenegger
Oprah Winfrey

Get-Rich-Quick Scheme

Atlantic City casinos
the Broncos plus 56
buy or sell the film
rights to a tragic tale
create your own
fragrance
marry an
heir(ess)
"900"
phone
lines
receive
a large
divorce
settle-
ment
plastics
Simplese



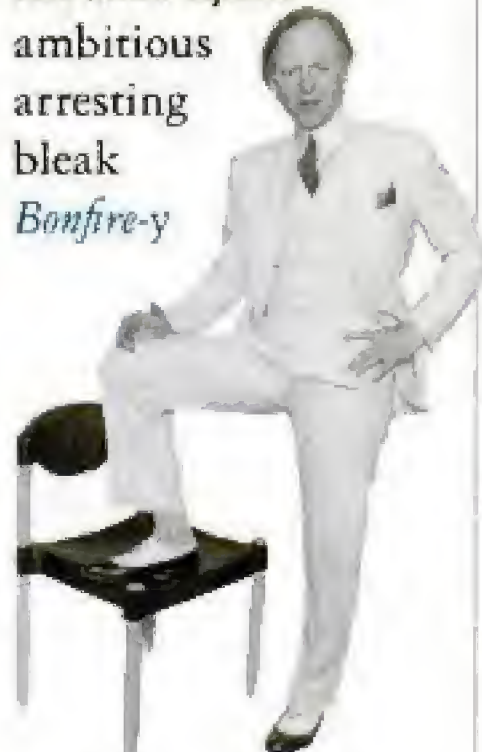
sleep with a celebrity
win on *America's
Funniest Home Videos*



win the lottery
write a screenplay

Book Review Adjective

ambitious
arresting
bleak
Bonfire-y



candid
compelling
depressing
environmentally
unflinching
explosive
good
gripping
heartfelt
iconic
iconoclastic
Japan-bashing
lavishly illustrated
McInerneyesque
necessary

Accused Sellout

Ivan Boesky
Angela Bowie
George Bush
Andrew "Dice" Clay
Communism
Mario Cuomo
Linda Ellerbee
Steven Goble
Garrison Keillor
Michael Kinsley
David Letterman
David Lynch
Paul McCartney
Tip O'Neill

Michael Steadman
Sting
Ivana Trump

Overpromoted Movie or TV Show

Batman II
Bonfire of the Vanities
*The Fresh Prince of
Bel Air*
Godfather III
Nightline
the State of the Union
address



Super Bowl XXV
Today
Trump Card



Twin Peaks

Facet of Black Culture That
Has Been or Will Be Appropriated
by White People
dooky ropes
fades
high blood pressure
high fives



Arsenio Hall
Whitney Houston
In Living Color
jazz
jerk chicken
Spike Lee
Nelson Mandela
music recorded at
Chess Studios

Colin Powell
rap
rib joints
the expression *homeboy*
voguing
wearing big goggles
on your Raiders cap

Dead Celebrity

Ralph Abernathy
Stiv Bators
Sammy Davis Jr.
James Dean
Erik Estrada
Geraldine Ferraro
Greta Garbo
Joey Heatherton
Gabe Kaplan
JFK
John Lennon
Billy Martin
George McGovern
Marilyn Monroe
Jim Morrison
Vladimir Nabokov
Nico



Elvis Presley
Mary Lou Retton
Diana Ross
Adlai Stevenson
Andy Warhol

Recluse

Abe Beame
Menachem Begin
Marlon Brando
Doris Duke
Huntington Hartford
Mike Ovitz
paintings stolen from
the Gardner
Museum
Thomas Pynchon
Salman Rushdie
J. D. Salinger

Sexpot or Sex Substitute
aerobics



Alec Baldwin
Kim Basinger
bridge
Cindy Crawford
Tom Cruise
Andy Garcia
Mel Gibson
Mick Jagger
John F. Kennedy Jr.
Andie MacDowell
Madonna
Nintendo
Michelle Pfeiffer
Julia Roberts
Rotisserie League
Baseball
Diane Sawyer
Greta Scacchi

RESERVE LIST

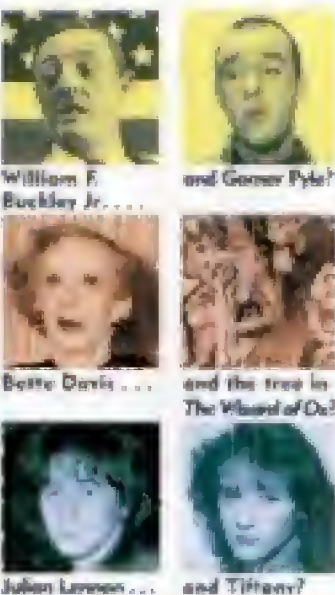
(Pick Two)

American Gladiators
James Baker
Jackson Browne
the Bundy women
on *Married...*
With Children
Yankees backup
catcher Rick Cerone
Chad
Cop Rock
Miles Drentell
Gilligan-style hats
Great Britain
Vaclav Havel
Billy Joel
Ed Koch
the phrase "America
is a Pacific nation"
Prelude to a Kiss
pyramid schemes
Al Roker
Lester Thurow
Paul Verhoeven



watching the leaves
change color

Good
Clean
Fun



William F. Buckley Jr. ... and Gomer Pyle?
Bette Davis ... and the tree in The Wizard of Oz?
Julian Lennon ... and Tiffany?



Leona Helmsley ...



... and the Joker?

SEPARATED AT BIRTH? 2



Geraldine Barr ... and Bozo the Clown?

THE SAGA CONTINUES

Loads o' Laughs

SPY BOOK

The matching magic is back!
Return to that strangely familiar world of unlikely look-alikes in this spanking new collection of over 250 pairs and triplets. Here at last, more of a very good thing, only new and improved.
At better bookstores now!

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TWO GIRLS NAMED

LIZ

*Logan and Smith: two Lizes who spell their
names with a capital I*

BY HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND

REVIEW
OF
REVIEWERS

"Worth the trek downtown" is how critic Gael Greene describes Texarkana in the free restaurant guide *New York* magazine was mailing to subscribers at press time, early this summer. Worth it only if you enjoy walking up and down West 10th Street peering into windows and checking building numbers.

Texarkana closed in October 1989.

New Yorkers who feared that the demise of *7 Days* would make it difficult to keep up with the breaking events in restaurant critic Liz Logan's life, and in the lives of her many friends, fretted unnecessarily, it turns out. As *New York's* new "Underground Gourmet" (Greene remains the magazine's chief reviewer for restaurants and ex-restaurants), Logan has even more room than she had as *7 Days's* "Rotator"—room to write well about food, as she generally does, and also to parade a self-absorption that *New York* insists on perceiving as "quirky, literate." Why does this otherwise talented writer assume we care passionately about her daily grind?

"I don't know about you," Logan wrote in her first *New York* column, "but I have places to go, deadlines to meet, *Twin Peaks* to watch...." And, you can be sure, friends to tell us about. Friends like "my old pal David, who manages to be abnormally relaxed under any circumstances." She goes with David to a restaurant—a place, she adds, that she's been to twice before (once with "a group," once "on a first date"). She goes to another restaurant with "my friend Kiko." But wait: *Kiko's wallet and passport have been stolen!* Not at the restaurant, though—that would be pertinent. No, the wallet and passport were stolen earlier, while the two friends were shopping. Logan has been to this restaurant before, too, "with my Made-

moiselle colleague Ellen, a fellow *Peaks* freak." That evening was memorable indeed: both Liz and Ellen were in a hurry to get home in time for *Twin Peaks*. "P.S.," writes Logan, compellingly, "I made it; Ellen didn't."

In another of those legendary early Underground Gourmet columns (the one in which Liz's friendship with Ken is tested when he visits from Dallas and breaks out in hives because he's allergic to her cats—you remember), Logan tried something bold. She unexpectedly, thrillingly, went after A. M. Rosenthal's three-year-old record for First-Person Usage in a Single Column or Column-Length Article. Rosenthal, longtime readers of *SPY* may recall, put so much of himself into one of his On My Mind columns on the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times*—he used the personal pronoun *I* 34 times—that it almost seemed the unfortunate result of some private wager, or a dare. The Rosenthal mark has since been regarded with awe as a standard for bylined egomania—as unassailable, in its way, as Bob Beamon's 1968 Mexico City long jump.

Enter Logan, in the Carl Lewis role.

It would be overstating matters to say that Logan came close to surpassing Rosenthal. Yet take a look at this usage breakdown for the two columns:

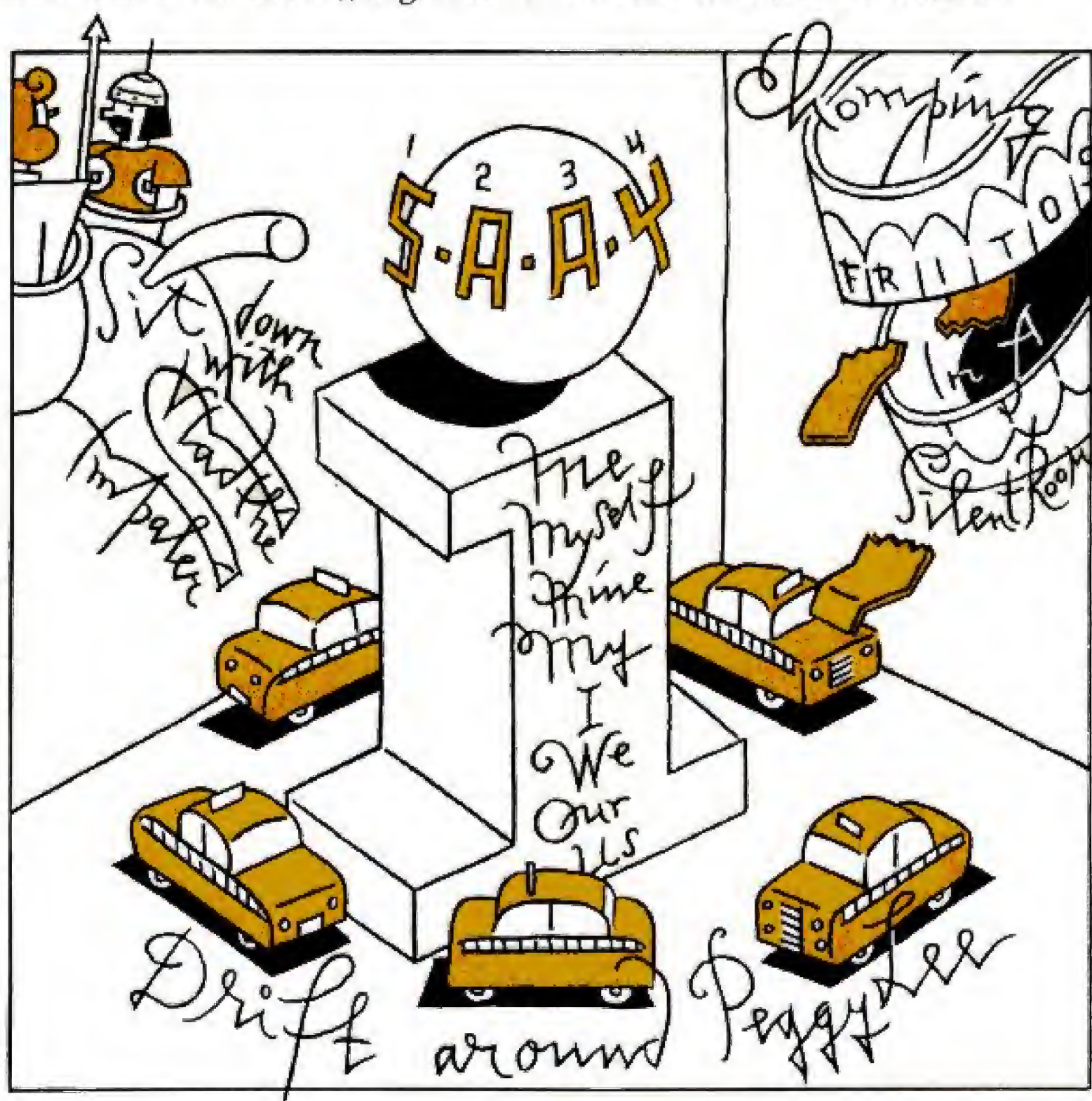


ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

| | Rosenthal (February 12, 1987) | Logan (June 11, 1990) |
|----------|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| "me" | 1 | 2 |
| "myself" | 2 | 0 |
| "mine" | 1 | 0 |
| "my" | 4 | 3 |
| "I" | 34 | 15 |
| "we" | 0 | 4 |
| "our" | 0 | 2 |
| "us" | 0 | 1 |
| Total | 42 | 27 |

Within striking distance, definitely. Logan, given time and a few more out-of-town visitors with whom to rack up those all-important first-person-*plural* points, is poised for the record books. A few training tips for the Underground Gourmet: (1) Don't neglect the possibilities of *myself* and especially *mine* (e.g., try something like "*That last dumpling was mine.*" I said to my old friend Ramona, who was in town staying at my book-filled apartment and had been getting kind of restive while I went out constantly to restaurants with my well-read magazine-editor pals." Mine, I, my, my, I, my — six points right there); (2) Read some of *Vanity Fair's* more self-regarding feature writers — Ron Rosenbaum, Jesse Kornbluth, Marie Brenner — for ideas on manufacturing first-person situations where none had seemed even remotely possible, much less necessary. Follow these rules, Liz, and the Rosenthal mark will fall.

If Rex Reed seems to have vanished in recent years, there's a simple explanation: he writes a regular column that appears in *The New York Observer* (and in the back pages of *The New York Observer*, at that). On the Town With Rex Reed is worth reading for any number of reasons, one of which is that it's short. Another is to enjoy the inspired Reedian similes he produces almost weekly:

"The changes in life drift around [Peggy Lee] like cruising taxicabs."

"[Eileen Heckart's] perfect timing and little karate-chop inflections are like the sound of dentures chomping Fritos in a silent room." (Heckart also "emerges from the ashes like the phoenix, triumphant and terrific.")

"[*Saturday Night Live* cast members'] nerves fairly crackled from the screen like a hot-air corn popper."

"With *Miami Blues*, [Alec] Baldwin torches the screen like a flaming derrick out of control."



Amaretto di Alt

To send a gift of Amaretto di Saronno anywhere in the U.S. call 1-800-248-3787.
28% alcohol volume © 1989. Imported by The Paddington Corp., Fort Lee, NJ. Photo: Ken Nahoum.

Or you can read Rex for his articulate pans: the Andrew Dice Clay *Saturday Night Live* show was "awful," "moronic," "boring" and "stupid." (For "real comedy," turn instead to those "icons of humor," Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca,

But wait: Kiko's wallet and passport have been stolen! Not at the restaurant, though — that would be pertinent

who "reveal comic truths that hold a mirror to us all.")

More often — a lot more often — you can read Reed for his raves. Not even *Rolling Stone's* Peter Travers in his prime could concoct endorsements like these. Two examples here should suffice.

Briton Sandra King is an "extraordinary lady singer...a phenomenal sorceress of song...[an] amazing vocalist...a major discovery." She doesn't so much sing as practice "witchcraft" with her "impeccable taste in repertory." One song rendition is "a gem," another "sublime," a third "fabulous." But best of all is her rendition of the word *say* — "four unbelievable syllables."

Even so, King can't compare with Maureen McGovern — McGovern of the "supernatural taste," who "turns smiles to frowns." She is "possessed with one of the most heaven-sent vocal instruments this side of an angel's choir." She's "Barbra Streisand, Ella Fitzgerald and Maria Callas all rolled into one incredible package. Nothing is too challenging for her musical gifts." And her musicians? "Superb." The arrangements? "Sophisticated and imaginative." Choice of material? "Consistently thrilling." In sum, McGovern has "originality and excellence," "leaves no emotion untouched" and "has a purifying effect." Hmmm...anything there — anything at all — for a publicist to stick in an ad?

But mostly you should read On the



PHOTO CREDITS

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Page 52: Ewing Galloway (money).

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Page 86: ©1985 NBC Inc. (Sand).

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Page 89: Photofest (all photos).

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Page 97: AP/Wide World Photos (Iliescu, Uptown); Culver Pictures (Jackson); UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (Noriega, pit bull); H. Armstrong Roberts (church, girl); Anthony Savignano/Galella, Ltd. (Gatti).

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Pages 110-111: Rose Hartman (Avedon); Ron Galella, Ltd. (Campbell, Trump); Anthony Savignano/Galella, Ltd. (Bernhard); Patrick McMullan (Martins, Sawyer, Ertegun, Haden-Guest, Winters, Bernstein in T-shirt).

Town With Rex Reed for such unintentionally funny writing as the paragraph that began, "Visually, [the McGuire Sisters] defy the laws of gravity. Dorothy lives in Scottsdale, married to the same husband for 31 years...."

Not long ago Liz Smith wrote me a charming note (see Letters to SPY, August) in which she took exception to my characterizing some of her behavior as "erratic." In fact, I may have jumped the gun. My assessment, after all, came *before* her Memorial Day column, an instant classic if ever there was one. James Ledbetter of *The Village Voice* has already addressed this particular bit of Liziana, but at too little length; here is a more generous excerpt. The mise-en-scène: Smith, reacting to passing criticism of her in SPY and in the *Voice*, is defending her association with Republican media manipulator Roger Ailes. The donkey that Smith introduces has not previously been mentioned by anyone.

ROGER and Liz know we're on Spy's "hit parade" and that we won't please them if we ride the donkey, if Roger rides and I lead the donkey, if I lead and Roger rides the donkey, or if we carry and drop the donkey in the river, as in *AESOP'S* fable. And we don't care. But what did *WAYNE* [Newton], one of the most popular performers in showbiz, ever do to Spy? Working with Roger Ailes reminded me that if some had their way, there'd be no interaction at all between folks in this democracy. We'd all get in our slots and stay there; we'd never mix, mingle and learn.... Races would never intermingle.... The entire melting pot, the live-and-let-live aspect of democracy, would close up shop.... Isn't this what *HITLER* wanted?... I believe separatism and dogged other "isms" will be the death of this country.... This is why I would — as my critics have charged — sit down with Vlad the Impaler. I'm curious. I want to hear what he wants to say.... I don't care to spend my time trying to satisfy somebody else's idea of whom to know, talk to and work with, and behaving in the way somebody else has decided I should. It's still a free country. Too bad so many people no longer understand that all-American fact.

Amen. Liz Smith and *Doonesbury* are the only reasons to buy the *Daily News*, and at this point Smith is the more reliably hilarious of the two. Just one nagging question: why wasn't *Vlad the Impaler* in boldface? D

READY, AIM,

READY

*Finally, a state-run venture with
all the certainty of taxes*

BY SUSAN LEHMAN

It's hard to kill a pig. That's why the state of California decided, in the spring of 1938, to put a caged pig inside its brand-new lethal gas chamber at San Quentin. If the cyanide gas worked on a pig, it would work on a man. Prison officials watched as gas sailed through the animal's snout; it drooled, snorted and fell over, dead. The state, satisfied that its \$5,000 purchase worked properly, disposed of 194 citizens in the chamber over the next 30 years. Last spring, San Quentin's staff was busy preparing for the state's 195th execution. Robert Alton Harris, convicted of killing two teenage boys in 1978, was to be the first person executed at the prison in 23 years.

San Quentin's execution squad was ready for Harris. The eight-member volunteer team had read and reread San Quentin Institution Procedure No. 769, the state's official gassing guidelines. They had been rehearsing mock executions for months. They knew just what to do.

Shortly before the scheduled execution time, 3:00 a.m. on April 3, two execution-team members would unlock Harris's special death-watch holding cell and ask him to remove all his clothing. They'd hand him the freshly pressed denim trousers and blue shirt he would wear during his execution. He would not be given any other executionwear — no underwear, socks, belt, hat or other layers that could possibly trap gas and injure removal personnel. After they watched him slip into his jeans, prison officials would attach a heart moni-

tor to Harris's chest and help him button the blue shirt. Then, according to Procedure No. 769, "the trousers' waistband [would be] adjusted and the trousers' legs rolled up, if necessary."

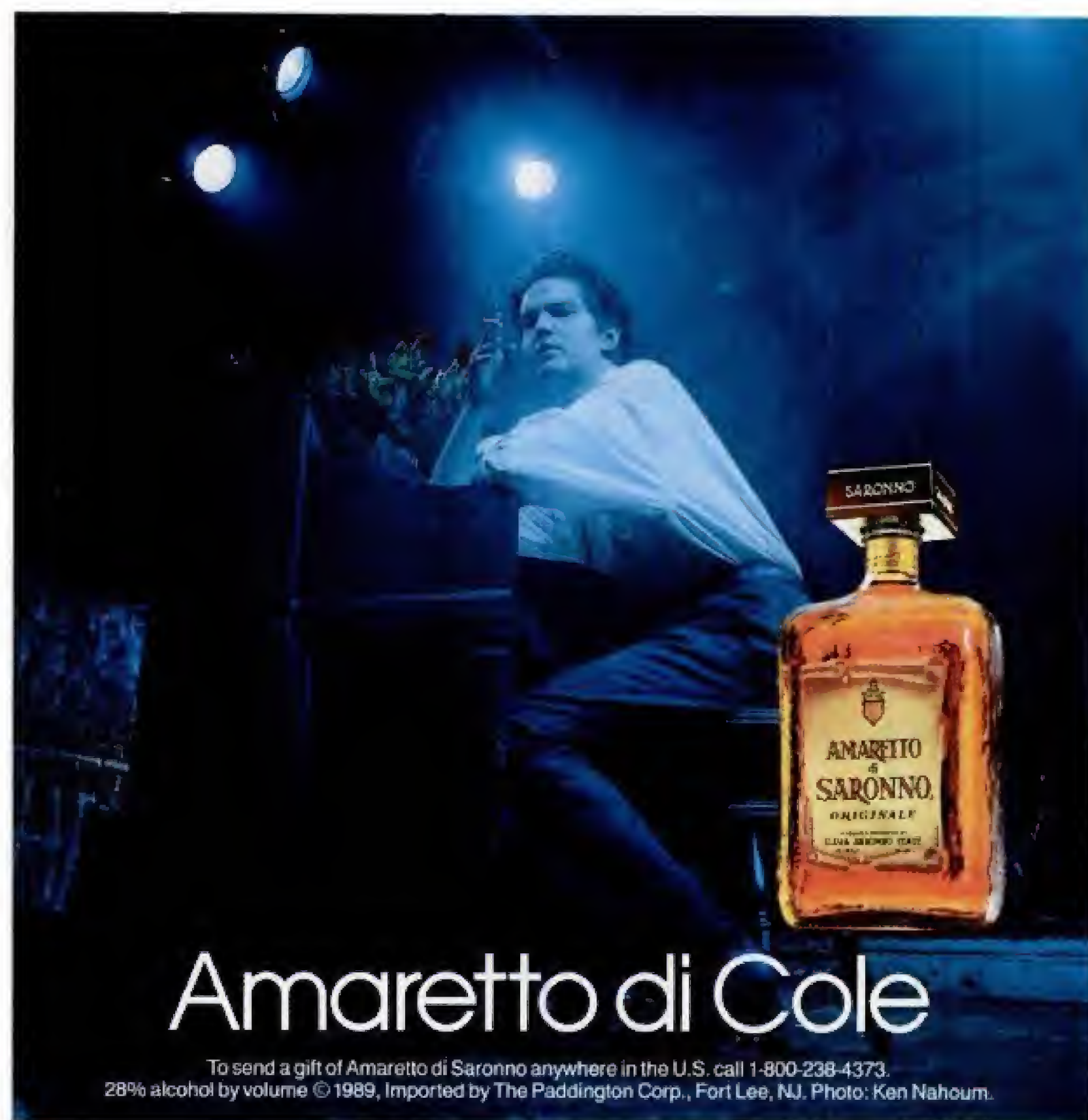
Next the lieutenant-in-charge of the gas chamber would escort Harris into the chamber and strap him to a metal chair. The warden would signal, an executioner would pull a lever, and two cheesecloth packets of sodium cyanide crystals would drop into a small chemical-filled mixing bowl beneath Harris's chair. Lethal gas would rise from the bowl, and a few minutes later, if matters proceeded according to plan, Harris's body would be taken in a van to the Mt. Tamalpais cemetery.

Harris was not, however, gassed according to plan. At the last minute a federal court decided that it would be a good idea to see whether neuropsychological testing could show that Harris was brain-damaged, had suffered from fetal alcohol syndrome or was otherwise legally unfit to die at San Quentin.

Word of the court's interference reached San Quentin at around 4:00 p.m. on what was to have been Harris's last afternoon. By that time the warden and his staff had already carried out about half of the final procedures set forth in No. 769.

The prison had been freshly painted. A standard-size casket was ready. Divers had searched the sea outside the prison and reported no signs of explosives or other waterborne elements that might disrupt the execution. Local authorities had set aside \$113,253 in public funds to police the area. (The sum included \$65,000 for deputy sheriffs' overtime pay, \$18,325 for food for policemen and \$9,200 to rent a hangar at an unused Air Force base where officers could house civilly disobedient demonstrators.) Lieutenant Vernell Crittendon, San Quentin's public-information officer, assured the press that the gas chamber had been cleaned and secured, the plumbing was intact, and all the necessary supplies were at hand.

Little jars of sodium cyanide, sulfuric acid, commercial ammonia, caustic soda and distilled water—the ingredients needed for an execution—stood ready in the "chemical room" just outside the chamber. No. 769 also specifies the tools and supplies necessary for gassing



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in the state of California: a glass funnel, rubber gloves (3 pairs), cheesecloth (8 square feet), tie-off wire, a plastic spray container (for use with ammonia in clearing the gas chamber), scissors, pliers, beakers, a gurney (as needed), department-approved handcuffs and leg irons, cardiac monitors (2 sets), wall clocks, electrical fuses, light bulbs, hand soap (2 bars), paper towels (dispenser and 5 packages), toilet paper, mops (2), mop buckets with rollers, mop-up towels (24), an indoor thermometer and the visiting-room buffer (used to wax the visiting-room floor).

While the justices were considering the legal reasons to keep Harris alive—at least for the time being—the execution team made final preparations to take Harris by elevator from death row down to the death-watch holding cell adjacent to the gas chamber. Harris would be outfitted for the journey in state-issue undershorts, undershirt, handcuffs and lead waist chains.

Guards would then keep constant watch over Harris to ensure that he did not commit suicide. Having denied Harris's request that the \$50 allotted for

his last meal be used instead to buy ice cream for everybody on death row, prison officials would serve the condemned man his final meal, a pizza, in the holding cell.

Lieutenant Crittendon explained that there is room in the holding cell for a mattress. When asked if that meant there *was* a mattress there, the lieutenant said no; in fact, there wasn't anything but a toilet in the holding cell. Did that mean that Harris would eat his last meal on the floor? "Nope," the lieutenant answered. "He'll eat standing up; he'll be holding the tray up, the way you would at a picnic." Per pre-execution procedure, however, Harris would not be able to attend the final meal wearing anything other than his underpants and some soft, socklike footwear.

At 3:20 p.m., a few hours before the scheduled picnic, Harris's sister came to say goodbye. A San Quentin staffer interrupted the visit: word had just arrived from the Supreme Court—Harris would not be leaving as planned.

Since Procedure No. 769 says nothing about what should be done in the event of a stay, the execution team had to

UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. I shouldn't be the one to say this, but this is probably the tightest crossword clue you are ever going to run into. How could any clue give the answer two different ways and still be tighter than one letter and three dots? *S*, of course, is "dot-dot-dot" in Morse code, and ... is "dot-dot-dot." This clue is so jam-packed that it makes up, I feel, for 18 Across and 7 Down, which we will come to in due time.
9. You could look it up: .334. One out of three is .333.
10. Charlie Sheen the actor, and sheen as in a high polish.
11. "Somehow" signals a rearrangement of *in Dot Remy*.
13. Darryl Strawberry, known as Straw, is *warts* backward ("returning"). Actually Strawberry's only real detrimental feature now that he has been through a substance-abuse program is that he doesn't seem to have any oomph at all. Sometimes the man has a swing that is the most charged easy swing since Count Basie's. Sometimes his entire bearing says, "Well, I don't see why I should have to hit that," while he swings smoothly, absently, and misses. Nobody on either of New York's baseball teams seems to be able to sustain any oomph anymore. When my friend Bruce Tucker, who co-wrote James Brown's autobiography, is asked whom he would choose to play The Hardest Working Man in Show Business on-screen, he says Rickey Henderson. A coiled spring. The Yankees used to have Rickey Henderson. Can you imagine the *old* Yankees letting a player get away while he was still coiled?
18. You say there is no such word in the dictionary as *open-domed*. (Although you can hardly deny that that is what you get when you rearrange — "a sort of" — *deep doom* and envelop *N* with it.) Did it ever occur to you that that might be because the dictionary has not kept up with technology? And when was the last time you read two sentences in a row that both had "that that" in them? If sentences can have three consecutive periods in them, can they have three consecutive *thats*? Did you notice that that "that that" that that last sentence had in it made three sentences in a row that "that that" had appeared in? Hey, I'm having fun and I'm not getting millions of dollars!
22. Fortysomething myself, I have already

dealt, badly, with all the maturational problems that slightly younger people, thanks to *thirtysomething*, are able to see as a whole generation's problems. Having preceded the baby boom slightly, I have never had any troubles that were generally acknowledged as cool to go through while I was going through them. I just thought I was going crazy and deserved to be shot. What I would like to see on television now is a show that provides the experience of eating all the foods advertised — potato chips, hamburgers, ice cream — without the weight.

DOWN

1. *E* stands for *energy*.
4. *Home* in *day*.
6. *Maya* plus *r*, for *right*.
7. A scenic accommodation is a room with a view. The abbreviation for "that is" is *i.e.* A sharer of quarters is a roommate, which, in the sports world, at least, is *roomie*. Maybe all this is the equivalent of Darryl Strawberry waving at a curve ball. I should have hung in there, waited for a gettable 15-letter expression and then jumped on it. On the other hand, maybe we have both learned something from this experience. *I.e.* stands for *id est*, Latin. Did you know that? Well, okay, did you know that the ancient Etruscans often dined in the buff? Did you know that in Japan, underarm odor is so unusual that it once was grounds to be excused from military service?
8. See *The Third Man*.
12. Probably because I am older than thirtysomething, I had no idea that *bespotted* was archaic. As soon as I did realize it, I tried to get out of it. Tried — do you mind my sharing these things with you? No? I tried to shift over to *bespatter*. I... Did you know that our nostrils take turns back and forth all day, one knocking off while the other does the breathing?
16. This is an unpleasant thought, isn't it? It just popped out.
17. A mafioso is "made" when he has killed somebody. Until next month, then... ☺



improvise. They canceled Harris's pizza order. They moved him back to death row and cut off his special visitation rights.

Edgy about security even after the stay, prison officials got their \$65,000 worth of protection out of the highway patrol hired to stand guard against disruptive forces outside the prison gate. Arranged in precise rows, the armed battalion stared grimly at the group of about 250 anti-death-penalty protesters gathered outside the prison. A man carrying a sign that read HARRIS — TV'S HBO AND HAMBURGERS AWAIT YOU IN HELL walked away quietly.

The painstakingly chosen execution witnesses — 14 official witnesses, 14 news-media representatives (chosen, as per Procedure No. 769, with consideration "given to the broadest cross-section of media format and greatest circulation/viewers") and 7 "VIP Witnesses" — were advised that there wouldn't be anything for them to witness. They could forget about San Quentin's special execution-witness regulations and dress code ("No blue jeans"). Out-of-town witnesses who had prepurchased plane tickets were out of luck: airlines, which refund ticket payments in the event of sickness or death, do not issue refunds when passengers cancel due to *stays* of death.

The Mr. Tamalpais cemetery staff, relieved of its immediate task, returned to its negotiations with Castle Rock Entertainment over plans to shoot *Sibling Rivalry*, a light comedy starring Kirstie Alley, in the cemetery where Harris was to have rested. California's attorney general declared himself disappointed by the stay. So did Governor George Deukmejian, who demanded an expedited appeals process and a new execution date.

Given vague community memories of massive sea-gull deaths following past executions, pollution officials announced that they now had time to investigate whether the lethal gas emitted by smokestack from San Quentin posed a public health menace, in which case they would not allow the prison to operate the chamber. Lieutenant Crittendon promised, however, that the chamber would remain operational until further word. "By *operational*," he explained, "I mean that the gas chamber is ready; if you want to execute someone right now, we can take him in there and execute him." ☺

GREASE

IS THE WORD

Little Italy's San Gennaro Festival:

where commerce meets coercion



Editor's note: The San Gennaro Festival is a street carnival held in New York's Little Italy every September to which thousands throng to

**WORM'S-EYE
VIEW**

avail themselves of games of chance, Portosans and lots of fried dough. Now, in the tradition of Solzhenitsyn and the Gulag,

a writer comes forward to reveal what it's like to operate a concession stand there.

I have been blessed with a wide circle of acquaintances, one of whom, Angelo, had a rather too close relationship with organized crime. When, in the course of events, Angelo received a jail term for services he had provided his mobster friends, they offered to repay him, before he was to be sent away, with the chance to run a stand at the San Gennaro Festival; somehow, the allocation of these stands had come partially under their influence. Angelo, in turn, asked me if I would cook lasagna, manicotti and eggplant parmigiana (dishes with which I had some skill). According to his benefactors, the San Gennaro franchise was lucrative: we could rake in as much as \$10,000 a day for the eleven days of the festival, and it would be up to each of us and his conscience whether to tell the IRS.

Two days before the start of the feast, we went down to the corner of Mulberry and Canal Streets to survey our assigned spot. As we were readying our stand a fat man in a pin-striped suit waddled



over. "Angelo," he said, "we got a problem. We need a fish stand on the block." He added, as though to reassure us, "A fish stand is gonna do good."

"We already bought our food," Angelo said.

"Return it. This is Johnny's block, and Johnny has a truck full of this fish stuff. So you got fish."

"What kind of fish?"

"Who knows? They just took the truck. It's still frozen."

"They 'took' the truck?" I asked.

"What are you, a Boy Scout? Don't argue with me! I say you got fish, you got fish! I say you're out of the feast, you're out! You got fish cakes! Thirty cases, 60 pounds to the case."

The next day, still cowed, we found a freezer and rearranged the stand, pausing only to pay various "fees"—a few hundred dollars for electricity, another hundred for the hookup, plus something for garbage disposal, street sweeping and police gratuities.

In the afternoon a tall, bony man with a scar that ran temple to temple approached us. He introduced himself as Johnny the Cat, the man in charge of

our block, the one who had looked at us earlier and seen fish. "How many you want?" he asked, showing us a truck packed with Pabst and Bud.

A fat man in a pin-striped suit waddled over.

"Angelo," he said,

"we got a problem"

"We don't have beer," my wife, Susan, said cheerfully. She was helping us out, along with Angelo's friend Tony. "We're selling wine."

Johnny looked at his driver. "Give them ten and ten, Luigi. Okay, that's 20 six-packs at six and a quarter: 125 bucks. You have cash?"

Susan tossed her head, sending her red hair flying. "Six and a quarter? You must be joking!"

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PERSONALS

C. You remind me of an older you-Happy 24th! Love, A.




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ALL PRICES POSTPAID

Johnny the Cat sighed. "C'mon, Red, don't be mad. That's how we do it here. Everybody has our beer. You'll make out good with a fish stand that sells beer." Only somewhat comforted by the voice of experience, we took the beer.

The festival opened the next day. The official organizers posed for the television cameras and talked about how much money would be donated to the San Gennaro Society—rather less than the \$3 million that I figured rent from the stands alone was bringing in. At our stand, in high expectation, we toasted our luck and our profits and eagerly awaited the crowds.

Soon it began to rain. At four o'clock we counted our first lunch take: \$217. By the end of the day that figure had grown to \$600, far below the \$3,000 per day that we needed to break even. Most of the income came from the lasagna and other dishes I had made. We had rid ourselves of only eleven fish cakes. We were disheartened, but we were sure matters would improve.

The next morning was crisp and clear—perfect eating weather, we noted with joy. Unfortunately, it turned out to be like the day before. The only stand near us that was doing good business was the braciolo stand, and that was at least partly because its two large operators had a way of coercing people to buy from them. That day's take was barely over \$1,000.

On day three, a Saturday, the crowds appeared. By noon the street was packed. The crush of bodies rocked our stand. We felt glorious! We filled our cigar boxes with money and stuffed the overflow into our shirt pockets. Almost everything we had was selling.

Everything except the fish cakes. Still, with a song in our hearts we headed uptown at 1:00 a.m. to count our loot, whereupon we discovered that we'd made only \$2,860. We all instantaneously reached the same conclusion: if we were working at top speed all day and made less than \$3,000, *then there could be no \$10,000 days.*

But we soldiered on, despite Angelo's unshakable conclusion that he had been wronged by his supposed benefactors. Though we were busy throughout the weekend, we were hobbled by the fish cakes, which were starting to go bad—

the rented freezer was defective.

We held out hope that things would improve during the last few days, when Johnny the Cat would stop foisting his products on the operators, thus giving us a chance to make some money and tempting us back next year to be bilked again. The old-timers said it was the same at every festival they worked: you pay your money up front for rent and incidentals, buy goods at inflated prices, effectively launder millions for the mob and then have a few days to make something for yourself.

The next afternoon, Tony and I were tending the stand. He was desultorily trying to rebread the residue of the fish cakes. I suggested, facetiously, that we roll the goop into balls and throw them at Johnny the Cat. All of a sudden, Tony became very excited. My idle quip had struck him like a thunderbolt. "What a great idea!" he said. "We'll make little balls and call them Italian Round O's." He quickly rebreaded a dozen of the horrid little fish nuggets, and I fried them. We put them into red-and-white salad boats, tacked up a sign on the stand flaunting ITALIAN ROUND O'S and started hawking.

In a moment a handful of people headed over to see what this delicacy was all about.

Quickly the whole box was gone and we were vending giddily. "Italian Round O's here! Straight from Naples!" A line formed. People began to jostle impatiently. Some customers claimed to have eaten them before. Some said they remembered us from last year. A fat woman exclaimed, "These are the best Round O's I ever ate!"

Suddenly we were not only profitable, we were admirable. Johnny the Cat thought well of our imaginative deception. We were complimented and were asked about our willingness to join the rest of the vendors on the upstate tour.

That night we counted \$2,500. And although it rained for three of the festival's last five days, we were hot and stayed hot. When the festival officially ended at midnight, we dismantled the stand wistfully. There was one box of fish cakes left over; on the way home, we did what we thought was the only appropriate thing: we pulled off the FDR Drive at 34th Street, and there, standing above the East River, we returned the fish remains to Neptune's murky depths. ☛

AFTERLIFE

OF THE PARTY

Where there's a wake, there's a will

BY HENRY ALFORD



GRACIOUS LIVING

Chief among the advantages of possessing a truly lavish amount of money—besides the guarantee that you would never be forced to avail yourself of that food product that, when added to meat, makes *more* meat—is that such a condition would be the perfect basis for leaving behind a highly whimsical and elaborate will. A will that would make the distribution of moneys and personal effects an experience marked by agony and torment. A will whose dictates would be so confusing that even county clerks would weep.

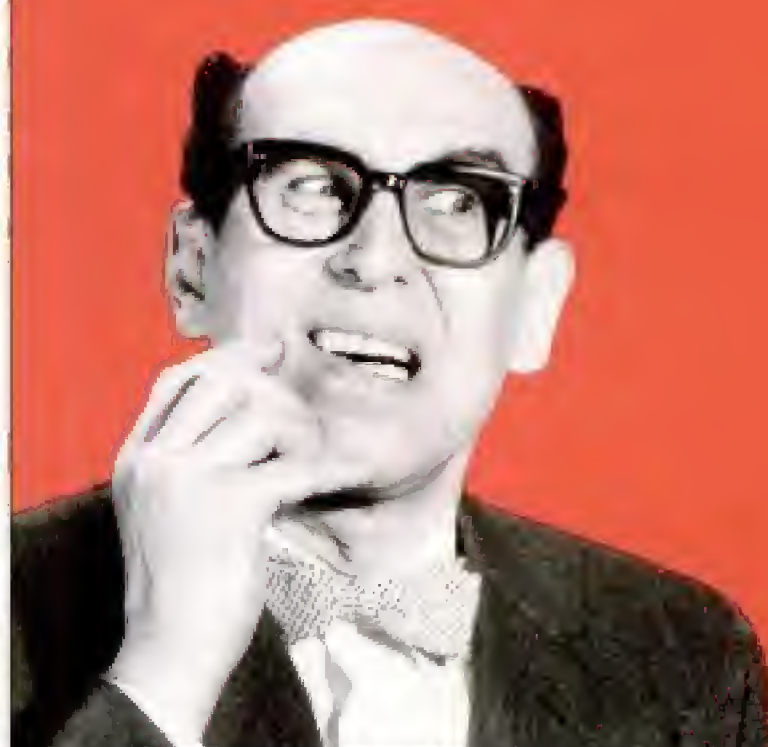
Granted, the idea is ungracious. It lacks charity and a fond indulgence for your survivors. However, consider this: when you die, a complicated will is the best way you have of dictating how often and with what intensity people think about you. Your good deeds and interesting accomplishments are all very well, but once probate is over and the highboys and the Aubussons are in their new homes, who will care? When I go, I want the searing anguish that only litigation can deliver. I want frayed nerves and sleeplessness and lots of intercontinental faxing. I want an otherwise meek member of my family to call the executor of my estate and snarl, "Look, I just want you to know that if I don't bag the Chagall prints, my lawyers and I are *ready to mobilize*."

When it comes to estate planning, I take all my cues from my grandmother. Once she passed away, her heirs, eight

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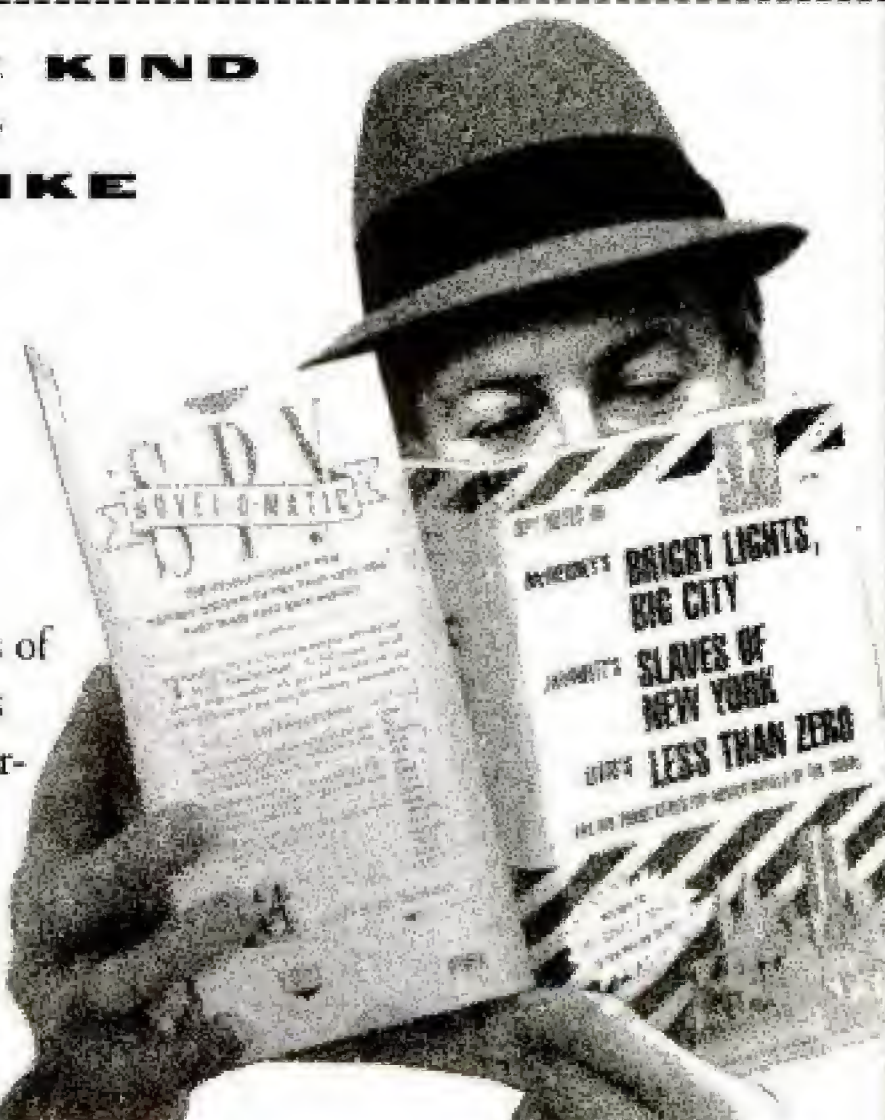
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of us, gathered to hear her will. It was written with the tenuous grasp of reality so common to those teetering on the brink of death and so had exactly the note of vague caprice that I can only hope my own old age will engender. After a fairly dry divvying up of dollars and real estate and securities, several of her more prized possessions were assigned in this fashion: "The Steinway grand...to a boy who plays," and "my Remington...to a girl who shoots." This set off a torrent of confusion—in the first instance because all five men present felt eligible for the piano, given that it was for a boy who *plays*, not a boy who plays *well*; in the second instance because none of the women (all three of them working mothers living in the suburbs) could imagine a life-style that would graciously accommodate either big game or skeet.

And then came the catalog. Several weeks after our first meeting, the bank acting as executor sent each of the survivors a booklet in which all of my grandmother's possessions not mentioned in the will were described and appraised—catalog-style—for our purchasing purposes. We could either receive one-eighth of the combined value of everything in the catalog or use that same money to

our distaste for having even to touch this lovely woman's memory-laden possessions, let alone buy them. This clash of emotions led to a sort of grinding, manic anxiety; by the end of the first day, one family member's face was so swollen from crying that she looked as if she had been boiled.

I realized that the catalog itself was only heightening the absurdity and confusion of the situation. The snitty young appraiser had written it in the exaggerated and resentful fashion of a man who kept wishing my grandmother's house were the Frick museum. His prose style found him alternately lost in a hazy reverie ("one bifurcated settee on ball-and-claw *pieds*...nineteenth-century English") and mocking with utter disdain ("one oversized papier-mâché pig...*probably Mexican*").

Thus we came to fan the flames of our devotion to our dearly departed. We suffered over her loss, and we suffered over her possessions. It was almost the perfect tribute. I say *almost* because it lacked the little something extra (costly and protracted arbitration) that can transmute your loved ones' memory of you from an occasional neurological flare-up into a constant, throbbing obsession. For a gracious afterlife is very different from a gracious life. It is not about fine dining with the object of your affections. It is not about tossing off sparkling epigrams as if they were so much unnecessary baggage. It is not about feeling the cool ocean breezes of summer curling up tendril-like against your socklessness. It is about having people think of you in a fashion that is constant and unwavering and profound. It is about making the living tremble before a power from beyond the grave. It is about awe.

Unfortunately, members of my own family do not operate at this pitch. Faced with a death, they feel sorrow, but they decline to express their grief with persistent wailing. In later years, when their thoughts turn to the beloved one, they do not beat their breasts and rend their garments. They maybe smile wistfully. Therefore, I have made an adjustment: at all recent funerals that my relatives have attended, I have put their soft tears and touching lamentations into the context of my own eventual demise. Now I see this suffering for what it really is—*practice*. ☺

THREE-DOT COLUMN

*Something I've always
wanted to write*



Suzy does it...Larry King does it...Both Joey and Cindy Adams do it...

A three-dot column! I've always wanted to write one! A lot of passing thoughts strung together with no continuity required!...

Remember when people were saying, "Well, there's no point in impeaching Reagan over this Iran-contra thing, because it'd just mean we'd get Bush"? And now everyone prays nothing will take Bush out, because that'd leave us with Quayle. So when Quayle gets elected, who's going to be *his* cautionary number two? An infinite regression of diminishing Republicans stretches out ahead of us. Within 30 years, the vice president will be a parakeet. And...

Plugs...

To my way of thinking, a good country singer is Jimmie Dale Gilmore...

I wouldn't give you a dollar for Ricky Skaggs. Pious in a self-possessed way. Some friends of mine saw Skaggs perform in Minneapolis once, and he said he was about to play a song that was No. 23 and he hoped they'd pray for it to go higher. How can you enjoy a song you've been called upon to support in such a way? Pray Me Up the Charts...

We live in a discontinuous time, so...

Nobody asked me, but: the two greatest book titles are *The Turn of the Screw*, by Henry James, and *I Smell Esther Williams*, by Mark Leyner...

I don't think I'm doing this right. I tend to want to link things up, and develop thoughts, and...

When I go, I want my will to
cause frayed nerves and sleeplessness
and lots of intercontinental faxing

buy individual items. The demotion from "heir" to "home shopper" was devastating; soon, however, we got into the spirit of the thing, and in no time at all we were giving vent to the more unattractive, bargain-hunting aspects of our personalities. We talked *merchandise*. We talked *items*. We talked *incunabula*. But when it came time actually to go to Connecticut for the weekend and lay our claims at my grandmother's house—now a veritable yard sale of death—our consumerist impulses rammed head-on into

In punctuation, three dots betoken either that you're trailing off or that you're leaving something out. Sometimes dirty bits, sometimes just boring bits. In math, three dots mean something's carried on out infinitely, as in 3, 9, 81...

Heard on the street: "He told me, 'Larry, it could go away, level off or kill you, and we don't know how to treat it'..."

Flann O'Brien: "I was once acquainted with a man who found himself present by some ill chance at a verse speaking bout. Without a word he hurried outside and tore his face off. Just that. He inserted three fingers into his mouth, caught his left cheek in a frenzied grip and ripped the whole thing off. When it was found, flung



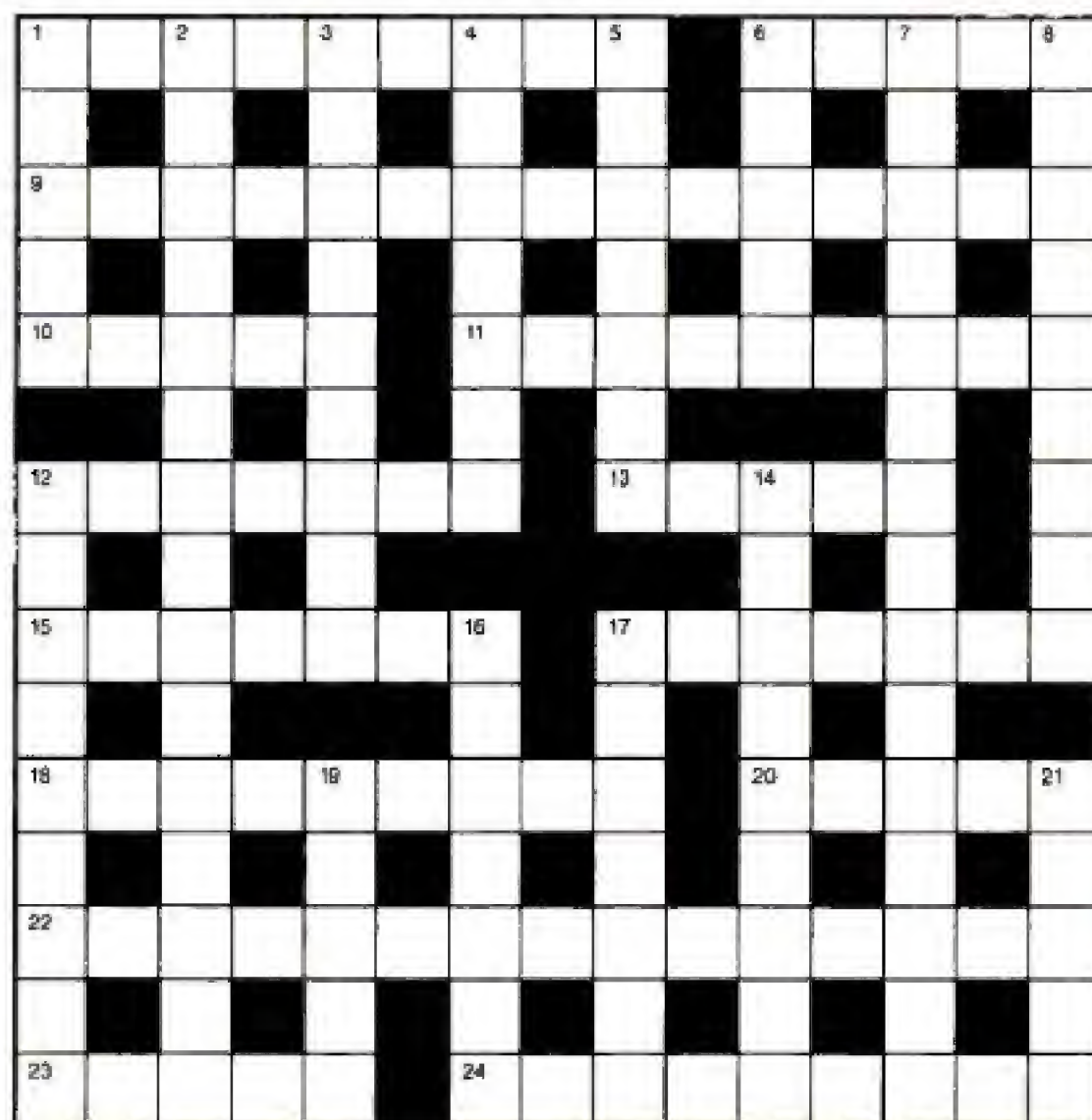
in a corner under an old sink, it bore the simple dignified expression of the honest man who finds self-extinction the only course compatible with honour"...

I have some limericks about Quayle:

*Vice President J. Danforth Quayle
Redefines white, Christian, male.
Although it is all well
And good he's not Falwell,
He makes the majority pale.*

*Though J. Danny Quayle, current weep,
May not be especially deep,
Eight years' lying fallow
Will make him less shallow.
If you buy that bleeping bleep...*

My review of *I Wake Up Screaming*, with Betty Grable, Victor Mature and Carole Landis, which you might finally break down and rent at the video store, as I did, because you can't resist the title:



*Blonds who don't go far enough.
film that isn't noir enough...*

Heard in a restaurant: "He's been practicing putting his glasses on and taking them off with both hands. Because an optometrist told him it's the only way to avoid bending them. So he's *practicing* it"...

Bush on his wife a while back: "She's not trying to be something she's not. The American people love her because she's something she is, and stands for something." This is what we've come to: loving public figures for being something they are — for *standing for* being something they are. It doesn't matter whether anybody knows exactly *what* they are, as long as...

From a recollection of Elvis in *Memoirs* magazine: "He kept many pets, mostly dogs, and an unnamed chicken. When the chicken died, said Mrs. Presley, 'Elvis cried for days'..."

"During the Presidential campaign, George Bush said: 'Read my lips: no new taxes.' What do you think he meant?" a recent poll asked Americans. Twenty-three percent answered, "No new taxes for a year or two"; 29 percent, "No new taxes of any kind"; 40 percent, "He did not mean it"...

In *The Village Voice*, Nat Hentoff cites an eighteenth-century instance of plain speech: "In a New England town, a citizen, having partaken freely of certain spirits, watched President Adams make a grand appearance accompanied by a 16-gun salute. The citizen said, aloud, 'I do not care if they fired through his ass.' The citizen was clapped in jail"...

He meant it.

ACROSS

1. S... (3,3,3)
6. To go left...right...left for third month. (5)
9. What Gehrig hit in '33 is the least bit over one out of three. (5-6-4)
10. Polish Charlie. (5)
11. In Dot Remy, somehow, we find up-to-dateness. (9)
12. Irascible when unshaven. (7)
13. Mets rightfielder's detrimental features returning. (5)
15. Crazy dots win and take a load off. (3,4)
17. Guy has a thing to hit off of — dugong! (7)
18. What the stadium in Toronto is when they lift the roof and a sort of deep doom envelops North. (4-5)
20. La-di-da parties, we hear, provoke without coming across. (5)
22. TV show for an uncertain age. (15)
23. "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and...all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to _____ death" — Macbeth. (5)
24. Blossom is less quick taking in crazy fun. (9)

DOWN

1. Lavishes excessive fondness on Department of Transportation's consumption of energy. (5)
2. There, crazy small sixties cops are Big Bad Wolf's would-be prey. (5,6,4)
3. Pitcher's ahead in this count, and that makes three. (3,3,3)
4. African nation is where you live or come from in 24 hours. (7)
5. Sea dirt scattered in angry outbursts. (7)
6. Dinkins takes Hellmann's, right? (5)
7. Opinionated sharer of quarters — that is, in scenic accommodation. (6,4,1,4)
8. Third man sounds like unshorn fruit. (5,4)
12. Be noticed and marked with dots. (9) (archaic)
14. Sum up in strange oral taunt. (3,1,5)
16. Sperm coming up is weaker of vengeance. (7)
17. Blooded mafioso created humanity. (4,3)
19. She's funny in the head. (5)
21. He makes grade, otherwise. (5)

Answers are on page 104.



At a salute to photographers at The Plaza hotel, mod fashion editor Polly Mellen amuses Richard Avedon with her inimitable Donald Trump impersonation.



TONGUE TIE Heterosexual ballet hunk Peter Martins and Renaissance guy Mike Nichols affect what each imagines to be a Belmondo-esque look of rakish allure by exposing a bit of tongue.



BOTTOM LINE As a go-go boy squats nearby, Sandra Bernhard, looking like Julie Newmar's brainy younger sister, dances with soft-core oddity Robin Byrd, her *Without You I'm Nothing* costar.



BOTTOM LINE II At a New York City Ballet fundraiser, Jerry Zipkin, dean of America's walkers, does something no one ever expected to see him do. (At right is the generous bum of power-mad Cabinet wife Georgette Mosbacher.)



RING-DING At a City Ballet fundraiser, Atlantic Records éminence grise Ahmet Ertegun does a charming Turkish folk dance with an unidentified woman that involves holding on to one's partner only by her jewelry.



THREE MEN MAKING FACES WHEN THEY ASSUME THEIR DATES AREN'T LOOKING Time Warner commander in chief Steve Ross sneers behind overpaid former journalist Barbara Walters's back; churlish dwarf billionaire Larry Tisch apparently considers making donkey ears behind his wife Billie's head; and overearnest columnist Ken Auletta wears a boyish "I'm With Stupid" expression as he listens to his wife, literary agent Binky Urban, discuss one of her many fascinating and successful clients, such as Brer Easton Ellis.



THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING SEX-BOOK AUTHOR (1) Leaving Le Cirque with insectoid literary agent Swifty Lazar, Shere Hite smiles gamely at our photographer, thrilled to show off her strange if-Snow-White-were-a-hooker ensemble. (2) The same pair moments later, presumably after Lazar's stage-whispered hint

that it's not polite to be so much taller than someone who just paid for lunch.



(1) Trapped next to dotty, defensive cow-girl Liz Smith at a New York City Ballet fundraiser, Seventh Avenue publicist Boaz Mazor signals desperately for help. (2) Having been rescued by socialite Catie Marron, Mazor swoons with relief at escaping Smith's rambling small talk, which is more and more filled with curious references to Vlad the Impaler.



SITTING PRETTY At a Hollywood party, leggy cabaret hostess and former chorus girl Nell Campbell oozes the sort of impeccable British manners Americans love.



1990-91

Ironman Nightlife Decathlon Update



At an art-world party, chronic Ironman runner-up Carl Bernstein finally decides to do something about that height problem.

+5 points

Fashion memo to Carl: Kudos on the recent updating of your signature black T-shirt and tuxedo-jacket combo for chillier evenings! Who says a wool sweater needs a shirt underneath? +10 points



SKOAL! Competition was fierce at the recent wine chugathon semifinals. In the

Elderly Hollywood Scandal Sweetheart division, Patricia Neal and Shelley Winters had the judges deadlocked.



Though he's officially retired from the competition, two-time trophy winner and Ironman Emeritus Anthony Haden-Guest continues to stay in superb Nightlife Decathlon shape. A man who refuses to rest on his considerable laurels, Haden-Guest is still a legend in the Manhandling Division. At a party for John Waters at M.K., the champ (who is writing a book about the contemporary art world) encounters a rare hand block from vixenish gallery owner Mary Boone. But he's not down for long, and soon indulges his fondling urge on a cooperative stranger. Go, Anthony!

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THE PERFECT RECESS

Re-cess (Webster): A break from activity for rest or relaxation.

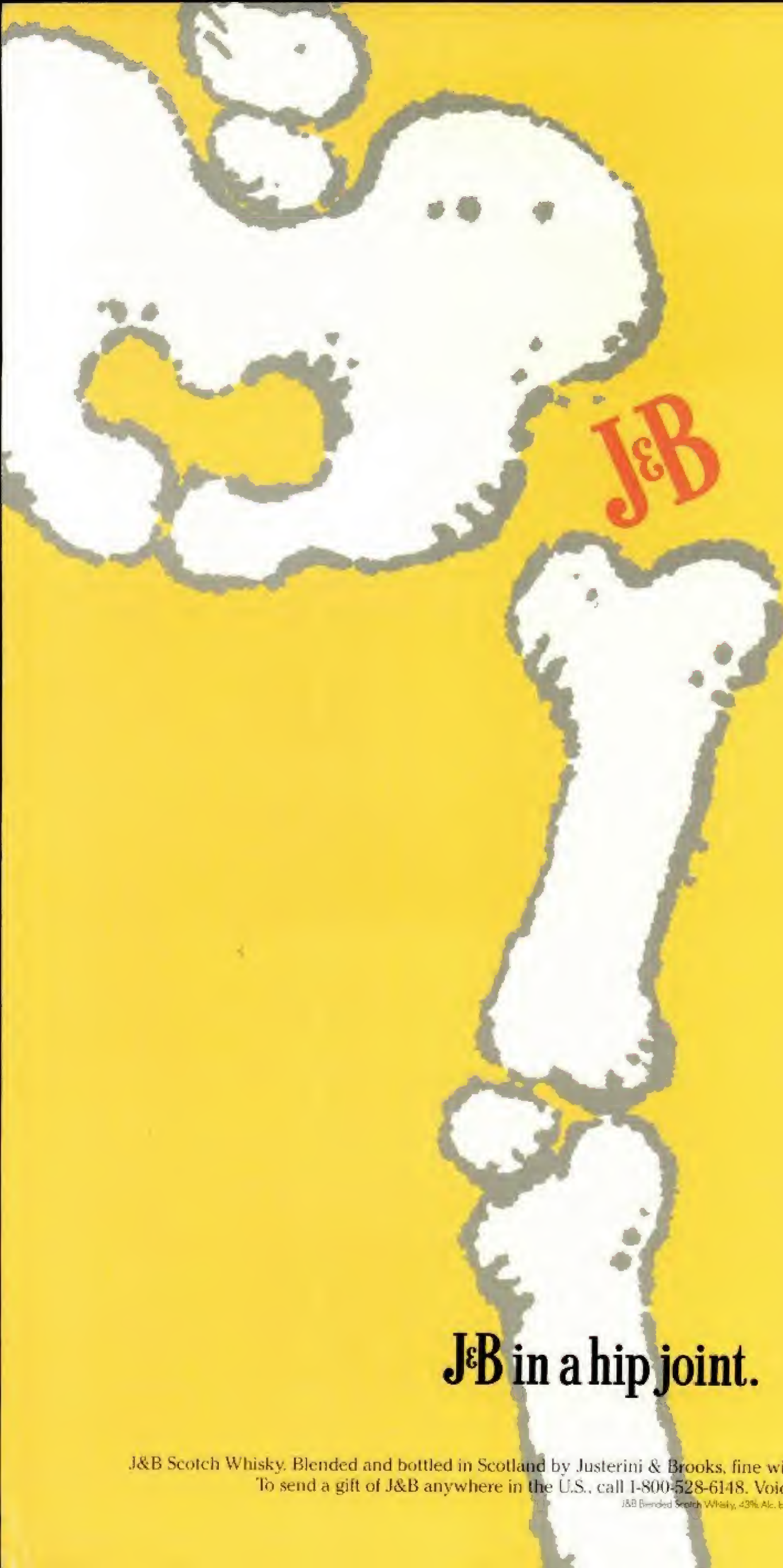
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